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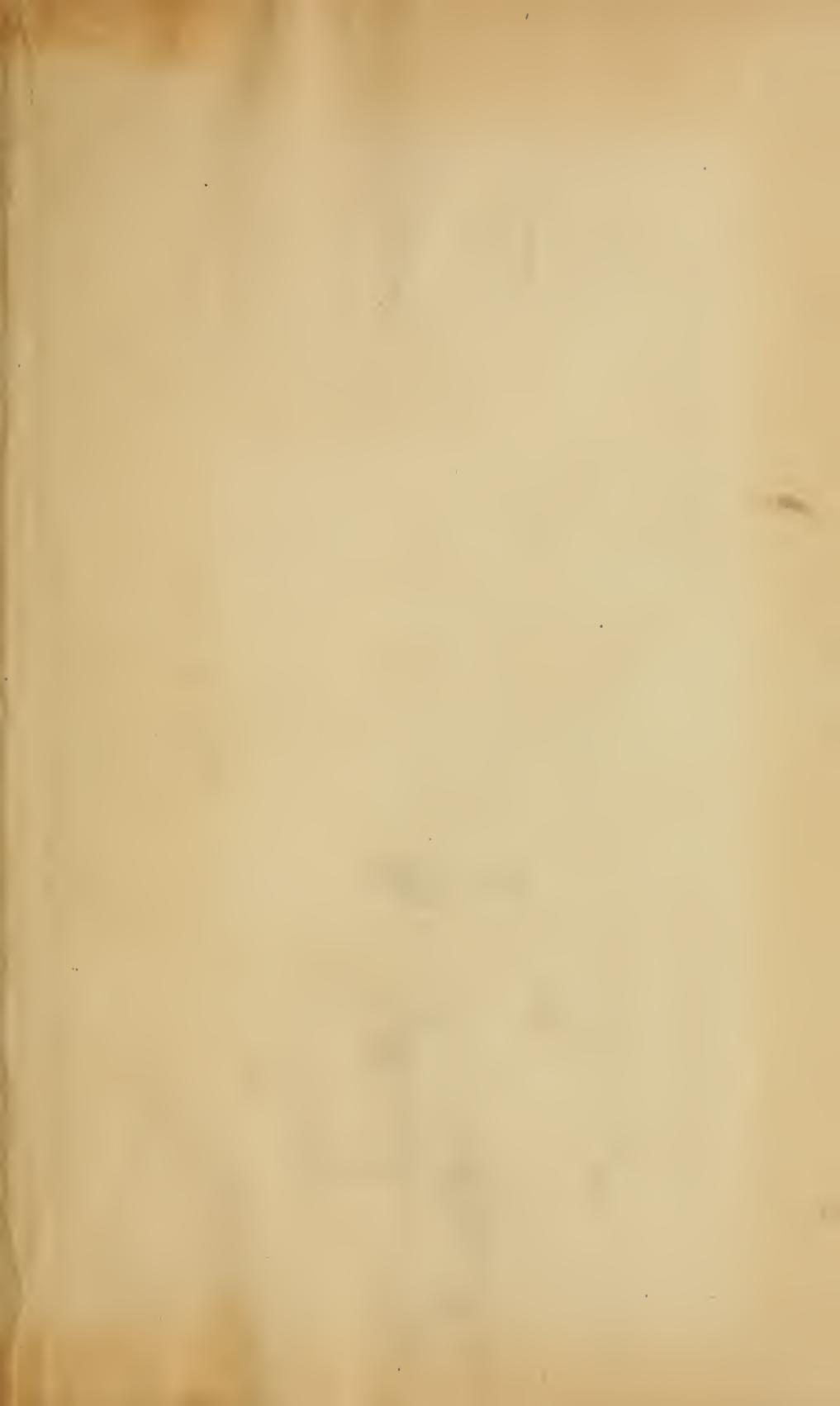
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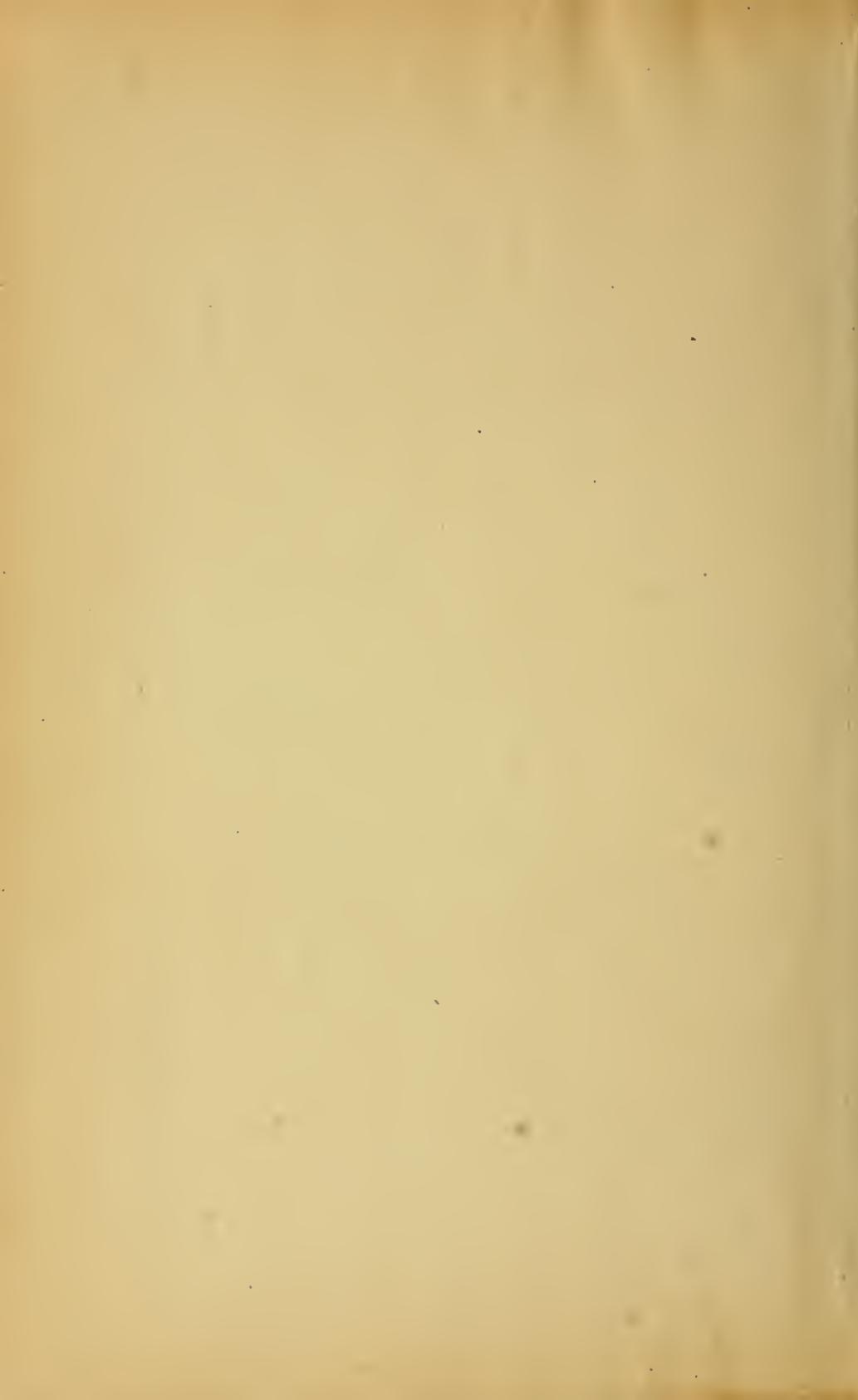
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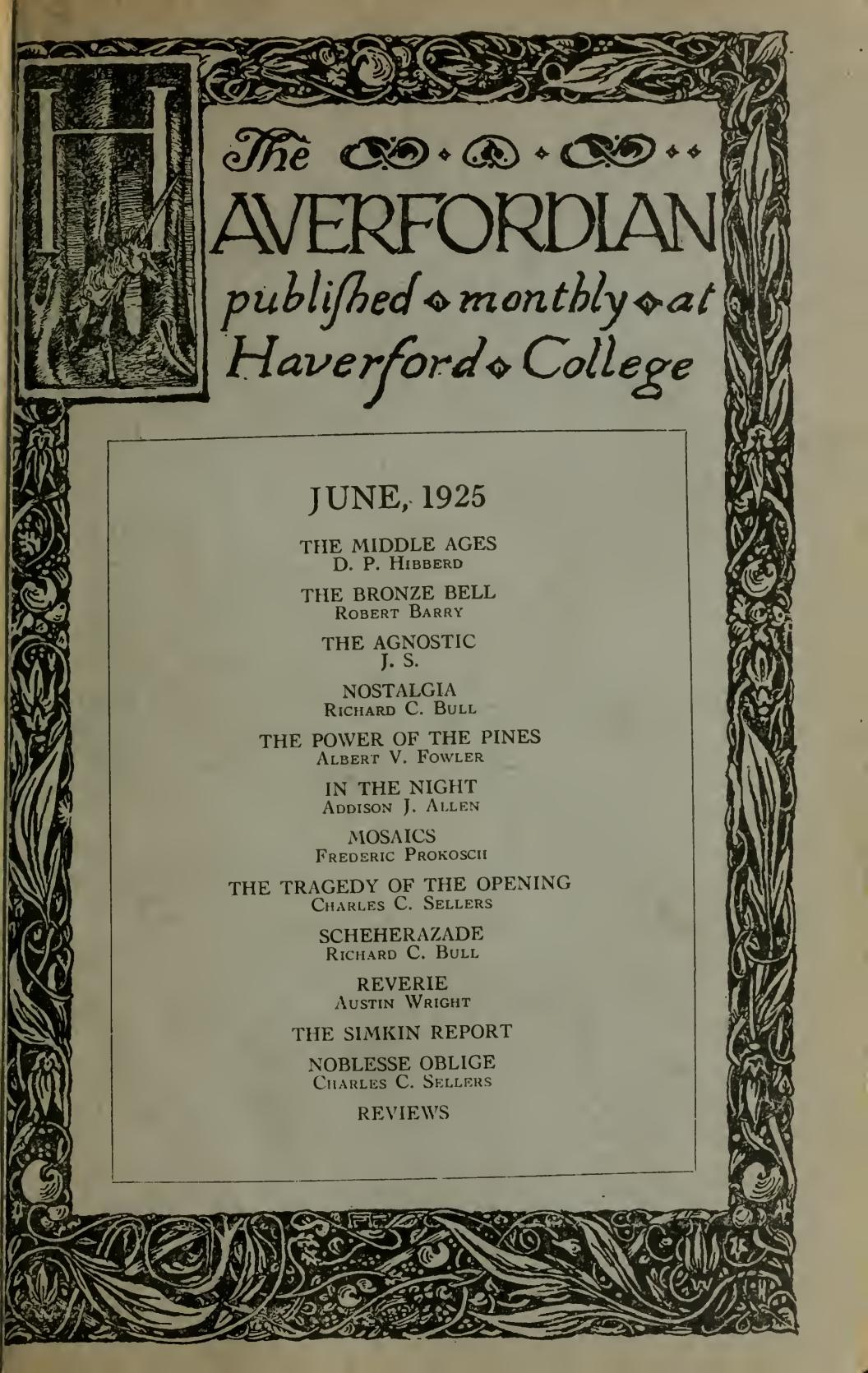
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AVERFORDIAN
published ☙ monthly ☙ at
Haverford ☙ College

JUNE, 1925

THE MIDDLE AGES
D. P. HIBBERD

THE BRONZE BELL
ROBERT BARRY

THE AGNOSTIC
J. S.

NOSTALGIA
RICHARD C. BULL

THE POWER OF THE PINES
ALBERT V. FOWLER

IN THE NIGHT
ADDISON J. ALLEN

MOSAICS
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THE TRAGEDY OF THE OPENING
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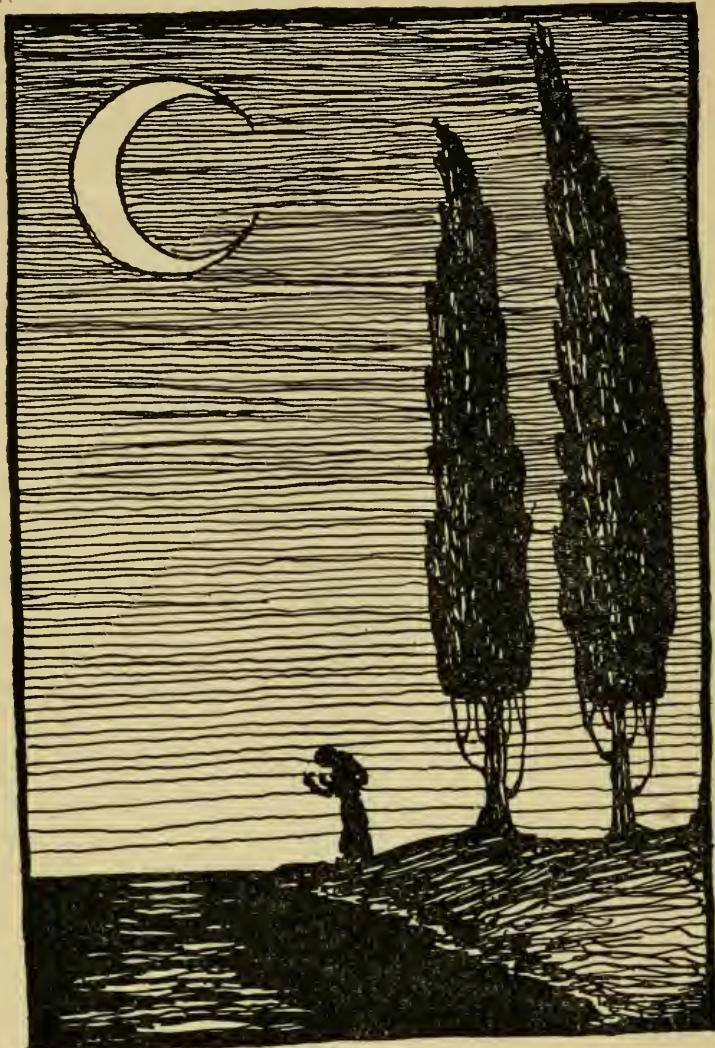
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"Through the still night . . ."

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The Middle Ages

IN ACCORDANCE with a sense of reason, and fortified by authority of the parable of the talents, man is to account in accordance with the opportunities which have been vouchsafed. The college man is afforded great means to prepare himself to make the most of life, morally, mentally and physically. His curriculum is prepared and laid out to that end. The experience of generations of good and able men has been drawn upon in the making of these courses for the growing and developing youth—he is brought into contact with and taught by the best of his elders. Much is to be expected of him. His moral and mental development is the outstanding matter of importance to him—to make himself right among the people of this world and place himself in unison with God—to make a part of his very self and being the impulse to love his God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. He will find that will give him strength, joy and satisfaction. He will as time goes on find that the right way is the easiest of all. Then no apologies are to be made, no mortification experienced at looking back. He will be "*Integer vitae scelerisque puris.*"

With this moral and cultural development man gains immeasurably; his morality is properly housed, so to speak, and he is prepared to move among people of the earth to advantage to himself and those with whom he comes into contact. He by his cultural and moral development has made goodness, beauty, and truth parts of himself and necessarily passes them on in part to others. His presence makes for help and joy of all. Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning* has said: "The culture and manurance of minds in youth hath such a

forcible (though unseen) operation as hardly any length of time or contention of labour can countervail it afterwards"; or Matthew Arnold: "Culture, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit"; Emerson: "Culture, aiming at the perfection of the man as the end, degrades everything else, as health and bodily life, unto means"; and Carlyle says that culture is the process by which a man "becomes all that he was created capable of being, resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all maxions, adhesions and showing himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."

Culture is to be a means, not an end. Man is to absorb all the best of the past and present that he can, make it part and parcel of his very being, aiming at his own perfection, becoming all that he was created capable of becoming. In getting a knowledge of the history of the past, the student will study the Middle Ages among others, where he will find the dominating trait to have been spiritual impulse which developed a full and complete civilization, manifested in its religion, art, philosophy, politics, customs, manners, and habits.

Henry Hallam in his *History of the Middle Ages* shows clearly that those ages were not a period of barbarism thrown in between the ancients and moderns. In the Middle Ages we see the beginnings of ourselves; we are the descendants of men of those ages. We study them to ascertain sources, and history of conduct, and of the mental traits and habits that are alive within us today. The Greeks and Romans had most of the culture during the classical ages, although outnumbered by Celts and Germans. But during the decline of the Roman Empire these two latter peoples were developing to make their contributions to culture and civilization. After the fall of the Roman Empire they came to the fore. The evolution

of society saw the fusion of the two cultures during the Middle Ages. The two countries in which the process can best be studied are France and England, particularly France. Of course, Italy, Spain, and Germany as known today played their part, but the most important religious, political, social, and intellectual accomplishments were in France and England—and these two countries will maintain the lead in culture.

Gothic Art prospered with its wonderful architecture displayed in magnificent cathedrals, monasteries, forts, town halls, dwellings, and a host of other engineering works. It was the time of stained glass and decorative work in wood, metal, and tapestry; of music, and epic and lyric poetry; it was one of the three great art epochs in the world's history. Then developed the great philosophical systems of St. Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, and numbers of others of first rank. There were the mystics St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross. Great schools and universities were founded throughout Europe, but principally in the countries named. At Oxford the "Faculties" of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine were established, Latin was taught—the first stage in the Trivium and Quadrivium—and then Natural, Moral and Metaphysical philosophies. A great deal of the work of the present harks back to those sources. Our great modern political and legal systems are based largely upon the developed ideas of those times.

Status took the place of caste. Trade and craft guilds flourished. The idealism of chivalry was far-reaching in its effect upon society. The religion of the time was beautiful, and the Middle Ages clothed with this beauty most of what they touched.

Ralph Adams Cram in considering the characteristics of those ages has said, "Here are five or six explicit marks by which we may identify Mediaevalism, diverse contributions to the cultural content of the world. As I

have said, each of them may be, and by one or another has been, proclaimed as its essence, its distinguishing and unique endowment of civilization. For my own part I do not think I should fix on any in this sense, enduringly valuable as they all are; instead I should be inclined to find the essence of Mediaevalism in the synthesis of these varied manifestations and define it as the sense of *balance in life and the determining of true values in their proper order*. In this respect the Middle Ages were the antithesis of our own, and herein lies their usefulness for us today. Modernism, in the historic, not the theological sense (though the distinction is not imperative) finds its fatal weakness in just this loss of sense of balance and its transvaluation of values, and the endless and infinitely diverse criticisms that are now pouring upon it in a rushing stream may all find their justification in this fact." And he sums up in these words: "Sense of balance in life and the determining of true values in their proper order; this then seems to me the essence of Mediaevalism. And it is just these qualities that make it valuable to us today as a test, a guide, and an inspiration, for it is in just these respects that modern civilization shows itself weakest."

Henry Adams in his wonderful work *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* has probably given a better account of the spirit of the Middle Ages and shown a better grasp of the Mediaeval civilization than any other American. There we are given a treatment that is truly of the times. Churchmen, the great philosophers, and the development of religion and life; feudalism, crusades, guilds; masters of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture are all dealt with after a fashion that showed the true appreciation of the great spiritual impulse of these times. His chapters upon the two Churches which give title to that great book are vital with the breath of the mediaeval centuries. His "Aucassin and

Nicolette," and "The Song of Roland" stand out with life again. His chapters upon Abelard, the Mystics, and St. Thomas Aquinas are revelations to us today. The critic above quoted, and none is more competent to judge, says of this work: "To live for a day in a world that built Chartres Cathedral, even if it makes the living in a world that created the 'Black Country' of England, or an Iron City of America less a thing of joy and gladness than before, equally opens up the far prospect of another *thirteenth century in the times that are to come* and urges us to ardent action toward its attainment."

The student will profit by giving serious attention to that great link in our history—the times of the Middle Ages. Recent studies have greatly changed the interpretations put upon the lives and events of those times. A study of that period is a pleasure in itself, and the knowledge to be gained in tracing the roots of much of our civilization of today is invaluable. He who gives time to this study will not regret it. As Daniel Webster said at Bunker Hill in 1825: "The knowledge in truth is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams."

D. P. Hibberd, '90.

The Bronze Bell

With the rising of the curtain we are in the charming garden of the Villa Umbra, Venetian home of the Counts of Borghesi since the ascension of Clement VII to the Papal throne. The garden is walled from the canals on two sides; on the left is the arched portico of the villa. Over the right wall the early May moon may be seen. PIPPA sits on the old stone bench, gazing wistfully over the right wall gate; a low breeze plays in her short curls. LORENZO RODOLPHO, MARCHESA DA SAVOIA, and fiancé of PIPPA, is striding, evidently in rage, down to the center wall and back again to the bench. He halts periodically to question a statue, or a cluster of flowers, then mutters vindictively when the answer is not forthcoming. PIPPA remains lost in another world. She is lovely. Suddenly she throws her head back with an almost inaudible sigh.

MARCHESA (*stopping short*): Silence! Silence, I say!
Don't interrupt me. (*PIPPA turns her head slightly.*)

What's that? What did you say? (*A pause.*) Well?

PIPPA (*her voice is a caress*): I don't remember having said —

MARCHESA (*brusquely*): No matter—I'll not be interrupted! Hem. (*Silence.*) A-hem! (*Resumes his march after one final glare at PIPPA.*) Now, Felippa, I have something to say to you. As your betrothed I have many things to say to you—many thing to discuss with you. Matters of the utmost importance. (*His strides become more spasmodic.*)

PIPPA (*reverently*): Yes, Lorenzo.

MARCHESA: Y-e-s. Indeed you've — But *Santa Maria!* have you no respect for your position? no honor for your name, you, a Borghesi? Oh, I know

you seem to have little enough for mine. Since your good father died you've had free rein. As your betrothed I should have stepped in and said no to everything. (*Softening.*) But *Pippa mia*, you know, you—I —

PIPPA (*her thoughts elsewhere*): Yes, Lorenzo.

MARCHESA (*blustering*): You're not listening to me. You never did listen to me. When you left the convent I yielded, like a fool, and permitted your trip to Paris. That seemed harmless enough. Then without even telling me, much less asking my permission, you had your hair, what do you call it—bobbed—your beautiful hair —

PIPPA: But you never said it was beautiful, Lorenzo.

MARCHESA: I've always had more important matters to consider. I remember it was quite nice hair, but I'm a practical man. Yes, practical; the hair was nice enough — But stop interrupting me, girl. Oh, what an ass I've been! You might have stopped after your unseemly conduct with that American nobody—that —

PIPPA (*quietly*): He is a gentleman, Lorenzo. He writes well, and he sketches quite —

MARCHESA (*frothing*): He's a cheap nobody! It might have been all right to have played about with him at Paris—that might not have been so noticeable. But how did it happen you were both in Vienna at the same time? How did —

PIPPA: Lorenzo —

MARCHESA: Don't answer me! The dirty pup has even dared to come tagging to Venice after you. And still you dare to see him. Have you no pride! Must you be seen daily with this nameless young whelp, this —

PIPPA (*rising*): Stop, Lorenzo! Mr. Neville is a gentleman. He is my friend, and, if I may remind you,

I've always had good taste in friends. He's an American, to be sure; but he's not the common ill-mannered tourist you think. I won't have you abusing my friends, Lorenzo, even though I am promised to you. (*Laughing now.*) Why, you actually seem jealous of him.

MARCHESA (*writhing*): I—jealous? Do you really mean—think —

PIPPA (*while the iron is hot*): Yes, Lorenzo, that's exactly what I think. You're green with jealousy; you're positively squirming, poor boy.

MARCHESA (*ignoring her levity*): Enough of this! I'll tell you plainly, Felippa, you must never see this fellow again. You must never have another meeting. I forbid it. When you are to be seen, you will be seen with me. You've set every tongue in Venice wagging, and you've made me the laughing stock of all my friends. Once and for all I forbid you to see him again!

(This line makes an excellent exit for our MARCHESA, and, realizing it, he starts victoriously for the portico. But we cannot let him leave the stage with his chest puffed out so masterfully.)

PIPPA (*imploringly*): But Lorenzo, I've asked him to come this evening. You see, he's sailing in two days.

MARCHESA (*gruffly*): Very well then. When he comes, tell him what I've told you.

(He goes. PIPPA again sits watching the moon over the right wall. The hush of the night is broken by a gondolier's song, which grows clearer as he approaches. For an instant the song ceases, then it continues, dying away as he turns into another canal. A knock on the garden gate. PIPPA runs to open it. It is he.)

PIPPA (*softly*): Paolo, Paolo *mi' caro*. (*They almost embrace, but seem held in a trance. They walk arm in arm to the bench.*) I have been waiting for you, Paolo. (*She sits.*)

PAUL (*with charming sadness*): Pippa, dearest, forgive my haste, but I sail before our moon will have grown much larger, and—I—I've written a verse —

PIPPA (*wistfully*): Wait, my Paolo. Let's sit quietly for a while, then when all is hushed, whisper your verses softly.

(PIPPA *closes her eyes, and throws back her head.*
PAUL *sits at her feet in silence. Then, slowly, he speaks*):

Over the limitless level places,
West over waters of deepest blue,
And into the land where the soft wind traces
His mark in the murmur of lisping leaves—
Into that land where happiness cleaves
Every trouble we sail, and our course is true.

Marvelous clouds of opal are scudding,
Forming strange visions of towers and hills,
While into dim caverns the warm waves' flooding
But echoes the doom of all worldly care;
And there where the West Wind plays in your hair
What care we for the world and its tinsel'd frills!

Ah love, your lips are the dew-sweetened flowers
Now, and your eyes are the sun-lit sea,
And the perfume of you tells of soft, cool bowers,
Your hair is the charm of the sunset wind—
For you are my dream, love, and with you I find
Far-off lands where happiness lives for me.

PIPPA (*after a pause*): Ah, Paolo, wouldn't it be wonderful to be always together, listening to the mandolins, and dreaming. Must we say —

PAUL (*tenderly*): Pippa, my love, say but one word, and we may have the whole world before us—an eternity of dreams, Pippa. If you would only —

PIPPA: You said dreams, Paolo, an eternity of dreams. Is it not best to have dreams when we know there is no chance of a rude awakening? When we have a beautiful dream, should we try to increase its beauty, only to destroy it?

PAUL (*quickly*): But in reality, Pippa —

PIPPA (*slowly*): Reality, Paolo, is the rude awakening.

PAUL (*on his knees at her feet*): But I love you, Pippa, I love you with the soul of an artist and the heart of a man. Oh Pippa, darling, come with me—come with me on the ship that will take us where our love may be a dream, a joy that cannot end. Pippa, Pippa, say you will marry me?

PIPPA (*helplessly*): But Paolo, I'm promised—and we do not take a betrothal lightly, you know. Yet —

PAUL (*rising*): You will come? You do love me?

PIPPA (*smiling sadly*): Yes, Paolo, I do love you—I love you more than, than — (*She sobs.*) You will always love me, Paolo?

PAUL: I swear it. I swear it, Pippa.

PIPPA (*slowly turning to him*): Then—perhaps —

(He takes her in his arms; his lips meet hers just as the heavy bronze bell of Saint Mark's Square sounds the hour. PIPPA draws herself free, and with a cry, runs a few steps toward the portico. Then she turns.)

PIPPA: No, no Paolo, it would spoil our dream. Don't you see, my lover? It would never last —

PAUL (*desperately*): But it would, Pippa. It would last, for I'll always love you, and you'll always love me. Nothing can break our happiness.

PIPPA (*her lip trembles*): No, Paolo. One month ago you were wise, and I was so young. Yet now you are young, and I must be wise. Ah Paolo, when you sail away you will always have the memory of Venice, of me, perhaps. It will seem such a beautiful part of your life. And I, when I have married, I will know that with you I have known love, love that did not die—love that no reality could ever touch and ruin. And when we are older we will have one perfect memory of happiness. When we watch the moon on the water we will be sad, it is true, but we will know that our love has lasted, in spite of time and reality.

PAUL (*softly*): Pippa, my lovely one ——

PIPPA: Yes, lover, kiss me—one last time.

(They embrace, and as PIPPA bows her head, the American passes through the gate.)

CURTAIN

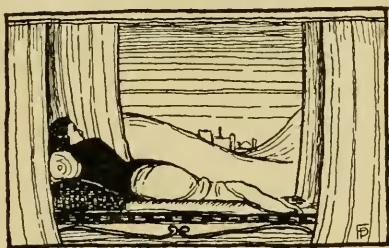
Robert Barry, '26.

The Agnostic

THE lady Terentilla was in a bad temper, and her slaves and centurions had suffered for it, as a consequence. It was a hot day, to begin with, and the sun had been blazing downwards without mercy from a deep-blue sky, and the dust had risen up from the sandy roads from under the feet of her retinue in arid and stifling clouds. It was bad enough for the brawny Numidians who carried her palanquin, and for the soldiers in their heavy armour and for Peisistratus, her Greek physician, and for the rest of her gang of hirelings—they had been forced to tramp on foot all day long, because her ladyship was peevish and wished all whom it concerned to know that to their cost; but it was far more insufferable for the lady Terentilla herself,

who for hours together must lie behind her curtains and think of nothing else but the heat and the dust.

If her thoughts did at any time roam away from her present discomfort, they



wandered to the yet more irritating subject of Sempronius. Sempronius was the lady Terentilla's husband, of course—her fifth husband, to be precise. She had been sold to her first husband, when quite a child—he was a money-lender and spiteful tongues had said that he was her mother's lover. Anyhow, he had died early and left her healthy, wealthy, and young. A well-born but impoverished Senator, twice widowed, had then taken her wealth and youth, and had given her rank in exchange.

Unfortunately, he had rendered himself obnoxious to the Emperor and had received the order to open his veins. It had been quite exciting. Terentilla's first idea had been to die with her husband, but finally she found it even more picturesque to survive as his heart-broken and inconsolable widow—in fact, Lucilius had insisted upon it.

Lucilius was a young man about town, a poet in his way and a wit, and much caressed in court circles. He had been Number Three, of course, and for a year or two Terentilla had had a glorious time, but when she discarded Lucilius for running after Cytheris, the dancer, she had found her coffers somewhat depleted. Then came Pomponius who made a quite unnecessary fuss about that little affair with Archilocus, the handsome young Greek who had revived The Eleusinian Mysteries in the drawing-rooms of Rome for two whole summers, and then the Lady Terentilla had found herself husbandless once more and somewhat ragged in the matter of a fair name. Luckily, the unsuspecting Sempronius had come to the rescue. He was a soldier, and that, after poets and fops, was a new thrill in a husband. Besides, he was tall and big, with a nice square head and a forcible jaw and a throat like a bullock's—in short, good looking in a virile sort of way, with brown eyes that had a habit of staring honestly back into your own—most refreshing, thought Terentilla, and she married him. Unfortunately, Sempronius had no sense of humor; he wouldn't divorce her and wouldn't let her divorce him; furthermore, without saying anything, he had made it pretty clear that neither on his side, nor even less on the Lady Terentilla's, were there going to be any grounds for a divorce, and so she had been obliged to rest content with sentimental flirtations ever since. Then Sempronius took his duties so seriously; he held it to be a Roman's business to shoulder the white man's burden

and uplift backward races like the Gauls or degenerate races like the Greeks; he was always employed on government business somewhere, at Marseilles or Lyons or Alexandria or Athens, and now here they were in Judaea.

At first, Terentilla had not minded their wanderings; a short absence from Rome might make certain austere hearts there grow fonder, and Alexandria had been great fun for a while, but Gaul and even Greece and now Judaea—how deadly provincial! And yet—that was the trouble of living with Sempronius, you never knew your own mind—after all these years, would she go back to Rome? No one knew her there by now, and, besides, at Rome you were simply a Roman among the Romans, but in these outlandish spots you were a Roman among the barbarians, and it was really rather exhilarating to stare languidly down at them through your emerald quizzing-glass and make them feel what a great lady you were. And it was quite fun to have Oriental kings and princes bowing down before you in that quaint ceremonious way of theirs, as though you were Augusta herself. And these dark-faced Phoenicians, so bland and enigmatic, and these hook-nosed Jews, always selling things to one another, weren't they just the most comical darlings in the world!

And then the lady Terentilla was religiously inclined. After the Eleusinian Mysteries, she had picked up the worship of Isis in Egypt, and then had dabbled in Orphic rituals in Athens. After that a year to Mithra, a fling at Zoroaster, and then rest and peace in the Gardens of Thammuz at Tyre for a couple of winters. And now she was a convert to this odd Jewish religion, which didn't seem to have any God at all. She firmly believed in the coming of the Messiah, a mighty prince who was to drive the Romans out of Judaea and march on Rome and crucify the Emperor and all the Senate. A good thing, too, declared Teren-

tilla; she didn't believe in Emperors—hadn't one of them killed one of her husbands?—and as for your beloved Roman Empire, why, as Terentilla was never tired of telling Sempronius, it was an organized hypocrisy—simply that and nothing more. The sooner it went the better. "And mark my words," Terentilla would say to Sempronius, "that Messiah or whatever they call him, is walking about here in this country right under your nose. Lots of people have seen him—quite a good-looking man, I'm told. So, my friend, look out for storms."

Just now Sempronius was being more annoying than usual. He was sensible in some things and allowed Terentilla frequent wifely vacations and she had just been spending a very pleasant time at Tiberias. Herod had been very attentive, and Herodias, the beetle-browed, had looked dark and suspicious, and the Princess Salome had danced and sung in the evenings in a most alluring fashion—what a pity she was getting fat, however!—and then there had been the handsome Felix, and Antinous, the actor from Rome, and the Lady Mandane who told fortunes and was starting a new kind of ritual for worshipping sun-gods, and now, in the middle of it all, had come a letter from Sempronius, saying she must come straight back to Jerusalem at once. And like the loving husband he was, he had arranged for a military escort to accompany her back. Probably, Valeria had been talking, after *her* husband had summoned *her* back to Jerusalem a month or so ago. Valeria was Terentilla's dearest friend—had been, for over a year—and they had no secrets from one another—



except, of course, a few—but if there was anything that Terentilla despised, it was a cat, and Valeria was most indubitably a cat, and so Terentilla had told her in vain, dozens of times. But to return to Sempronius, he had a way of making it clear on occasions that he intended to be obeyed, and so there had been nothing for it but to bid her hosts a smiling and regretful farewell—one had one's duty towards one's husband, hadn't one? and one had better to see what mischief dear old Sempronius had been up to in one's absence—and here she was on to road to Jerusalem. Still, she was having her tiny little bit of revenge. She was journeying southward as slowly as she dared, being carried by bearers the whole way and camping out under guard of her military escort by night. And when she arrived at Jerusalem, she was going to make Sempronius feel a bit of a fool—she would greet him coldly, patiently, tiredly, cynically, as a perfectly virtuous wife mated to a stupidly jealous husband, as a tolerant woman of the world who had to humor a mere child of nature. The trouble about Sempronius was that he probably would not feel a fool at all. He would be so unfeignedly glad to see her back that he would take her in his arms and crush her airs of offended virtue out of existence, and that would be the end of it.

The palanquin and its bearers came to a sudden standstill. The Lady Terentilla woke from her wifely reveries with a jerk and frowned in displeasure. She sat up and pulled the curtains aside, and leaned out to treat her slaves to a round of well-bred Billingsgate, in Roman and Greek and a little Aramaic—she had a musical voice and flattered herself that she could add grace and divinity to the grossest expletives. “By Aphrodite!” she began—it was an oath she had learned in Athens; the courtesans used it, she had heard, and she was fond of showing how much more beautiful and debonair a harlot's oath sounded from the lips of a great Roman

lady—"by Aphrodite!" and then the Lady Terentilla stopped short and gazed at the scene before her in sudden surprise.

Her escort had been threading its dusty way along the foot of a low-lying range of hills, and now they had just rounded a spur, and a wide plain lay open before them with small villages dotted over it as far as the dim horizon. The sad green hills terminated on this plain unexpectedly in a low half-moon wall of cliffs and crags, forming a kind of natural theater. The sun was hurrying down the western sky, and soon the swift and stealthy twilight of the Orient would drop like a cloud, and fade and pass into sudden starlight. Already there was a hint of gloom in the air; up the sky from the west a liquid green was stealing into the blue, and the dust along the plain was a shimmering mist of gold.

It was not, however, the landscape that caught the Lady Terentilla's eye. Her escort had halted suddenly because they had run into a crowd, which filled the half-moon quarry at the foot of the crags and overflowed out on to the plain. They were poor people mostly, yokels, peasants, water-carriers, fisher-folk and the like. And they were all strangely silent, gazing upwards with straining faces to the hill. The Lady Terentilla's eyes followed the general gaze. On one of the crags, therestood, outlined against the fading sky, a solitary figure, arrayed in white. It spread its arms wide across the sky, and a voice, musical and low and earnest, came floating towards her, borne on the wings of the echo from the crags. Then the arms fell back again onto the speaker's heart and he leaned forward as though he were seeking to impress some great truth upon his audience. And then



his head sank upon his breast, and there he stood, the ghost of patient melancholy, but still the voice sounded on across the listening crowd. And then the head was raised, and the speaker stared beyond his hearers into the distance, and even in the gathering dusk, the Lady Terentilla (who was a connoisseur in such things) felt that she was gazing into a very wonderful pair of eyes. For one moment, they looked straight into hers, and with a thrill of satisfaction, Terentilla realized that this mysterious prophet was pouring his whole soul out to her.

"Peisistratus!" she called to her physician, "find out what that man up there is talking about. He looks quite impressive."

A slave was dispatched into the crowd, and, after a few minutes returned and whispered in the ear of Peisistratus. Peisistratus leaned obsequiously over his lady and said in a low voice,

"It is one of these Jewish philosophers, lady. It appears that he is talking about the Messias and the kingdom that is to come."

"Oh, how lovely!" said Terentilla, clapping her hands; "I must hear more of this. Have my palanquin taken up closer—right up to the foot of the rock."

The bearers forced their way slowly through the crowd, while the Lady Terentilla lay back among her cushions in an attitude of languid unconcern. At length they came to the foot of the crag and lowered the palanquin to earth, and Terentilla, still reclining luxuriously, raised her emerald quizzing-glass and gazed through it at this new-found prophet of the Messiah. His hood had fallen to his shoulders and his head stood revealed against the sky, with the faint and horned moon rising slowly behind it. His dark, caerulean hair hung round a pallid face in hyacinthine locks, for all the world, thought Terentilla, like the locks of the Capitoline Jove. The features were misty in the evening air, but out of

that mist the wonderful eyes loomed out in a strange glow of sorrow. The voice still spoke, now rising, now falling, but unfortunately it spoke in Aramaic, a language of which Terentilla only knew enough to scold a slave in.

"Here, Peisistratus," she said in a low voice; "you understand this Jewish jargon. Just listen carefully and translate all the best things in it—particularly what he says about the coming of the Messias."

Peisistratus stepped a little closer to the rock and listened. After a few minutes, at an impatient "Well, Peisistratus?" from his mistress, he came to her side.

"Nothing much about the Messias as yet, lady," he said with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders; "just a few paradoxes, as far as I can make out, that is all."

"But I adore paradoxes, you idiot," said his lady; "tell me some of them."

"He seems to say, as far as I can make out," replied Peisistratus, "that happy are the poor in spirit because the empire of the gods is theirs."

"How beautiful!" murmured Terentilla.

"And happy are they that mourn, for they shall find consolation."

"Ah me!" said Terentilla, tragically, thinking of herself and her many husbands.

"And the meek are happy, for they shall inherit the earth."

"How delightfull!" said Terentilla, with a smile, "and how wickedly cynical!"

"And happy are the pure of heart, for they shall see the gods face to face."

"Too true!" said Terentilla, forgetting herself for once, with a gentle sigh; "but now go back and find out what he thinks about the Messias."

Peisistratus stepped back obediently and listened once more, while Terentilla gazed with a dreamy stare at the figure on the rock. After several minutes of

pleasant revery, her eyes came to rest on Peisistratus. He was looking up to the rock with a curious expression of interest, apparently quite heedless of his duties as interpreter. She called to him sharply.

"Well, dreamer," she said, "what about the Messias?"

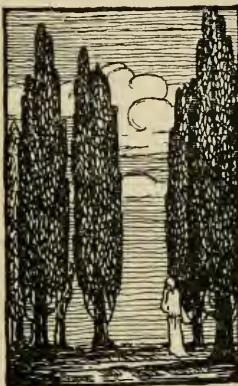
Peisistratus knit his brows in perplexity. "It is hard to translate, lady," said he; "he says, or seems to say, that the Messias has already come, but he has not come to lead his people to a kingdom of this earth. There is a kingdom here within us, which is a part of Heaven, and we must look for our treasures there. The Messias, he says, is the Prince of Peace and the Son of Man, and he has come to show the Sons of God the way into this kingdom. If I interpret aright, he means that the Messias is the prophet of the inner life of the soul, and we are all of us ——"

"But that sounds wonderful! That is noble!" cried the lady Terentilla, with shining eyes; "go on and tell me more—no, go back and listen and tell me it all, when it is over. And oh, Peisistratus, bring him up to me, when he has finished speaking. I really must talk with him. Probably I can use some influence for him. He seems worth taking up."

Peisistratus mingled with the crowd once more. The lady Terentilla lay back and listened drowsily to the musical voice with a happy smile on her face. Gradually the voice grew weaker and fainter and died away into the darkness. The lady Terentilla's head fell clumsily to one side among the cushions, her mouth sagged open in a foolish grimace, revealing a broken rampart of teeth, and just as the preacher closed his sermon with one hand raised aloft to the starlit sky, the sound of a rasping, lingering snore issued from the palanquin. No one in the spell-bound crowd seemed to hear it, none but the tired slaves laughed. One of them drew near to Peis-

tratus and touched him on the elbow and said something, pointing with a grin to the palanquin. Peisistratus turned round sharply, and then, seeing the palanquin with its burden of sleeping beauty, smiled and nodded his head. The bearers raised the palanquin and bore it out of the crowd.

The lady Terentilla had floated away into the bewildering land of dreams. She was in the Gardens of Adonis, the ever young and ever fair, or rather, she had wandered from these gardens into a dark forest. From a distance came the sound of a faint, monotonous beating upon a drum, of melancholy and complaining flutes, of the voices of the Tyrian damsels, mourning the death of the god of youth and spring and love. In vain, she went in quest of that music, she only wound further and further into the gloom of the forest. And then, in the twinkling of an eye, she was out of the twilight of the trees and stood alone before the half-moon theater on the plain. On the rock above her stood the dead god, outlined against the starry, summer sky; the full harvest moon rose like a glory behind his head and shed a phosphorescent glow over his body. He was naked; young and graceful as a Greek god, slender as a faun. And as she gazed up at him, he spread out his arms wide along the sky, wide enough to embrace the whole world, and she drew nearer, and lo, it was the lonely preacher on the rock. And she looked at him a little more closely, and she saw that his outspread arms were bound with ropes and that nails were driven through the palms of his hands, and through his feet, and she knew that he was crucified. She stood,



peering up at him in a kind of awe. "Are you," she whispered, "are you the young Adonis, the Lord of Love, or are you the Messias, the Prince of Peace?" And he turned his face down towards her and answered with a groan, "I am the King of the Jews."

What a strange, disturbing dream! Was this dark-eyed prophet really a god? Was he a prince? Or was he just a common malefactor? Whatever he was, he weighed upon Terentilla's imagination. His religion seemed to bring a new message, the little that she had heard of it. Perhaps it was the one true faith that she had been hunting for all these years; she positively must find out something more about him. With that, she realized that her palanquin was being borne onwards through the night, and she pulled the curtains aside and called for Peisistratus. The cortège halted, and ten minutes later, Peisistratus gave the order for the palanquin to be raised with a somewhat wry expression on his face. The lady Terentilla lay back smiling among her cushions. She had certainly given it to Peisistratus in the neck, as they said in boxing circles in his native Athens.

A year or so later, Terentilla was in Jerusalem. Sempronius was dead (in fact he had died before she got back from Tiberias), and she was thinking of returning to Rome. She had called in at her friend, Valeria's, to pick her up and go and pay a visit on Placidia, the wife of Pontius Pilatus, the procurator. Valeria was still in the throes of an elaborate toilet, and so Terentilla sat down to gossip with her.

"I suppose you know," said Valeria, "that Placidia has found a new religion."

"No!" said Terentilla, with some surprise; "do tell me about it. Dear Placidia always gets hold of such quaint ideas."

"Oh, this is more fantastic than usual," said Valeria,

yawning; "something to do with this Messias these people are always jabbering about here. Give me the old gods any day of the week."

"But I believe in the Messias," cried Terentilla, eagerly; "do stop talking your nonsense about the old gods and tell me all about it."

"Well," said Valeria, gravely, "all I can say is—it will be a bad day for the Roman people when they stop worshipping Jupiter. It's that that has made us what we are."

"Yes," retorted Terentilla, "the biggest frauds and humbugs in the world. Now go on and tell me about Placidia and the Messias."

"Oh, I don't know much about it," said Valeria, indifferently; "she heard one of these odd Jewish creatures say he was the Messias—quite a common man, I gathered. It was something about us all having a kingdom of Heaven within us."

"Now where have I heard that before?" from Terentilla.

"Nowhere, probably, my dear. It's quite the latest thing in crank religions."

"But I *have* heard it somewhere, I know. Anyway, poor, dear Placidia is wrong as usual. The Messias is not a common man. When he comes, he will be a prince of the House of David, and he will be a great conquering hero and found a new dynasty. And when he does come, dear Placidia and her Pontius had better be careful. He is going to start a revolution and drive the Romans out of here, and in the end he will capture Rome itself."

"Oh, well, talking of revolutions," said Valeria, with a polite smile for her friend's innocent enthusiasms, "have you heard of this new conjurer?"

"No," said Terentilla; "and what has he got to do with the Messias?"

"Absolutely nothing, so far as I know—unless, of

course, he performs his conjuring-tricks to prove he is another version of the Messias."

"Don't be absurd, dear," said Terentilla; "as if conjuring tricks could prove anything so serious as that. I think you're rather vulgar, and a bit blasphemous, too, when you know how much I believe in the coming of the Messias."

"Wait and hear what I have to say. Domitia told me all about him. One trick he performs is going out to dinner and turning all the wine into water."

"That seems to me simply a vulgar practical joke."

"Oh, he can do better than that. He gets the lame to walk and the blind to see, and they do say that he raised one of his friends from the dead a few days ago."

"Well, you may depend on it, there is a trick somewhere. As for proving that he is the Messias —"

"Oh, my dear, I was only joking," said Valeria, rising to her feet; "I am quite ready. Suppose we get a move on."

As the two ladies were borne up the narrow streets of Jerusalem to the Procurator's house, they heard sounds of shouting. In a few minutes, a jubilant crowd surged past them, waving palms and yelling "Hosanna!" and some of them even throwing their cloaks in the dust. Through their midst, rode a grave-faced man upon an ass. For a moment, his piercing eyes gazed across the heads of the multitude at the two ladies in their palanquins.

"Now where have I seen those eyes before," said Terentilla, with a pretty frown.

"Oh, that!" said her friend, contemptuously; "that's the wonder-working magician I was talking to you about."

"Oh!" said the lady Terentilla, in a disappointed tone; "Peistratus, you fool, how much longer are we to be kept waiting here by this rabble."

About ten days later, Valeria and Terentilla were at Placidia's on another visit. There had been exciting times in the city—almost a riot, in fact—one of those senseless religious hubbubs that the Jews were so fond of. What with the shouting and uproar in the streets and an eclipse of the sun, Terentilla had half feared that the Messias was coming in dead earnest. Luckily Pontius had acted with firmness and with all his usual tact, and things were now calm again. Valeria and Terentilla had called to congratulate Placidia on the sound diplomatic judgment shown by her Pontius.

But Placidia was in tears. "Yes," she admitted, with sobs and sighs, "I am proud of Pontius, but oh! at what a cost!"

"Why, dear Placidia, what's the matter?" asked Valeria.

"Don't you know?" replied Placidia; "this man who was at the root of all this trouble, whom Pontius had to crucify to please the Jews,—he was my Messias!"

"Now then, dear, never mind! don't cry!" said Valeria, soothingly.

"Oh, but I can't help it," moaned Placidia; "to think that I should have mistaken a common malefactor for the Son of God."

Terentilla was looking thoughtful. From out some sleeping corner of her brain there hovered a memory, a vision of a God, crucified, with his arms spread out along the cross, wide enough to embrace the whole world—a God, dying in torment, like a common male-



factor. She awoke from her trance with a smile. Valeria was speaking to her.

"We must do something to cheer poor Placidia up," she was saying; "let's have a little dinner one evening this week, and, I'll tell you what, I'll try and find that miracle-monger we were talking about a few days ago, and we'll have him in after dinner, and get him to perform some of his tricks."

"That will be great fun," said the lady Terentilla.

J. S.

Nostalgia

*By the waters of Minnetonka,
In the land of the whispering pine,
Beside the foam there is a home
Covered with moss and vine.
And to me it's dear because it's near
The water—because it's mine.*

*When the speckled trout are running,
When the bass and pickerel leap,
On the banks I bask. No more I ask
Than the thrill with which I reap
The harvest rare from its watery lair
Out of the shadowed deep.*

*And though other men may trample
The banks where I loved to roam,
And alien hands pollute the lands,
And millers steal the foam,
And the pine-trees go at the axe's blow,
To me 'twill still be home.*

Richard C. Bull, '28.

The Power of the Pines

TONIGHT I am lonely; far from the confusion of the world I sit here, with no companion save the wind rustling the leaves outside my camp. Little puffs of smoke leave my pipe and twist in and out among the rafters until they lose themselves in the dark corners of the room. A few dull red coals among the ashes on the rough hearth are all that remain of a cheery fire; the lamp upon the table casts a hesitating light on the nearer portions of the room, the rest being lost in shade. And as I sit in my rude board chair, looking into the fireplace, I begin to think. Life has been an unanswerable mystery to me so far. I am young, full of hope and ambition; I have the promise of good fortune ahead of me, yet I am not happy. Occasionally I have felt the joy of being alive and the great force of human sympathy, but these have soon faded in the engulfing abyss of human faults. Some days ago I felt I must get some relief from the crushing power of civilization; I came to my little shack in the depths of the woods to find peace and comfort. All the fulness of life lies before me, *but I know not how to grasp it!*

Last night as I wrote these words I felt that life was too much for me, that it was overwhelming me; I was dazed and bewildered by the whirl of civilization; I was stunned by the deceit and deliberate crime of mankind. Today, sitting by the bank of a deep, cool pond surrounded with high wooded cliffs, I feel a peace hitherto unknown to me. Before, the woods had meant only a place to free myself from the conventions of life. Now I realize the great force and power the solitude of a forest has to heal and comfort a torn soul. Everywhere I look things seem changed; the path half hidden in a

bed of deep, soft moss has a thousand little touches that I had never noticed before; the blue-gold ripples which slowly sail down the pool toward the sun have a soothing charm, and the wind in the branches of the rugged pines brings peace and contentment. I have heard and seen all these many times when I have fished this pond with my chum or tramped the woods with him, but today they are transformed, and I see them all as though they had never existed before. The joy of it is too great; this is too beautiful, too peaceful and soothing to be anything but an unreal paradise of the imagination. Tomorrow I may enjoy it, perhaps the next day, but it is not life; when all the cares and burdens are shouldered once more, when I return to combat the crushing influence of city life, this will dissolve away as the impossible conception of an ideal world.

I must go back to the life which I hate and fight a monster which I know will conquer in the end; I must leave this paradise, leave it perhaps never to return except in memory —. If I gave in to my wish to live here always, to build a livable cabin where my little shack is, I should lose the better part of my being in exchanging a life of hardship for one of ease and comfort. It is a terrible temptation, and I cry out to break the fetters, but I know it cannot be. The world is far too small to hold these two different spheres: this the primitive life, and the other the cruel, over-civilized one; one must be the real sphere of life, and it is only too clear to me which one this real sphere is. All I know now is that to dream, to imagine, to hope is very sweet; to live and cast aside your dreams is very bitter.

As I take up my pen again after four long years of hardship I find myself a little more reconciled to life than when I sat by the pool and wrote to ease my mind. I think civilization a bit less cruel now, and I can picture the time when love and faith will play a larger part in

man's life. Many, many times I have returned in memory to this little wooded pool and have been comforted by its blue-gold ripples and its peaceful solitude; I have come back here every summer to refresh and strengthen its image in my memory. My cabin stands where the little shack used to be, and from its windows I can look out through the protecting branches of the evergreens and see the shining ripples of the pool. All around the cabin are great sturdy trees, a part of the untouched forest. Here is peace and comfort, and the strength which only a forest can give. My two spheres of life have touched, for there are two now for me; the courage and the dreams which come to me in these woods make it possible to work in the civilized world. Whatever name you may give to this power which strengthens a man through the sympathy of nature, it is to me an eternal refuge, always ready to give me shelter and to revive my waning faith.

Albert V. Fowler, '27.

In the Night

Midnight on the docks—a clammy, clinging darkness seems to cover everything like a thick blanket, a darkness made even denser by the occasional glimmer of a street-light or some small incandescent bulb announcing the presence of an all-night restaurant. Greasy black water slops and gurgles about the hulking piers, creeping up the piles with slimy fingers, to slip, to try, to slip, to try again, climbing slowly and chortling with glee at each new inch submerged. The huge, black buildings, storehouses, loading piers, excursion steamers lie dark and lifeless like the scattered pieces of some gigantic Chinese puzzle carelessly dropped upon the floor. Now and then some belated truck clatters along the rough cobblestones of the street, while from the bay comes the shrill warning whistle of a boat groping its way into the harbor. The air is still, with a hint of thunder in the west, and the moon and stars are obscured by heavy, hurrying clouds.

Out of the darkness a man appeared, walking slowly up the uneven sidewalk of the narrow dock-side street, a tall fellow, but loose jointed and slightly stooped. At a distance young, perhaps, but when nearer as old as agony and suffering can make a man. The face, white and drawn, was stamped with cruel, harsh lines, and the long clenched fingers, tight-pursed lips, and feverishly burning eyes evidenced a tremendous nervous energy at the point of exhaustion. Hunger! gnawing, devouring, harrying to madness.

“A café—God! What a joke!—rolls, coffee, food—a fat man picking his teeth—people eating, blacks, whites, yellows—everybody eats—how long? Six days? Two weeks? What does it matter. Better go to bed.”

He staggered down the dark street, up a small alley, and in a back door to his stuffy room. Above him lived an old man who rented three rooms and was reputed to have a tidy sum set by to keep him in comfort until he died. There was little contact between these roomers, the only ones in the building, except a word of greeting when they met.

"He's never hungry. What a great life he must lead," and the man lighted a smoky lamp and threw himself upon a rickety cot in the corner, lying with his sunken eyes wide open like the sulphurous depths of twin volcanoes—restless, tossing, turning, and sleepless.

A heavy silence fell upon the room, which was suddenly broken by one dull thud overhead, then by a second. He sprang from his cot and seized a chair, then laughed wildly at himself.

"Old man upstairs going to bed. What the hell's the matter with me?" and he sat down on the edge of the cot. The storm had gathered force and the distant rumble of thunder was rapidly developing into an almost constant rolling, while the lightning was increasing in frequency and intensity, working up to a climax. The brilliant flare of a bright bolt lit up the entire room. The man sat staring, his eyeballs glistening, at a piece of lead pipe in the far corner of the room. Like some bird charmed by a snake, at once attracted and repelled by what was passing through his mind.

"The old man has money, he carries a big roll. That means food—a steak, bread, potatoes. It would be so easy—why not? Oh God! No!"

A gust of wind blew out the light.

"The light—the light is gone—I cannot see—what was I to do? Oh yes, kill. Kill the old man. Softly up the stairs, what makes them creak—a key, another key, at last the right one—the door swings easily, there's the bed—no hitches now, the pipe, I'll make it sure—

blood trickling through white hairs, how red it is—the body. Oh yes, to the docks with it—how it scrapes and shuffles—you're light, sir, you'll need a stone to weight you down—over, easy, there. Good-day, sir, rest well upon your mucky bed — Ah! that's done, but murderers die—not I, I've fooled them all—now to bed and no one knows."

The inky blackness of night faded into the silver of daybreak; then came the flaming advance guard of the sun, and at last the sun itself, glowing like a red-hot stove and touching to fire the city's domes and spires. The city, awakening, yawns, stretches, and then throws off its nightgown of mist and clothes itself in radiant sunlight. All is stir and hubbub on the water-front. Trucks, teams, men, pushcarts make a kaleidoscopic stream of eddying color, while the din from rumbling wheels, automobile horns, shouting people, derricks and winches roars in the ears like some tremendous falls. At 21 Cherry Street (street by courtesy only) there was no din or stir. All was silent in the house save for the dripping of a tap in the hall.

"Well, well. I wonder if anyone really does live here," said the sergeant entering the hall skeptically.

"They said so at the cigar store, sir," said one of his two companion officers, "but they were pretty well worked up about the robbery, so they may have given us the wrong number."

"We'll see in a minute," said the leader of the expedition, and he rapped loudly upon the flimsy door. "Funny if nobody heard that safe blown. Why it's just around the corner."

The door opened a crack, and a haggard face peered out at them with hopeless, abject, animal fear shining from strange, unnatural eyes; then the door slammed and a piercing cry, the scurry of feet, and a rasping rattle was heard within the room.

"That's a nervy thing to do!" said the Sergeant. "Come on! Open up there, we want to ask you a few questions." An officer put his weight against the door and the corroded lock snapped. "Well, I'll be damned! Our bird has flown."

There was the sound of footsteps on the stairs; a querulous voice called, "What's all the racket down here? Can't you let a person sleep?" The little old man from upstairs entered the room attired in a Mother Hubbard nightgown and a nightcap. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I thought the other roomer was making all the noise."

"The other roomer has just left, and we're leaving now to try and catch him," said the blue-coat curtly and the three officers went out the door. The old man shuffled up the stairs shaking his head.

Three hours later there was a loud knocking at the old man's door. He opened it to face the three officers again. "Come in, gentlemen," he said ingratiatingly. "What can I do for you?"

"The roomer on the first floor is suspected of being implicated in the robbery of a cigar store around the corner. Where was he at two o'clock this morning?"

"Good Lord! Officer, he was in his room from twelve-thirty on and I for one wished he was in Hell. I was just going to bed when he started to groan and cry out like a crazy man; he kept me awake almost the whole blessed night. Strange, too, because he's always seemed like a quiet sort of chap before this; but I suppose he must have been worked up about something."

"I suppose he must have been. His body was found in the Bay about an hour ago. Good-day," and the police filed out.

"Now I wonder what he'd been up to," the old man asked himself, "he seemed harmless enough."

Addison J. Allen, '27.

Mosaics

MONASTERIAL

*The old church clock:
Its dead meter recurs
Like the eternal stepping,
Stepping back and forth,
Back and forth,
Of an immured monk
On hard, gray stones.*

UNE VIE

*She was an oak leaf, dry but golden,
That dropped down in autumn
Into a still pond,
Floating a moment,
Then sinking slowly
And rotting.*

CANAL WATERS

*The murky waters
Under a dark, moonless sky
Are holding open their warm arms
Longingly, appealingly;
Now I see why some people .*

IN THE FOREST

*In the dark, sweet-smelling forest
The tall, tall pine trees
Vie with each other, to see
Which shall get the first glimpse
Behind the clouds.*

THE WATER-LILY

*There was a water-lily,
Extremely white and virginal,
Floating on the amethyst lake;
I pulled it out, and shuddered,
For there were worms within.*

BARCAROLLE

*The emerald waves are lapping
Against the rocking skiff—
They are the grasping hands
Of a green, green devil
Deep in the sea.*

CATHEDRAL BELLS

*Bells are tolling through the fog
Like a helpless old woman
Sobbing loudly, wildly,
Over a cradle
In the dark.*

BRONZE VESSELS

*I captured your precious words
And cremated them
In small bronze vessels;
And now I search for them
And find nothing,
When I am in need . . .*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

The Tragedy of the Opening

THERE were many more powerful vessels than this frigate *Le Héros* in the service of the Consulate of France. But she seemed to my mind, as we drove so gallantly into the open seas, riding triumphantly above the rising waves, to be a symbol of the new regime. She was a tall figure of pomp and majesty, vaunting the rude strength that drove her thundering through the waves—and before all that great, armed hulk, her gilded figurehead, the crowned Hero with uplifted arm, who slid with a long roar into the heart of every wave and rose victoriously above it.

But my little dissertation must not become too fanciful; this is to be a chronicle of woe. On that first evening, we in authority stood upon the quarterdeck, while the cold wind tore at our cloaks, to watch the flaming sunset fade upon the line of shore. We listened to the noisy rigging among our straining sails, to the gross oaths of the sailors, lashing a cannon more securely on the deck—as I remember—but we were speaking, some pitying, some laughingly, of the prisoner beneath our decks, of the big negro soldier, Toussaint L’Ouverture; for the self-styled “Bonaparte of St. Domingo” had bowed to the Bonaparte of France.

I was glad of my appointment to conduct this man to his prison, not only because it brought me from the sickly climate of America to France, but because I was sorry for the old General, the victim of a treacherously broken faith. Others despised him, because he was black and without fortune; and so I tried, with too little success, to soften his plight.

He still wore his uniform, and wore it with the dignity of a Marshal. This, in a full-blooded negro, gave him a

ludicrous, repulsive appearance to those who were accustomed to the sight of cringing slaves. But Toussaint had a natural nobility of bearing. He was the worthy descendant of an African King, and when the insurrection of the slaves broke forth, it was this prestige of rank, together with his own sagacity and remarkable education, that launched him in his proud career.

I admired him for his brilliant rise to power in the armies of the insurrection, for his gallantry in battle, for his mercy and wisdom in victory. The insurrection held a higher meaning for Toussaint than the other negroes could conceive; to him it was a second Revolution, the Opening for his race of a way to the new ideals. His fiery, emotional genius inspired the rebel slaves with the new spirit of liberty; they followed him in confidence. And when, at the head of his savage soldiery, he had burst through the enemy's ranks and opened a gap that led to victory, he had taken the surname of *L'Ouverture*.

Only Toussaint, among the negro generals, was free of selfish ambition; only he allayed their merciless butchery of the conquered whites. It was Toussaint, at the close of these bloody wars, who established a constitutional government, who devised the system of free labor which foreboded a return of the colony's prosperity. I was a son of the Revolution, who had fought against the kings of Europe for Liberty and Equality. I admired the valor and the statesmanship, the romance of this island giant, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Yes, I may now explain without apprehension how Toussaint came to be a prisoner on board the frigate *Le Héros*. The First Consul had planned a western empire; Louisiana was to supply the Indies, and the Indies, France. For this, he deemed it necessary to overthrow the negro government and restore slavery to the plantations.

But the First Consul was obliged to act upon this scheme, so manifestly hostile to the sacred Rights of Man, with deception and secrecy. In Hayti, therefore, many proclamations were issued, declaring for continued liberty and peace: General Leclerc, his brother-in-law, was coming with a small force of soldiers, to represent the Motherland. In reality, however, General Leclerc had been intrusted with a large army and with orders to seize the government and send all the negro chieftains to France.

When Toussaint learned of our arrival, he retired to the mountains with his soldiers, and sent General Christophe, who is now the King of Hayti, to ravage the lands between, that it might be difficult to support our army. But Christophe lacked the determination of his superior, and capitulated to the advancing French. This so weakened the negro army that resistance was impractical, and our wily opponent determined to delay our actions with parleys and promises until the unhealthy summer season, so fatal to Europeans, should bleed our strength.

A conference was arranged, and Toussaint, who had been promised safe conduct, was there seized, by an act of treachery, as I have said. His family was also secured. Great numbers of negroes prominent in the insurrection had already been sent to the prisons and the galleys, but this last act aroused a storm among the blacks, who had followed, with all the religious ardor of their race, the bold leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Their idol was gone, but the gods of the Revolution were with them still. Even at the time of the capture, the sickly season had set in, the hospitals were filled and our men were dying by the hundreds. A long, blundering struggle was ahead, and I was doubly glad of the order to conduct my dusky hero to his prison.

The First Consul, unless I err, desired to find Tous-

saint guilty of treason, but General Leclerc could not supply the evidence necessary for conviction, and so the plan was discarded. Toussaint himself expected a trial, and was prepared to vindicate himself therein. This subject he introduced at our every meeting, but I could not tell him what my orders were. He complained passionately of the injustice done him, and of the treatment of his family, to whom he was fervently devoted. I examined his letters before they were placed in the bags, letters of hope to his family, and those lengthy, pitiful protestations of loyalty and love, addressed to the "First Consul, father of all soldiers, upright judge, defender of innocence"

Toussaint the prisoner, secretly condemned, was still Toussaint the courageous general, fighting with clenched teeth, confident that the cause of justice must triumph. My office was a burden to me, before the trip was done, and I spoke less and less to my sullenly unwavering charge.

Day followed day, cold and damp, on the barren sea, while we in authority sat beneath the candles in our neat cabin, gaming and joking, telling droll lies about ourselves, to make the weary hours pass. They were calmer, warmer days, when we had left Gibraltar in the West, tedious still, day after day, until we saw the shores of France.

Toussaint was not to be brought into port with the ship, as the matter of his whereabouts was to be held in strictest secrecy. Early one morning, therefore, I and my prisoner, with the three soldiers who formed his guard, were rowed ashore to this village, where I knew a coach could be obtained.

In the fresh brilliance of that new day, a day of dazzling southern blue, we escaped from the foul odors of the ship, to France. Yet we were sad, I and my prisoner. We listened to the rhythmic rattle and swish

of the oars, and we watched *Le Héros*, creeping onward into the green harbor, with the sunlight on her sails. Our boat slid swiftly on, through this cool world of placid beauty, towards the little white town beyond, the rowers pulling till their jerseys were clinging wet. Their eagerness was in their strength, but I and my prisoner listened in silence to the monotonous beat of their oars, and the smooth sound of our motion on the water. We were sad, yet each was unconscious of his true fortune—for me, blindness and poverty in the service of the Empire—and death in the cold dungeon of St. Joux, for Toussaint L’Ouverture.

I feared that this would be his fate, but I did not suspect that the First Consul designed to bring it about in so brutal a manner. Baille was Commandant of the prison at that time, and he, as I know, received instructions that Toussaint was a villain unworthy of considerate treatment. Baille took the hint, but Amiot, who succeeded him, managed things even better. Every week the report was sent to the Ministry, of Toussaint’s failing health: how he complained of the cold, as winter came on, and of the sharp, agonizing pains in his body. A physician was dispensed with, “the constitution of negroes resembling in no respect that of Europeans.” His mind was worn by the horrors of loneliness, and when his keepers came, his passionate nature would break forth into a tirade of abuse upon his tormentors, and he would beat his head and body with his hands. To check these “lying impertinences,” his allowance of food was cut down. I shall not tell all that I have learned of Commandant Amiot.

Thus Toussaint was to die, but not before his betrayer, Leclerc, had succumbed to the burning fevers of St. Domingo.

Of our secret journey to the fortress of St. Joux, there is little that I shall describe. It was a tedious ride,

rolling through the hot dust, laboring over the rough mountain roads, that brought us to the castle, whose towers and batteries command the river valley.

We descended in the courtyard, before the arched portal, and we were there received by Commandant Baïlle and the officers of the fort, while their men pushed wide the huge doors—making a great, dark opening in those gray walls, a dim dusk of glimmering lanterns and shadows—as I remember—silent, save for the tramp of soldiers in an unseen corridor.

The officers were smiling, like well-fed birds of prey, smiling disdainfully at the tall negro, in his stiff, high-collared uniform, at the long black queue that he wore, at the dark, solemn face. He did not return their stares, nor did he look about him, where the pigeons fluttered and strutted on the warm stones, nor at the mottled greenery of the Jura hills around us, nor on the sunny river below; he faced the dim opening before.

The men were formed in file, and marched inward with the prisoner. Someone broke the silence; "*C'est un courbeau, ce beau gibier de potence,*" someone has said. Baïlle laughed roughly beneath his long moustache, the grinning sentries stepped forward again, and then, with a grinding crash, the heavy doors swung back, on Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

Scheherazade

*“Heav’n but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.”*

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

ONCE upon a time—for that is how all true fairy stories should begin—there lay on the Dalmatian coast, not far from the present site of Scutari, a flourishing city, Serajo by name. In one of the quaint stucco houses which lined its narrow, winding streets, there lived, early in the seventh century, Demetrio Mussac, an honest cobbler. Here in his tiny shop the good man plied his busy trade singing softly to himself; for he was very happy. Cobbling paid well, the sky was azure, the sea was the blue of lapis-lazuli, the trees were of emerald. What more could man ask?

One day while he was busy in his shop a stranger entered. “Good day, honest Demetrio. Wouldst thou add to thy modest fortune?” He spoke softly.

“Ay sir,” said the honest man, surprised. “So long as I wrong not Allah.”

“Amen,” said the stranger gravely. “But wouldst thou not turn an extra penny or two? I will give thee four bags of gold if thou wilt but do as I say.”

Four bags of gold! The burgher started. It was an unheard-of sum. “By Allah, thou speakest well! I am at thy service, good sir.” He bowed low.

“Thy duties are but slight,” returned the visitor. “Today a new merchant will move into the empty shop next to thine. Thou must watch all that he doth and report to me daily in the Bazaar.”

"Dost thou intend this man any harm?" asked the cobbler.

"Nay. It is but for his own health. I swear by Allah and by Mahomet, his Prophet," and he bowed thrice to the east.

"Then it shall be as thou sayest. How long is this vigilance to last, and when am I to report to thee?"

"The vigilance will not last more than two moons, but must be most careful and studied. Thou shalt report to me daily at the seventh hour, in the Bazaar, in front of the shop of Najla, the weaver. One bag of gold I will give thee now, for I know thou art honest. One thou wilt receive at the new moon, one at the waning, and the fourth when thy task is done. When thou comest to report to me, another must take thy place. Dost understand all?"

The good man nodded. "It shall be as thou sayest, most honored sir."

"Remember. Not a word of this to any," and the stranger was gone. A bag lay on the bench of the honest cobbler. He opened it. It was full of gold! He looked at it a long time.

"This is easy money," he muttered. "But I sorely mistrust wealth that comes with such little effort," and he shook his head forebodingly.

The new merchant moved into the neighboring shop late in the afternoon. He was a dark, burly fellow for whom Mussac conceived an instant personal antipathy. At first his time seemed harmlessly employed, and for a few days the cobbler's reports to the stranger whom, for want of a better name, we will call Mahmoud ben Ezra, were fruit ss. On the fifth day, however, Mussac's vigilance was rewarded.

When the shades of evening fell, and the muezzin on the minaret called the hour of prayer, the strange merchant left his humble shop and walked quickly down

the Street of the Seven Vestals toward the Mosque of Sultan Hadriah. There he turned to the left and, after crossing through several narrow passageways, stopped in front of a low adobe house. He rapped softly thrice. Instantly it opened and he disappeared within.

Mussac looked about him carefully. In the house a light was burning in a room on the second floor and, as this was the only sign of habitation, he wisely concluded that the stranger was in that room. Next to the house was the rambling shop of a carpet merchant, and Mussac saw that by standing on the roof of this structure he could easily peer in the window of the neighboring domicile. By returning to the Street of the Seven Vestals and entering a passage parallel to the first, he gained the rear of the shop and finally succeeded in reaching its roof. The shutter of the window of the neighboring house had been closed, but he could hear voices within. He approached softly and peered through the cracks.

The merchant was seated on some cushions in the far corner. About him squatted half a dozen men of most diverse mien, puffing their narghiles or sipping their coffee when the conversation was not so animated. Their voices penetrated but dimly through the window. Mussac could understand only a few indistinct words—"Sultan Abdi Najob . . . Scimiters . . . Aboud ben Percera . . . bribe the guards . . . Sultan asleep."

The honest cobbler started. By Allah, here was deviltry indeed! He slipped softly from the roof and sped away in the darkness to the palace of the Sultan, where the royal sentry was astounded by such a tale as had not reached his ears for many a moon.

The next day the strange merchant did not come to his shop. Demetrio Mussac received his fourth bag of gold and was taken into the service of the Sultan.

Years passed and the honest cobbler had become the

Sultan's most trusted advisor. He now wore a long gray beard and nodded condescendingly to the scraping "Bens." But he sang no more. Affairs of state weighed heavily upon him. Sometimes he wished he were still a cobbler. The nobles hated him—they were jealous of this humble cobbler who had usurped their place. The people hated him—they were jealous of one of them who had risen above them. Most of all Mahmoud ben Ezra hated him, for he had wished the honor of disclosing the plot himself. Only the Sultan loved him, and the Sultan had no heirs. What would happen when he died? Mussac often wondered and spent hours gazing at the azure sky, and the lapis-lazuli sea, and the emerald trees, thinking . . .

Then one day the Sultan was found dead—pierced through the heart by a fine stiletto. The palace was in an uproar. Mussac himself was forced to direct the muezzin to toll the great bell in the tallest minaret. As the last quiver of the gong died away, the people arose from the pavement where they had knelt at the sound of the bell, and turned eagerly to the Grand Vizier, who held in his hands a bit of parchment—the Sultan's will. Slowly (it seemed to the waiting crowd) he broke the seal and read the contents. Demetrio Mussac was appointed to succeed his master. The poor cobbler trembled. He the Sultan!

But already the crowd was getting unruly. Cries of "Down with the cobbler!" "Long may our great and glorious Mahmoud ben Ezra reign!" filled the air. The royal guards dispersed the mob and the cobbler retired to his chamber, where he lay dreaming.

Suddenly a shout arose. Brusquely called back to life, he arose and peered through the narrow window. An enormous mob was at the gates of the palace. Mahmoud ben Ezra was at their head. He was speaking to the captain of the guards.

"Open in the name of Allah and of Mahmoud ben Ezra, the rightful Sultan. We come to drive away the usurper—the cobbler Mussac—the murderer of Sultan Abdi ben Najob." And the crowd took up the cry. "Down with the cobbler!" "HE murdered the Sultan!" "Long live Mahmoud ben Ezra!"

The guards made a feeble effort to stop the seething mass, but it was in vain. The mob rushed into the palace, into the throne room, overturning priceless taberets, staining rich carpets.

"Stop! In the name of Allah," shouted Mahmoud ben Ezra, fearful lest his future dwelling be ruined. "Stop! Let me treat with the usurper." But the mob heeded him not. Suddenly, on a balcony high over the throne, the cobbler appeared.

"Hear me, people of Serajo," he said, and there was instant silence. "I do not usurp the throne. It is not my will, but the will of our beloved Sultan Abdi ben Najob which has placed me here. It is his wishes that I seek to carry out, and his alone. I ——"

An angry cry interrupted him as the frenzied mass surged toward the door where a winding staircase led to the balcony. "Stop!" cried Mahmoud ben Ezra, but he might as well have commanded the sea be still.

The cobbler saw that it were folly to stay. With the agility of a somnambulist he clambered out of the window of the turret, and down the trellis to the roof below. The mob sighted him and started in mad pursuit. Over the low, flat roofs, through the winding streets of the city, out over the dusty roads, the crowd followed him. As darkness fell pursuit became useless and the mob turned back. Through the still night there resounded only the weary steps of a single man, and the roar of the sea in the distance, calling . . . calling . . .

Richard C. Bull, '28.

Reverie

*The evening bell sends forth its far-flung sound,
Until the woods and dusky cliffs resound
And catch the note, and deaden its soft trill;
Far in the west the sun's last flashes thrill
In glory through the softly darkening sky.
The summer breezes fade away and die
Amid the forest leaves. Beneath the spread
Of these broad oaks I rest my weary head
And dream about the sweet old vanished days
Which Life and Love make vivid through the haze
Of bygone years. All nature happy seems
In joy of present bliss and radiant dreams,
And I alone appear to comprehend
The sadness of those sweet things which must end,
As soft the bell's low pealing swells in vain,
Then lingers, and dies out upon the plain.*

Austin Wright, '25.

The Simkin Report

MIRABILE DICTU! The city gates no longer close at dusk and separate the Chengtu community into "ins" and "outs." Two months ago Dr. Beech, President of the West China Union University was detained by the city gate and so arrived an hour late at Governor Yang Sen's dinner party. The next day the Governor ordered the gates to be left open all night, and they have not been closed since. What is more, one can now ride a bicycle in either direction clear through the city on wide streets smoothly paved with cement. To those who are accustomed to speed thirty miles an hour in their autos this may seem small cause for congratulation, but it means much to those who for years have dodged the same old mudholes, or, less successful, have fallen into the yawning cracks between paving stones. What it will mean in the gradual elimination of soul destroying burden-bearing none of us Christian-reared freemen can fully comprehend. More and more streets are being widened and paved. Rickshas and bicycles are increasing, and even autos are expected soon. A horse road connecting Chengtu and Kwanhsien, forty miles west, has been built and roads to other cities are talked of.

Last year the Governor inaugurated a tree planting campaign which is to be repeated this spring on a still larger scale. In the summer he contributed One Thousand Silver Dollars toward the cost of importing some blooded Holsteins here at the University in an effort to improve the breed of cattle. Last spring he organized an immense athletic meet for all the schools in the city.

Unfortunately the country at large has not been so fortunate. The province has been under the domination

of nobody knows how many "Generals," each of whom in his sphere of influence enlists great numbers of soldiers who terrorize the people and take little responsibility for controlling the bandits who infest the country. To pay these soldiers, all sorts of legal and illegal taxes are devised. The planting of opium is encouraged because it can be taxed, and in some places the people are *compelled* to plant. There is a very real connection between militarism and the opium evil.

At the University the enrollment is the largest in our history, and would have been larger but for lack of dormitory space. In September the first class of eight women students was admitted, and a second class will be received next autumn. Thus far co-education is working successfully.

Additions in buildings include a temporary dormitory for women, a dormitory for Middle School students, the completion of the Biology Building, the Library and the Friends' College (not yet completed), and two permanent residences. No inconsiderable part of my work, in addition to teaching in the regular terms and in the summer session, has been the supervision of one of these dwellings, a brick building of two stories with basement and attic.

The University is beginning to be used almost continuously throughout the year. This winter, besides the General Conference and the subsequent annual meetings of four of the missions, a Y. W. C. A. winter conference was held on the campus. Last summer in addition to the usual Summer Normal School a general University Summer Session and a Religious Education Institute were held. I taught classes in the Old Testament and in Religious Education. As in former years my special work in the regular semesters is in Church History. In this I am now teaching four courses, two in the University and two in the Bible School. A course in Religious

Education, given first in the University, I am now repeating in the Bible School. I have a class of fifty Middle School boys in Old Testament, and fifty-nine in one of my University classes. Other duties are: Principal of the Union Bible School, Secretary of the University Senate, and Secretary of the Friends' Central Executive.

Our Day School and Chapel on Industrial Street in the Manchu section of the city continue to grow, the enrollment reaching nearly seventy. A Sunday School, classes for women in the afternoon, and a night school conducted by the Y. M. C. A. keep the premises well occupied. More commodious quarters are sorely needed.

May I call attention to the following features of the present situation:

1. The accelerating pace of the Europeanization of China. Whether we like it or not, China is determined to adopt Western ideas and inventions. In the process the old and the new are often incongruously mixed, as for example when thermos bottles and up-to-the-minute dynamo flashlights are in daily use in families which practice footbinding and polygamy as a matter of course.

2. Those parts of our civilization which are earliest appropriated are often precisely those elements of which thinking Christian people are most ashamed. Militarism already has China in a well-nigh fatal grip, and those evils which we in the Western countries find it difficult to separate from moving pictures, for example, meet in Chinese life little to oppose their harmful influence.

3. An anti-Christian movement is beginning to appear. This is a good sign, for it shows that the Christian movement has penetrated beneath the surface to the place where the Chinese really live. In so far as its criticisms are well-founded it will have

a salutary influence in the direction of purifying the Church from its non-Christian elements; in so far as its attacks are false and puerile, as many of them have thus far been, it cannot fail in the end to react favorably upon the progress of Christianity.

4. In educational circles and within the church itself a powerful movement is daily gaining momentum which will largely replace foreign control by trained and efficient Chinese leadership. This also is a result profoundly to be desired. Whether it will be accompanied by a hostile or semi-hostile attitude toward the foreign missionary remains to be seen. That will depend largely upon the attitude of the missionary himself toward the change. Certain it is that the missionary will not continue to be regarded as a demigod as has been the case during the past fifteen years. Thus far the transfer has been effected too slowly, it is true, but yet rapidly enough to insure an interdependence and friendly co-operation between the missionary who must decrease and his pupils who, both in numbers and in effectiveness are rapidly outstripping their teachers. There still remain so many problems for which Chinese leadership unaided is entirely inadequate that surely we should be only thankful as one by one we are able to hand over questions which have tried our wisdom and our patience into more competent Chinese hands.

Robert L. Simkin, '03.

Noblesse Oblige

*The King was in his Council, and
The Queen was at his side.
His face was blank and broad and bland
And beamed with honest pride.
He never gave a royal command
Nor weighty things could understand,
But squealed, and squeezed his lady's hand,
So very, very merry in his laughter.
Then spake his royal Majesty,
"I was a stupid child," said he,
"And never ever clever ever after.
And I am very positive
That I shall live and live and live
And leave the years behind—
But I should never rule," said he,
"I haven't any mind."*

Charles C. Sellers, '25.

Reviews

OF CASTLE TERROR

Haverford men like to propound the great questions of the universe in their writings. Christopher Morley asks, in *Where the Blue Begins*, where happiness can be found, now (that is, two years ago) A. C. Inman asks: "Is a man always an egotistical blind-man?" He asks it in a little play that is only a few pages long and full of suggestive and mysteriously charming bits of prose dialogue.

They are three—a woman, a man, and a vampire of silent wings. The vampire is wise with the wisdom of countless ages; the woman is wise with the tenderness of her sex; the man is foolish with the stupid idealism of his sex. The man defies the vampire to destroy him, confident in the strength of his reasoning and wisdom. The vampire laughs dryly. The woman sells herself to the vampire to save her man. All three are happy.

The woman says to the vampire, "You said, body was master of soul. I said, soul was master of body. Were not both wrong? There is love to be reckoned with. Come. I am ready."

The woman pays, but only because she wants to. The subtlety of Inman's presentation of this theme is so delicate that it is a waste of time to write of it. The play can be read in twenty minutes.

A. J.

[OF CASTLE TERROR, by Arthur Crew Inman. B. J.
Brimmer, Boston.]

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

If the author, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, were more than barely at the end of her teens, we should call this a very strong and accurate psychological novel. As it is, we shall call it merely an exceptionally interesting story with delightful descriptive passages. Her understanding of the emotions and problems of the countryfolk in the south of England and the northern tip of France, where the scene is laid, is far beyond her years. Contrary to the usual trend of modern fiction her theme is both optimistic and beautiful, and her views on marriage and love are entirely wholesome. The story is a search into the soul of Daniel Sheather, a lad who has been raised in his father's inn, The George (just across from his friend and competitor, The Crown), in Sussex.

Just as his friend Ernley of the Crown has always been fortunate, so Dan has always seemed to fail in love and business. Both loved Belle, but in spite of his bad treatment of her, Ernely won her. To hide from his feelings, Dan retires to his mother's folk on the Island of Sark to live as an unwelcome Englishman among the struggling fishermen. On a tipsy excursion during a holiday he picks up an innocent young girl whom he feels he must marry to protect. In her he finds the happiest ideals of marriage; but she dies at the birth of her first child. Back to England and family he goes, there to lose Belle for the second time. But rather than becoming embittered and morose, he learns that through his misfortunes he has gained better ideals. This spirit of optimism combined with a subtle analysis of the beauty of human experience makes the book one of the few distinctly superior novels of post-war times.

W. E. M.

[THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.
E. P. Dutton. \$2.00.]

THE CHASE

The Chase, the second novel of Mollie Panter-Downes, England's seventeen-year-old miracle, has made its appearance. It is indeed a "miracle" (as advertised) for a seventeen-year-old girl to have had a novel published, and it is a pity that so few kind words can be said in behalf of this worthy effort.

The story is concerned with the rise of Charles Standish from the humble depths of Perk's Alley to Beaugrave Palace, through Mr. Porter, his millionaire benefactor; then with his downfall, through Linnet Beaugrave, from the aforementioned palace to—Miss Panter-Downes does not inform us exactly what.

The descriptions have vigor in them, and are splendidly painted. There is a certain vitality—a *joie de vivre*. They are, however, of a Daisy Ashfordian simplicity which does not become a novel concerned with such a noble and exalted subject as the rise and fall of Man. Miss Panter-Downes should be prohibited from reading Sinclair Lewis—most detrimental effects are produced by pictorial imitation. We strongly suggest that the prospective reader take the hint given in the title and "chase" elsewhere.

J. A. H. K.

[THE CHASE, by Mollie Panter-Downes. G. P. Putnam & Sons. \$2.00.]

[The HAVERFORDIAN is indebted to E. S. McCawley and Company, booksellers of Haverford, for the loan of *The Nightingale*, *The Chase*, and *The George and the Crown*.]

THE NIGHTINGALE

In all the parade of great musicians of the nineteenth century there is no figure who has been the subject of more ecstatic drivel than Frédéric Chopin. The charming Pole, carried off by consumption before his fortieth year, has received a tremendous amount of adoration—particularly from women—which has even gone so far as to work him ill. It has caused a less demonstrative public to label him “sentimental”, and “effeminate.” But Chopin, besides being a delightful and lovable youth—he was always a youth—was the most poetic pianist that ever lived. He was, further, an important innovator in the development of piano technic and composition, and his novel introductions in fingering and modulation shocked the school of Kalkbrenner as they charmed Schumann. This tone poet, who represented the confluence of the Polish and French traditions, and who numbered in his brilliant coterie of acquaintances Liszt and Madame Sand, made the greatest single contribution to the development of the pianoforte, toward whose improvement he directed all his energies.

The Strachey book states as its reason for existence the aim of giving “reality to the Life of Chopin by treating it as if it were fiction.” The result, unfortunately, is a book which is meager and shallow. There is no piercing insight into the psychology of Chopin, there is no adequate gauging of the heights and depths of his life, nor is there (indeed this latter is not to be expected) any estimate of his worth. Consequently such a book does not threaten to oust Huneker’s *Chopin, the Man and His Music* or the other standard works from the niches. In the present case there is not even beautiful writing nor exceptional understanding to authorize its appearance. I am actually forced to the conclusion that had she taken a less famous and sympathetic subject

for her labors, Miss Strachey could expect little attention. But perhaps I underestimate the efficacy of this work in rendering real the personality of Chopin because that personality is already so brilliantly fixed for those of us who have played his music.

I. L. H.

[THE NIGHTINGALE, by Marjorie Strachey. Longmans, Green & Company, \$2.50.]

Notes

The HAVERFORDIAN announces with pleasure the election of Gerald Connop Gross of the Class of 1926 as Business Manager, and of Harold Earl Bates of the Class of 1927 as Circulation Manager.

The HAVERFORDIAN also welcomes Addison Jackson Allen of the Class of 1927 to the Editorial Board, and John Carroll Beatty of the Class of 1928 to the Business Board.

Christopher Morley's new book, *Hostages to Fortune*, comprising the author's undergraduate contributions to the HAVERFORDIAN, and recently published by this magazine, is being distributed by The Locust Street Book Shop, 1527 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

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PROGRAM FOR THE COMING MONTH

APRIL

Monday	20—Colleen Moore in "Flirting With Love."
Tuesday	21—Buster Keaton in "The Navigator."
Wednesday	22—Agnes Ayres in "Tomorrow's Love."
Thursday	23—Ramon Navarro in "Thy Name Is Woman."
Friday	24—Viola Dana and Lew Cody in "Revelation."
Saturday	25—All-Star Cast in "The Cyclone Rider."
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Tuesday	5—All-Star Cast in "When a Man's a Man."
Wednesday	6—Bebe Daniels in "Miss Bluebeard."
Thursday	7—All-Star Cast in "It Is the Law."
Friday	8—Blanche Sweet in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles."
Saturday	9—Tom Mix in "Teeth."
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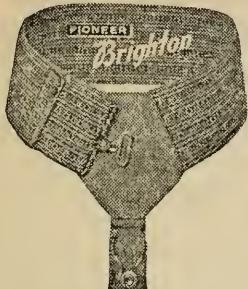
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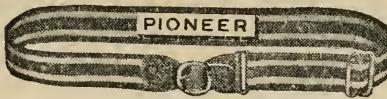
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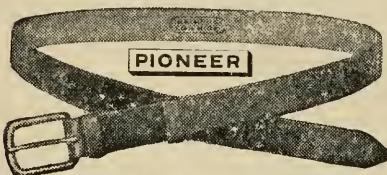
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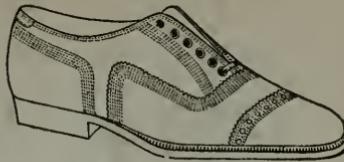
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NOVEMBER, 1925

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1925 No. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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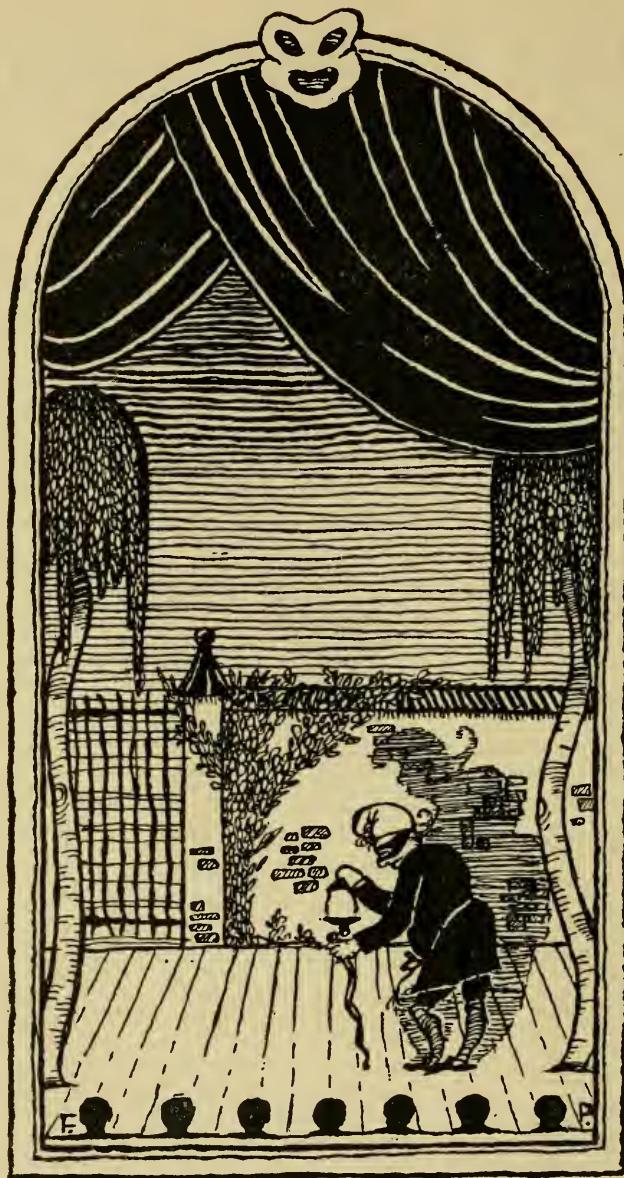
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“Enter SLEUTH, with lantern”
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Prologue

*A prologue starts the average play
And sends it limping on its way.
This play is but an opera comic
But we'll digest it for your stomach.
The prologue will not rant about
The fop, the coxcomb, and the lout,
The gallant gentlemen and ladies,
The wicked wenches bound for Hades.
And since the prologue omits such
The play won't talk about them much;
In truth, the whole will be so short
You'll find it ended ere the start.
And this we'll promise:—for your pains
You will not have to rack your brains
To follow complicated plots
Through bedrooms, parlours, garden lots;
You will not have to trace intrigues
That wind around for leagues and leagues
And lead you back quite broken-hearted
Right to the very place you started.
You won't be asked to pierce disguises
Where girls adopt men's shapes and sizes.
The characters won't mean a lot
And will be useless to the plot;
But there will be no plot, and so
The piece will much more smoothly go.
About our songs we build our play;
And though you may be forced to say,—
The drama's poor, not even witty,—
Just hearken to our opening ditty.*

ACT I

Scene I—A London Street

Enter, from opposite sides of the stage, ALOYSIUS and JIPPUM.

JIP.: I see by the papers your son is dead.

AL.: What papers?

Enter ORANGE-GIRLS, frolicking and singing:

Air I—She did and she didn't, etc.

The orange is fairest of fruit;
 Peach-blossoms may look very cute,
 Blackberries are black
 And raspberries are red,
 An apple once hit
 Good Sir Ike on the head,
 But the orange is fairest of fruit.
 The orange is cuter than pear;
 Peach-blossoms may look very fair,
 Gooseberries aren't goose
 And strawberries aren't straw,
 The apple did not hit
 Sir Ike in the jaw,
 But the orange is fairest of fair,
 Yes, the orange is fairest of fruit.

AL. (*A loud*): You baggages, you sluts! (*Aside—kisses them.*)

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene II—Room in house

FAIRWUNNE *discovered, hiding HEMAN behind high-boy.*

Enter NIFTY, little maid, singing:

Air II—Norwegian Toast

Villains only, only villains, hide;
 Heroes always, always have more pride;
 Why, oh why, should aught but villains hide?
 I shout, I shout!
 Heroes, really heroes, have more pride;
 Villains hide and hide and hide and hide;
 Heroes have more pride, I say,—more pride;
 Come out, come out!

HEMAN comes out from behind highboy.
 HEM. (aloud): You baggage, you slut. (*Aside—*
kisses her) (*Exeunt*)

Scene III—The garden, at night

Enter SLEUTH, masked and with lantern.

Air III

The stars are twinkling up above,
 This night was surely made for love;
 The scented zephyrs gently play,
 And kiss the flowers of early May;—
 While amorous youth beneath the moon
 Kisses the lips of dainty June.

Make ye merry while ye may, etc.

SLE.: Old men are ever thus abused;—but, to think—
 my own dear daughter! Ah, rather let me suffer all
 the sufferings this world can inflict. I am prepared—
 come agony!—come torture!—

(*A song is heard off-stage.*)

Air IV—As I was dying, etc.

Fill the bowl, and let's be jolly—
 Christmas is the time for holly,
 Spring's the time for all things sweet,
 Summer is the time for heat,
 But the whole long twelve-month year
 Is the time for mirth and beer.

Fill the bowl and let's be gay—
 Meadows are the place for play,
 Parlours are the place for talk,
 Highways are the place to walk,
 But the whole big rounded earth
 Is the place for beer and mirth.

ACT II

Scene I—On board a ship

Enter SHIPMAN and several midshipmen.

I MID.: Odsbodlikins, Sir, I wou' not do it.

Scene II

SHIP.: Adod, Sirrah, you shall!

(*They fight.*)

I MID.: Adod, Sir, you sha' not do it.

SHIP.: Odsbodlikins, Sirrah, I will, an' so't please ye.

Scene III

(*They fight.*)

Scene IV

II MID.: Gad, men, we ha' better not done it.

IV MID.: Well said, m'lad; by Gad, prettily spoken.

Scene V

III MID.: A pox o' the whole crew o' you. Wha's done
can ne'er be undone, be't not the vest-buttons.
Ha-ha!

(*They all fight.*)

Scene VI

(*Enter HARLETTE, skipping rope.*)

ALL.: What! You? (Exeunt severally)

Scene VII

(*Exit HARLETTE.*)

ACT III

Scene I—The same

(*Old FAITHFUL crosses the stage, singing:*)

Air V

Tra-la, tra-la,
Tra-lee, tra-lee,
Sing derry down derry down derry;
The man up the tree
Shouted fiddle-dee-dee,
The man from afar
Answered fiddle-da-da,
But I sit and play
Through the long live-long day—
Tra-la-la-la-la,
Tra-lee-lee-lee-lee,
Sing derry down derry down derry.

(*Enter JEALOSSE and ENVIOSSE, arm in arm.*)
(*They fight.*)

Air VI—When ever did, etc.

JE.: I love him best,
I always did;
EN.: You dreadful pest!
You foolish kid!
I love him much,
Much more than you.
JE.: I know that such
Is far from true,—
You lie, you lie!
EN.: I don't, I don't!
I'll make you cry.
JE.: Oh, no you won't.
EN.: Oh, yes I will,
You caused my woe,
You cause it still,—
JE.: I have to go. (*Exit.*)
EN.: So! (*Exit after JEALOSSE.*)

(*Old TREACHEROUS crosses the stage, silent.*)

Scene II—Back in the street
(*Enter GAILY, the troubadour.*)

Air VII

Let others revel
And dance for the devil
 In loose and wanton pleasures;
The girl of mine
Must be pure and fine,
 And worthy of better measures.
Though others play
And appear quite gay
 In their lewd and careless fun;
I do not care
To be debonair
 If I such a course must run.
And when I find
The girl whose mind
 Agrees with mine in this,
We'll live together
Through every weather
 In fine and perfect bliss.

(Enter TEMPTINE, and starts to cross stage.)

GAI.: You baggage, you slut. (Goes to kiss her. She runs off stage, he pursuing her.)

Epilogue

*The play is finished. You'll admit,
No matter what you thought of it,
That we have fairly kept our word
Although it may have seemed absurd—
There's been no plot to think about,
No deep intrigues to figure out.
The characters, to call them such,
Were surely not considered much.
Whatever else may have been wrong,
You can not call the piece too long;
And though it may have been a bore,
If longer, 'twould have been so, more.
But on our songs is built our play,
And so we've one more thing to say.
We'll call it, if you've no objection—
The Comic Opera to Perfection.*

Fred Roedelheim, '26.

American Poetry Abroad

NEVER before has American poetry been so carefully studied abroad. Europe is now trying to see clearly into the ideals of the New World; and this year we have had a series of very good books on American civilization and literature. America, her history, her people, and her landscapes appear in an atmosphere purer and more fragrant than that of Europe. The great poems which have illuminated, impelled, adorned, and exalted the country of their authors, are now read and imitated throughout the world. And so it seems that the misunderstandings created by commercial interests and political quarrels are of a very superficial kind, since the deepest feelings, the most intimate ideals of the two continents, meet in a perfect harmony.

This is no new state of things, for in the last century an exchange of poetical ideas was not hindered by distance. Everyone knows that Edgar Allan Poe has influenced European literature, and particularly French poetry; but many ignore to what extent.

From 1845, the date of the discovery of Poe in France, up to the present time, the influence of his poems and of his tales has been considerable. Poe's influence on the Goncourts has already been clearly shown. You remember at the end of *Germinal*, in one of the most beautiful passages of this book, the episode of Chaval's corpse, brought up by the flood of the mine, knocking the legs of Etienne Lautier, who murdered him out of jealousy. One sees in that picture the same dark colors as in the *Black Cat*, and *The City in the Sea*. De Maupassant is so well known in America, that it would be idle to insist

on his indebtedness to Poe. Baudelaire, Marlarmé, Verlaine, Rambeau, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Huysmans, Rémy de Gourmont, Maeterlinck, owe to the tales of Poe many of their most beautiful and effective pages.

What I want to point out at once is the nature of this imitation, as it is perfectly exhibited in Baudelaire. The author of the *Fleurs du Mal* wrote to his friend, A. Fraisse: "I can call your attention to something strange and almost incredible. In 1846 or '47 I heard of some fragments by Poe. I felt a strange shock. As his complete works had not been gathered together into a single edition before he died, I was patient enough to get acquainted with some Americans who lived in Paris, and who lent me a number of newspapers which had been edited by Poe. Then I discovered, believe me or not, poems and novels which I had conceived myself but dimly, vaguely, and disorderedly, and which Poe had been able to achieve and to perfect."

This brings to light the similarity of temperament of those two writers. It is impossible, I believe, to find any other case of such striking similarity. But Beaude-laire became conscious of his essential self in the works of his literary brother, and discovered, through him, an unknown depth of his own mind. The imagination of France was quickened and educated in a new way, and the images of fantastic life were kept among the materials of artistic imagination.

The French consider Poe not only as a master worshiped by a few disciples, but as a genius of psychological investigation. This generation is stricken by the baffling secrets which it hardly begins to feel, and which he had felt most intensely years ago. His literary influence has been great; his help in the fathoming of all the mysteries which modern civilization creates is greater still. He is one of the very few who seem to have given us a sense of mental problems. Very differently, but with no less

acuteness, Emerson and Walt Whitman have given to the world a deep and impressive knowledge of life.

A few years ago in France a group of poets were banded together as followers of Whitman. An impulse to escape from human associations represented them as men lost in Nature, as in a beneficial air, submerged in a stream of voices and forces which pervades the world of Nature. To them Whitman spoke, as, in addition to his native qualities, he had a racial note to his poetry which might serve to enrich Europe's own tradition. Love of humanity, an all-embracing friendship,—such were the new ideals. It was felt that mankind was splendid at heart, and in France, as in the rest of Europe, poets were needed to sing this beautiful creed. Whitman gave the impulse, and the little group, represented by such men as Romains and Vildrac, sang of their worship of the joys, the pains, the passions, of the wonderful being which is Mankind. Whitman's sympathy for a leaf of grass has an echo in the poem which Vildrac wrote during the war, *Chants du Désespéré*:

*Que je ne te force pas à tomber avant l'heure,
Petite feuille d'or qui rêves en te bercant
Tu nacquis pour danser dans l'air et la lumière
Reste jusqu'à la fin de ta danse et de ton chant.*

And the poet conceals in "*ses feuilles d' herbe que son souffle fait trembler, sa face de fauve qui fait fuir les bêtes*," and tries to absolve himself of the impiety of war. Whitman also has remained the friend and the supporter of all those who look forward to a happier humanity based on the concord of free nations.

The influences of the two poets I have just mentioned are typically different. The fact that these two inspirations have been well received in Europe is a hopeful event. But in both cases we see that America succeeds

in realizing the needs and the ideals which are rather unconsciously scattered in the air. Such is the gift of a youthful people.

The so-called New Impulse of modern European literature is intensely critical. The best poets are critics, and spontaneousness is their least care. One could cite many examples of an endeavor to question oneself, and to find a basis for creation. In this hard struggle, thoughtful men have turned towards America, hoping to find in her impetuousness a philosophy of life by which they may live. At the very beginning of the 19th century European poets were already fascinated by the wide landscapes of America. Whitman's poetry, wrapped in the glamor of American landscapes, is so permeated with love and space and free air, that the Old World reads him to broaden her mind and her thoughts.

In this period of transition, the past may encourage us, and we have a right to look to the future with hopeful eyes. America has already been discovered several times; she is searched for once more. Her task is an easy one; she must keep her gift of Youth which has allowed her many times and in many fields to become an active party to the aspirations of the world.

René Taupin.

Trial by Tapestry

AS THEIR first glances fell upon the ghastly thing, Ann had made some inaudible remark to the effect that it would be wise, wouldn't it, not to worry over a piece of tapestry at that precise moment; and Peter, whose carefree nature was always his chief charm, had let it go at that. Furthermore, Peter recalled later, to have given the abominable thing more than a fleeting thought on that lovely September afternoon would have been exceedingly unpleasant. In fact, many well-ordered plans might have been suddenly changed in consequence. So Sir Peter Clive and the future Lady Clive had carried on: they supervised the opening of the wedding presents with comments suitable to their position as British gentry in good standing. And at tea time, when several very eligible young bachelors from Cambridge had arrived to discourse on the evils of married life, there had, of course, been no mention of the tapestry.

"But if only—" Lady Clive had cried several weeks later, "if only we could have never received it! Or if we could have mislaid it permanently, or . . ."

"There, there, my dear," her spouse had replied, wondering whether Solomon had spent much of his time comforting his wives. "Everything will be all right. It is annoying, I must admit. . . Sickening!" He relit his pipe. "But just why my excellent mother should have sent us that piece of painted burlap! . . . that, that . . ."

"Peter!" A note of reproof had entered Lady Ann's voice. "Peter dear, you must not criticise your mother's taste even if it is poor. It's our wedding present from her, and we *must* hang it, if . . ."

"Where?"

"Well, I don't know exactly where . . . unless . . ."

And the tapestry was hung prominently in the tiny apartment in Jermyn Street, which was to be their home until the stately house in Grosvenor Square would be ready. This solid old mansion was being redecorated in the best of taste by Lady Ann's father, the elderly Duke of Dent, who had commissioned Messrs. Wilbercrombie and Doe, decorators by appointment, and also to everyone who was anyone, allowing them *carte blanche*.

Now there were those, who, whilst talking of this and that over tea, or of thus and thus over dinner, would make mention of the influence of this tapestry on the happiness of the newly married couple, saying that it was inevitable that there should be something slightly amiss, since the life of the young baronet and his bride would otherwise be positively perfect. And while, of course, conduct is such a splendid thing that one should never admit a thorn in the side of one's marital happiness, it would, would it not, be approaching the ideal a little too. . . . And assent was always general.



Sir Peter and Lady Clive, on the other hand, although they tried never to see or mention the tapestry, were painfully aware of its presence, hanging there, as it was, over the mantelpiece in their combination library and draw-room. And it soon became their custom to fare forth, after coffee, to the theatre, and thence to a night club, for try as they might, the tapestry drew their eyes and held them.

And so it lasted for three weeks until one evening, prompted by an impulse, young Sir Peter Clive went so

far a to take down his mother's unhappily chosen wedding present, commanding a menial to guard it in some other part of the apartment.

"All will be well," he confided to his wife. "It is but a temporary displacement, my love—temporary, but quite a necessary experiment, for the thing haunts me throughout the evening." And forthwith they descended to their car, entered it, and sped away into the heart of London traffic.

Yet their clever little car had only just rounded the corner, narrowly missing one of the heavy steam-propelled trucks which ply their courses through the very center of London, when a town car, of exquisite line and gratifying value, swept into Jermyn Street. A Lady, assisted by her chauffeur, alighted. A Lady undoubtedly, for upon her head, or rather, upon quantities of Victorian hair, sat a hat whose general appearance was analogous to those which are made by appointment to a well-known and queenly personage.

The Lady was ushered into the apartment of my Lord and Lady Clive with becoming ceremony. She marched, as somewhat short and somewhat heavy persons are wont, into that room which served as the combined library and drawing room. She sat. She received information to the effect that milord and his lady were out, then peremptorily bade her informant begone. She would wait. She, indeed, was the dowager Lady Clive.

Permitting her ample person to acquire a comfortable position, the elderly lady further permitted herself a sigh, a lengthy and, it must be admitted, a rather melodious sigh, such as elderly ladies are accustomed to emitting. It was a sigh that might either abound in divers meanings, or abound in no meaning at all. Her eyes, which were at one time good, clear, British eyes, fell here and there about the room in a half-inter-

ested manner. Now there was a fireplace that was not at all bad, she thought, although she knew so little about fireplaces. And, of course, her present had been hung. . . .



"Oh!" cried the Lady Clive, "o-o-oh. . . ." for her tapestry was gone.

"Did you call, my lady," a low and quite discreet voice asked.

"I, ah, I was merely wondering where the tapestry is hanging now. . . ."

"The tapestry, my lady, is . . . ah . . . not exactly hanging at the present moment, my lady."

"Not hanging . . . What do you mean, not hanging?"

"The truth is, my lady, the tapestry has recently been . . . ah . . . unhung . . . temporarily, I believe, my lady."

But the dowager Lady Clive was not one of those women who cling in dramatic fashion to this or that emotion. Years before, when she had become the wife of the late Sir Hilary Tertius Clive, although still an untutored daughter of a middle class family, she had learned that a quick recovery of composure was essential to her position. She, therefore, betrayed little outward sign of her thought.

"You may go, my man," she commanded.

To think of it . . . her tapestry . . . her wedding present, which had cost her so much that its quality was of course above reproach. These ungrateful children. She was provoked and incensed. She would let them feel her displeasure. She would go . . . and she did, leaving no message.

The next morning, following the servant's report of the affair, it was decided that an immediate council *à deux* was imperative. At this council, in turn, it was decided that immediate peace must be negotiated with the dowager Lady Clive at any cost, even to the extent of an agreement to rehang the fateful tapestry, and, in fine, such were the terms of the truce.

"But damn it! . . . I beg your pardon, my dear, confound it!" milord Clive said to his lady when he burst back into their apartment after a stormy interview with the dowager Lady Clive. "Confound it! That thing . . ." he pointed in disgust to the rehung tapestry . . . "that thing can't be hung in Grosvenor Square, you know, and I'm damned if I know what we're to do with it."

"No more do I," replied the sweet, young voice of his lawful wife. So the council *à deux* reconvened.

"Now let's be quite serious," cautioned Sir Peter Clive. "We . . ."

"But I *am* serious," insisted Lady Ann. "You know as well as I that we must do something . . . anything . . . but we must have time to . . ."

"Time, you say. Rot! . . . That is, pardon me, my dear, you seem to have forgotten that we move to the house in Grosvenor Square day after tomorrow. And we must . . ."

"Must . . .?"

". . . *must* in some way or other, lose this thing before we move."

"But, my dear," the Lady Ann said. "Wouldn't it be much better to lose it *as* we move?" And may Heaven be praised that English ladies have never been forced to swallow their suggestions unvoiced, as is the fashion among our Teutonic cousins.

"A-ah!" said the young Sir Peter Clive. . . . "Ah!" and the exclamation was lent that vague, yet

undeniable, meaning with which only a young British peer can endow it.

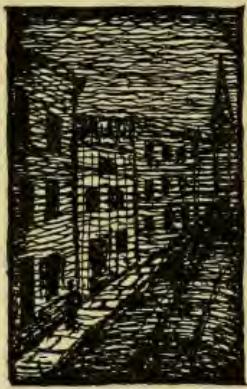
"Aha! There we have it, my dear. We will have the neighborhood scoured for old boxes and whatnot. We'll have the men load all these boxes, barrels, and whatnot into one old van, together with the precious tapestry. And *then*, my dear, my darling wife, what do you think we will do . . . ?"

His chest, which, we must admit, was not quite up to the requirements of the Royal Navy, swelled, however, to its greatest extent. And the "hem's" and "a-hem's" were many.

"Ann, my love," he said, "we will see to it that the truck is wrecked."

II

Moving-day morning dawned rather vaguely, and found the great city of London swathed in a murky fog. While this would be described as "quite unusual weather"



in California, as you know, yet the costermongers started up and down and across the barren streets as cheerfully as though the day had begun with a flood of sunlight. Each fleeting moment roused hundreds more of the city's inhabitants, until one little minute, which was crowded in just in time for the clock in the hall to strike nine, saw the early awakening of the Lady Ann Clive. She prodded her husband in the small of the back

saying that it was just about time, wasn't it, that they, as a family, arose, for this was to be an eventful day, unless she, Lady Ann Clive, was greatly mistaken.

Breakfast was achieved in a state of suppressed excitement. One did not feel capable of consuming the customary amount of marmalade with the prospect of an adventuresome day ahead. The men who move came, received their instructions, and proceeded to carry them out in the usual disinterested manner. At last those vans which were to escape catastrophe were loaded and started for Grosvenor Square. Sir Peter and the foreman peered through a window at the one remaining truck, which, indeed, was of sad appearance.

"Oh, it'll be orl right, sir," the foreman assured him. "We'll wreck 'er orl right, don't you worry, sir."

Nevertheless, when the condemned tapestry was finally placed in that position in the truck where it would probably receive the greatest damage, and the gears ground in to the sputtering of the muffler, Sir Peter and his lady sat snuggled in their clever little car. It would be well, Peter had said, to see that justice was not miscarried, and it would also be great fun, he thought, to witness the annihilation of all their trouble.

The van, for nothing mattered now, accumulated more and more speed as its steaming nose was pointed toward the open country.

"But Peter dear," queried Lady Ann, "your mother will know that the truck *should* have been wrecked on the way to Grosvenor Square, if anywhere, and not on some country road. She might, I should imagine, smell a mouse."

"She will not," replied her spouse, "smell any mouse . . . none whatsoever, my dear. For I have, you know," . . . oh, very cleverly! . . . "I have made mention to Mother of a plan to leave this and that little odd bit of furniture with Reggie Delafons. And the roads in that part of the Empire are, to say the least, rather dangerous."

And they chatted happily about the effect of a public

school education on one's ability to scheme schemes. Oh, they agreed, there was nothing quite so . . .

The truck came to a surprisingly sudden halt at the brink of a steep, winding hill. The little Clive car also stopped. The great moment had arrived!

"Nah then, Bert, out wiv yer," a hoarse voice cried, and two men leaped to the roadway, then walked to the little car.

"We'll take the brakes orf, wiv yer permission sir, an' dahn she'll go," said the foreman. "Though it do seem a bloody shame, sir, for . . ."

"That will do, my man," said Sir Peter. "You have your instructions, I believe."

"Oh, it ain't that yer ain't payin' orl right, sir," he whined as the two shuffled off to the van. "Orl ready, sir?" he asked.

"Quite," replied Sir Peter, and, although he later regretted that he had not been more dramatic at the moment, the truck, after a slight hesitation, began its plunge to doom. Straight as a die it held the road for fully three hundred yards, gaining terrific momentum with each yard. Closer and closer it came to the turn in the road. Its speed was at least forty-five miles. . . .

"Oh, I hope . . . I hope," cried Lady Ann, "I hope . . ."

"I say, *look . . .!*" Peter shrilled; and *crash!* the van smashed through a heavy stone wall, turned over, and was no more.

Rather quiet they were as they drove down the hill in their clever little car to view the wreckage. The two



men, who had run down after the van, were already there, poking about even before the wheels had stopped turning. As the little car drew up, the foreman hailed them.

“Everything’s orl right, sir . . . right as right, - exceptin’ this ’ere long, thin package dropped h’out in the middle of the ’ill . . . piece of painted cloth it is, sir, an’ not even scratched.”

R. Barry, '26.

In a Garden, at Night

*The moon is pale and silken-smooth tonight
And shimmers like a silver-clad lagoon;
There is a silent wind that plucks the strings
Of some far, lonely willow tree to tune.*

*Most quietly a dusking breath flits by,
I think some long-dead queen is sweeping past—
Thin, vaporous and fearfully alone,
Longing to see the moon again, at last.*

*I hear her silver slippers on the walk,
A tiny metal sound, already lost.
She stoops to kiss the snow-white rose adieu
And touch the lily with an early frost.*

*The wind is rising for a final bow:
The tinkling willow-leaves are stirr’d to riot.
I can no longer hear my ghostly queen. . . .
The moon is smiling on me; all is quiet.*

*Trouble me not, I wish to be alone:
Fingers have brushed me that were strangely cold,—
The wind has sighed a tragedy, and passed,
And left me shivering and dry and old.*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

The Gift

DANK, gray, stinging ghost shapes of fog came rolling in from the sea, bearing that pungent, typically ocean smell that hints of fish and clams and rotting crabs, of mud and kelp and brine and sweet-grass.

As Julianne walked along the sandy, pine-bordered road it seemed to her that misty forms crept after her like silent, stalking wolves. What chance had she of breaking through that hungry, watchful pack to the outer world? They would get her as they had little Miss Libby, the dried-up, spinster postmistress. The hum-drum monotony of trying to teach ignorant children the things that they wouldn't or couldn't learn would slowly sap her vitality, and there would be only the husk, in a few years, of the vibrant woman she had been. Oh, she could see it all so plainly; her life stretching out gray, lifeless, smothering, like the mists that walled her in. What she wanted was life, full, gay, intoxicating—the Café Royale—polished men—subtle compliment. Her whole being longed for shaded lights and deep rugs and low voices, while Fate had handed her village swains nasal voices, the bleak monotony of Pemaquod Beach. Her father would sit before the fire each evening and tell his endless stories of the same shipwrecks and the same rescues over and over until she knew them all by heart. Some day, she thought, and laughed at the idea, she would go out on the village green and do a real old-fashioned muscle dance just to wake the town up from its apathetic drowse.

By this time she had reached the old creek bridge and sat down for a few moments to rest and to steel herself for the ordeal of supper and one more uneventful

evening. She was watching a heron out in the swamp when, so close that she jumped, a voice said, "Pretty, isn't it?" She looked up at the man beside her and saw a pair of dark, brown eyes smiling down at her. Brown hair with coppery lights in it clambered loosely over the temples. A stranger in Pemaquod Beach. Without imagining what could be pretty about a soggy salt marsh under a wet rolling fog, she smiled back into his eyes.

"Yes."

"You know, it sort of makes me think of a parade of elephants, this fog. They come slowly plodding in from the sea and disappear in the woods."

Julianne didn't know in the least, but was willing to learn.

"And then when the sun comes out, the elephants seem to have gay howdahs on their backs with flaming canopies set with amethysts, but then they are in a hurry and soon the parade is over." He was looking far over the marshes and his eyes were aglow. Suddenly he turned to her, laughing at himself. "Don't mind my little flights. I have those spells now and then," and seriously, "You must be the teacher, but you don't look like a teacher." His glance brought the color to her face. "Mrs. Scribner told me about you. That's where I'm staying. My name is Davis, Hugh Davis and yours is Julianne Johnson. Now we're introduced aren't we?" He laughed a big laugh that seemed to take her up and give her a bear hug.

She laughed back at him. "Yes, I guess so, but you seem to know a good deal more about me than I do about you."

"Of course. Everyone knows you, and I just came to the beach yesterday. Appendix and all that, you know, so I'm resting up for a couple of weeks. It's a great place, isn't it?" He didn't see the shadow that

crossed her eyes. "But I suppose you can be lonely here just as you can in the city?" Julianne sensed how much it meant, being lonely, to him, although he tried to hide it under a bantering air.

"Yes, and even worse because in the city there is always the chance that you may meet a kindred spirit, while in the country you know all your neighbors as well as the pictures in your own parlor."

The fog was clearing away and the sun had just set behind the distant fringe of evergreens. They stood out, ink-black silhouettes, against the blaze of the western sky, which faded into a pearly pink and merged overhead with the wet sweep of rain-washed blue.

Hugh stood silently, absorbing the splendor, reading the poetry of a sunset sky. Julianne, Hugh thought, was watching the sunset too, but Julianne was watching him and could not see the glory of the western skies.

It was getting late. She rose to go, but Hugh didn't notice. Her books were very slippery and one accidentally fell to the ground with a resounding thwack. Hugh turned, startled, and picking up the book asked, anxiously, "Must you go?"

"Yes. Father will think I've been kidnapped."

"But I'll see you again soon?" Then naively, "It's good to have someone to talk to."

"That will depend upon you," she replied, laughing a little, "I'm almost always at home."

She left him staring after her, staring with something in his eyes that stirred her vaguely. But when she looked back from the protection of the trees he was facing the west.

The next day dawned, sparkling and brilliant. It was the kind of day when the ocean is bluer, the grass greener and the sunshine more golden than on other days. Hog Island Light rose, chalky white, from the deep green of the trees that surrounded it and the ocean

danced gayly in a dark blue pinafore bordered with the gleaming lace of the billows' flying spray. Julianne wore a blue ribbon about her hair and prayed that none of the School Board would see it. The children seemed to sense the difference and absorbed one or two things that she was trying to teach them, much to the amazement of both the teacher and the pupils. When school let out a reaction set in and Julianne was almost afraid to go to the bridge. What if he should not be there, or even worse, suppose this second meeting should mean nothing to her. Had her reactions been merely a revolt against the dull life of Pemaquod Beach? Their source lay in something deeper than that, she decided as she approached the bridge and saw him waiting, staring down into the water. He turned.

"Hello—Julianne—I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes—Hugh—I may, mayn't I?" They both laughed.

"I was watching the eels. Funny little devils, aren't they—quick as lightning." Suddenly he turned to her, "You knew I'd be here."

"I hoped so."

The gleam came into his eyes and she looked hastily away. "I wanted to ask you to come over to the barn-dance tonight," he said. "The Scribners have invited the whole town I guess, and—well, I'll be lost unless you come."

"I'm afraid I'd be lost too, but," still avoiding his eyes, "we can be lost together if you like."

As she rose to go he fell in step with her. "It's awfully good of you to accept, though it probably won't be very exciting."

They walked slowly toward the village. Hugh pointed out the waving golden-rod, the thick clumps of deep purple asters, the soft pink trumpets of the bindweed as though afraid she would miss some of the beauty, while Julianne watched his throat, his sensitive lips, his

eyes lighted with enthusiasm. He was so young, so alive, so hungry for love and yet Julianne was afraid.

That night they sat together on the beach under a silver moon. They had escaped from the heat and confusion of the barn-dance, which had seemed all the more cramped and suffocating to Julianne for the glimpse she had had of something different. He shyly put his arm around her as though to draw her with him and talked of plays. He wandered into old theatres along the bank-side, where Shakespeare's plays were being presented. He talked of books and galloped off to deeds of daring with the Three Musketeers or listened with Doctor Manette for the footsteps in the court. He talked of music and suffered the pangs of hunger with Schubert as he strove on to express himself in terms of harmony.

Julianne felt a stab of fear at her heart. He held her closely; she tried to follow, but the doors closed after him. She could not enter. Terrified, she stopped him and trying to cover her fear asked him to tell her of the city, the gay crowds, the beautiful clothes, the lights.

With the deft skill of an artist he brought the pulsating life of the city to her. The brilliancy of opening nights, operas, dinners, concerts dazzled her. That was Life.

He sat silently thinking. Intuitively she knew that he was trying to fit her into his picture. She too was trying to make a picture, but was afraid of what she saw.

"It is late. I must go now."

He jumped up anxiously, "I hope you haven't caught cold sitting here so long. It was thoughtless of me," a shadow crossed his face. "I have never known many girls that I could really talk to and it's been a treat."

Slowly, they wandered toward the little, white house which seemed so beautiful in the soft light of the

moon, but which to Julianne meant bondage. Hugh felt a surging within him, a poignant sensitiveness to the pure, cool beauty of the night, and to Julianne's gentle sympathy. When they parted he longed to cool his burning lips with her lips, yet only kissed her hand and walked off quickly, frightened at the storm of his mingled emotions. Julianne looked after him feeling old and wise. Love was cruel to put her to the test.

The two weeks passed swiftly, each day a bead of love and life and laughter in the string that she saw had to be so short. Hugh lost his shyness, and when he kissed her Julianne forgot the doors that slammed so cruelly in her face until the next one would slowly, heavily swing across her way. Fiercely, she beat upon them. It was no use. She couldn't follow and blinded by his new-found need for love he couldn't see.

The last day came. At the bridge, their old trysting place, she waited. He would come. What would she say? Suddenly, down in the grass there was a commotion, a futile flapping of wings. "Poor sea-gull," said Julianne, "you won't live long with a broken wing." Another gull came circling about the spot, then flew away. She watched its graceful flight, and a light of determination came into her eyes. "But I guess you're better off than I am. When you can't follow, it's better to die." Hearing a step, she brushed the quick tears from her eyes.

"Julianne——"

"Hugh, no, please not now. I've been wondering how to break it to you, Hugh. I'm sorry, but I can't marry you," she said, as firmly as an actress stricken by tragedy, who must go through with her part. "I don't love you, Hugh. All this has just been a welcome relief from the monotony of Pemaquod Beach;" then with the pure unselfishness of love, "I hope that some day you'll find your dream girl." She kissed him on

the forehead and, turning abruptly walked rapidly toward the village.

Hugh stood still as death. His arms rose convulsively only to drop. Slowly he turned and stood gazing out over the swamp at the setting sun. He saw the sun set that night and knew that it would rise again in the morning, but there was no sun for Julianne—only mist.

Addison J. Allen, '27.

To a Lady's Lovely Hands

*But first of all I saw her hands,
So slim and long. . . .
The muted charm of far-off lands. . . .
So slim and long
Like throaty voices far away
That sing of love, nor sad nor gay—
An echoed song.*

*Yet but a moment still they were:
I kissed them slowly. . . .
I did not, could not, look at her,
But kissed them slowly;
Then quick they flashed up to her hair,—
My eyes looked up, and could but stare
In reverence holy.*

*The rhythmic fingers tipped each tress,
Each lovely lock. . . .
As though to kiss in gay caress
Each lovely lock. . . .
At times the fingers' tapered tips
Will seem in dreams to touch my lips—
Perhaps they mock.*

Robert Barry, '26.

These Charming People

THIS article was not inspired by Mr. Arlen's book, which I have not read, and I doubt there is any connection other than similarity of title (I must admit I filched that). What I intend to attempt here is an inquiry into the particular contribution which I feel has been and is being made by certain ladies and gentlemen in modern society for whom this term seems the most apt. But I cannot stop to grapple for purposes of definition with the protean essence known as Charm; and I must confine my *dramatis personae* to a group of so-called artists, who have by no means a monopoly of it.

It is natural that in a prosperous time like the present, and in a prosperous country like America, there should be observed on all sides a great number of men and women—mostly youngish—devoting their lives to the professional pursuit of one or another or a combination of the arts. For the arts as a career offer certain advantages over either business or the professions. They are, generally speaking, less strenuous; preparation for them is much more pleasant to a person of any sensibilities at all; they successfully permit of a large amount of undetectable fake; and they are far better suited to the unchecked indulgence of personal libidos and irregularities of any physical, intellectual, or moral nature. Beyond these intrinsic advantages, it may be observed that the arts are in excellent standing these days—being supposedly free from the modern bugaboo of "trade," "commercialism," "Babbittism," or what opprobrious term you will—and that they are for these reasons marvellously sympathetic to the endeavors of our amazing new growth of lily lads and earnest damsels. That is why we have swarms of embryonic and half-baked Cortots,

Salvinis, and Picassos in our conservatories, little theatres, and Greenwich Villages. And it is a platitude on a par with everything that has gone before in this article to say that most of them are, from an artistic standpoint, absurd excrescences and would be much more effective economically if they took up Gregg or plastering.

But this apparently devastating assertion overlooks, it seems to me, a meritorious contribution made by some of these artistically futile people. What portion of them make this contribution and what its nature is will shortly appear.

The great mass of these artists falls naturally into two divisions. The first comprises those men and women who attack their art passionately—often somewhat misguidedly—concentrating their attention within a limited field. It is generally they who make any direct contributions to their respective arts; but they derive by very reason of their intensity and concentration, only a modicum of the cultural breadth and intellectual grace which many believe the end of Art. The second class comprises the less seriously-minded brethren, who are indubitably less sincere, and who seem *prima facie* far less likely to make any perdurable contribution. But the unfruitfulness and triviality of this latter group—let us call them “aesthetes” from now on—arises in many cases less from an inferiority of talent than from an interest in other provinces of Art which is too widespread to be focussed to the extent of producing great work.

In spite of its abortive tendency regarding the production of masterpieces, the breadth of interest, so characteristic of these aesthetes, has yet done one laudable bit of service. It has fostered charm. This very state of artistic quiescence has encouraged the evolution of the most charming class *qua* class in modern society, which is to say these same aesthetes. It will seem sweeping and arbitrary to many, no doubt, to make this assertion,

which can scarcely be proven satisfactorily. And there will be considerable dissent as to what is the source of personal charm, many people maintaining that it is moral goodness but most, I believe, taking the side of honest love of Beauty. If we assume that it is chiefly the latter that lies behind charm, we must concede that generically the most charming people will be those who are most intimately concerned with the manifestations of Beauty—that is, some portion of the artistic cult. The whole artistic cult contains three elements, the two which have already been discussed, and, in addition, the group of successful performers. Of the former two it has been shown, I feel adequately, that the less sincere portion is the most charming. It remains to prove that this is in turn more charming than that which has attained greater eminence.

It has ever been the accusation of the less successful artists that those who have achieved fame have done so by “commercialising their Art” (which is vague and insidious enough if unqualified). It is more often than not true; and commercialism does not encourage charm. When those who are not guilty of this horrible breach of the code are found lacking in the subtile flavor, the explanation must be looked for elsewhere. The truth is that where the pinnacle has not been reached by the hawking of one’s wares it has generally been reached by the intensive cultivation method which was discussed some paragraphs ago. This of course places, for the purposes of this article, the members of Class C with the members of Class A, which, by a simple algebraic formula, leaves Class B—the aesthetes, to be precise—still on top of the pile.

I. L. Hibberd, '26.

The Man Who Forgot His Wife

THEOPHILUS AUGUSTUS SCANLAN was thinking.

This weighty event is duly given a paragraph to itself. It was seldom that Theophilus Augustus thought, and when he did, one knew that the occasion was portentous. The fact was that Theophilus had mislaid his wife, and past experience had taught him that she would probably feel hurt. They had been at the theatre together—he distinctly remembered that he had had two checks. Had she been with him in Zellie's where he had stopped for an after-theatre bite? Wrinkles formed in his brow but he concentrated in vain. He *could* not remember! For some minutes he blocked the sidewalk, lost in meditation, then his face brightened; he seemed years younger; he had had an inspiration! He would ask Thomas (or was it Adolphe?), the head-waiter at Zellie's, whether his (Theophilus' of course; not Adolphe's) wife had been with him.

Quickly retracing his steps he was soon once more engulfed in the blaze and glare of the great restaurant. He espied the object of his search in a far corner; elbowed his way through the crowd; and approached him somewhat timidly. "Oh Adolphe! Could you—ah—tell me whether my wife was with me this evening? I've quite lost her and," he added confidentially, "you know how fussy women are."

For once the imperturbable headwaiter could not control his features. He was nonplussed. He raised his left eyebrow in despair. Unfortunately he could be of little assistance. "I'm sorry, Mr. Scanlan, but

I really couldn't say. The restaurant was so crowded that I had no time to notice our individual patrons."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Theophilus. "What can I do? My wife—"

Adolphe was inspired. "Do you recall where you sat, sir? We might ask your waiter."

"Of course! Of course! Let me see! Ah—I think I sat over by the orchestra." As a matter of fact, Adolphe's discreet inquiries soon disclosed that it had been far to the other side of the room. Finally, the right waiter was discovered. Yes, it appeared that the gentleman had dined with a lady—a middle-aged lady of striking beauty. (Adolphe smiled approvingly at this discreet description of the startling Mrs. Scanlan.) Further inquiries developed that she had risen somewhat earlier than her companion and had gone into the lobby where she had remained until he had left, and that then she had taken a taxi to an address on S Street—1903 the starter thought.

The number struck Theophilus' ears without awaking any association, which was not unusual since he would frequently have forgotten the number of his own apartment had not the carefully-coached elevator boys casually reminded him of it. In fact once, when there was a new boy on the job, he had actually—but that is another story. However, on this occasion he decided that the number was probably that of his mother-in-law or some other member of his wife's immediate family, whither she had gone in a huff just because he had left her in the lobby. Funny things—women! Jumping into a waiting cab, he gave the number the starter had suggested.

1903 S Street proved to be a large brick house in which Colonial and Renaissance fought for predominance. It was just the house, he thought cynically, for a member of his wife's family. Dismissing the taxi he

advanced slowly up the walk and rang the doorbell. In response a young woman appeared.

"Is my wife here?" he asked. "You know I've quite mislaid her, and I fear she's annoyed."

The woman gasped. "Mislaid your wife?" Suddenly a light seemed to dawn. "Oh!—Er—What is your name?"

"Theophilus Augu—"

"Of course! ! How stupid of me! Won't you come in? Your wife is upstairs lying down." As she spoke she led him through the hall and into a drawing room where she motioned him to a seat. "I'll go tell her you're here," and she left the room.

She was back in a few moments. "She'll be right down." Then, as conversation lagged and Theophilus became obviously impatient, "Won't you—er—have some tea?" Theophilus refused. "Some coffee?" Again he refused. "Some—some hemlock?"

Theophilus started. The woman must be crazy! Well! He'd have to humor her. "No thank you. Let's play checkers instead." It developed that she had no board. A sudden horror overwhelmed him. Why didn't his wife appear. Perhaps there was something wrong.

"When will she be down," he asked.

She seemed startled. "Oh, she'll be here immediately."

"Perhaps I'd better go up to her."

"Oh no! No! Let's—let's run a marathon."

All doubts were dispelled. Plainly the woman was a dangerous lunatic. He rushed upstairs, the girl at his heels. All the rooms were empty. He turned to his companion. "Who came here in a taxi from Zellie's?"

"Why—why I did."

"You?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing there?"

"Dining."

"With me?"

"N—Yes, of course."

"How did that happen?"

"Why—I suppose you invited me."

How did one treat lunatics anyhow? His education in that line had been neglected, but he remembered vaguely that it was dangerous to cross them. "Did I?"

"Well—er—didn't you?" Evidently she disliked the subject. "I say! Let's have an oratorical contest."

This did not prove a success. Theophilus' speech on "The Formation of the Stoics" did not thrill, and the woman's "The Art of Canning Turnips" did not lend itself to Ciceronian diction. The Olympian Meet which followed was also declared a failure after he had disclosed unexpected strength by shot-putting a potato through the window. It was while they were playing leapfrog that a man climbed through the broken pane. The soiled sheet which he wore was a grotesque reminder of the Ku Klux Klan, and in his hand he carried a barn lantern. The game stopped abruptly as they faced the stranger, who hailed them cordially.

"I am Diogenes," he volunteered. "Have you seen an honest man?"

"So pleased to meet you," murmured Theophilus weakly. "I am Theophilus Augustus, and this is—"

"Queen Elizabeth," supplied that personage.

"Charmed," said Diogenes. "I see you were indulging in some feats of strength. Pray do not let me interrupt. May I not join the sport?"

They were still playing leapfrog—all somewhat winded—half an hour later when the police arrived. Queen Elizabeth promptly shrieked. "Here," she cried, "are two of them. Which one of them is *he* anyway?"

"Here he is. Hello Diogenes!" said the captain. At

the sight of Theophilus he started. "Why Mr. Scanlan! What are you doing here?"

Theophilus mopped his brow. "Ask this lunatic. I came here to find my wife when this (indicating the prostrate queen) got hold of me, and I've been humoring her ever since."

At this mention of herself the queen recovered her composure. "Lunatic indeed! What on earth are you? The police inform me a dangerous madman who thinks he's an old Greek is on the warpath, and then you show up looking for your mislaid wife, and I thought it was you, and then Diogenes came and—" She relapsed into moans.

"We apologize for the lady, although I'm sure it wasn't her fault," said the captain. "Are you ready to leave now, Mr. Scanlan? We'll drive you home."

Theophilus paused. "There's just one thing I'd like to know," he said. "How in the name of Heaven, madame, did you come to be dining with me in Zellie's?"

"Dining with you?" She towered majestically. "Why I never saw you before in my life!"

When he reached home Catherine was waiting for him. She was more than indignant—she was raging. "Next time you leave me in the box after the second act to have a smoke, and then don't come back, but take the car and go off, dear knows where, and don't show up till three o'clock the next morning, I—I'll leave you," she stormed. "Futhermore," she finished in a triumph climax, "I want you to know that I've got three blisters from walking twenty-six and a half squares home. I didn't even have carfare. Don't stand there like a dummy. Say something! What were you doing?"

For the first time in his chaste life Theophilus Augustus used profanity. "I was just wondering," he smiled faintly, "who the hell I *did* dine with in Zellie's anyhow."

Richard C. Bull, '28.

Unhonored and Unsung

YARDLEY was up for murder. Yes, Yardley the critic had murdered a man in cold blood: the evidence was indubitable. It had occurred in broad daylight on a main street, and the trial promised to be sure and swift; the sentence was obvious.

The newspapers had made a big topic of Yardley's crime; he had not been very prominent, rather very inoffensive and a trifle queer. Now he was locked up without bail and would say nothing to anyone who approached him; would glare at them for a while and then turn toward the wall, silent. I visited him myself once. I had known him quite well and although I could imagine no earthly reason for his crime, I knew as well that Yardley was no fool. He treated me as he had treated the others, and I awaited the trial with lively curiosity. The public was even more aroused. For weeks before the decision the press was filled with various conjectures as to the cause of the crime. I knew them to be, of course, ridiculously false, but was unable to do better myself.

The day of the decision approached. The judge, of course, would have little choice in his decision; Yardley had pleaded guilty, and the sentence, unless some startling revelation was brought forth, would be—death. The prisoner had no attorney however, and when his final plea was given, I was there.

In a few minutes the opposing counsel had set forth the status of the case, when Yardley suddenly arose and started to speak. What a pitiful sight he was! Stooped and bowed he arose almost unsteadily, then looked about him. I remembered his appearance when I had known him in college: a robust sort of a fellow, aggressive and

ambitious, I recalled how every year he had grown less and less virile until now he was indeed pathetic. But when he first began to speak I noticed in his eyes a new light. It was the kind that I imagine must have shown in the eyes of the martyrs of the French Revolution; in the eyes of men who die nobly innocent, but without acclaim.

"Your Honor" he said in biting tones, "you call this, do you not, a free country." A pause. "You say, do you not, that here men are born free and equal. Bah! There is no justice; there can be no justice. I defy any man to speak truly of justice in a world that is enslaved as this one is in the toils of discrimination. Some may deny it and others may disregard it, but it is there. Your telephone books, your encyclopedias, your directories, yes, and your schools and colleges too, they all reek with this evil. They are its slaves willingly or not, favoring some at the expense of others, and why? Why?—because until now men have lacked the courage and the foresight to object. A matter of course they call it. But I—I call it rank injustice, and I'm willing to die—yes, die, if I can help to show to humanity the monstrosity of its sin. You know of what I speak, I speak of that damnable curse, that scourge, Alphabetical Order."

The court gasped. Was the man a fool? To the majority there, for one to attack such an established institution as Alphabetical Order was so radical as to be unbelievable. But they were not deceived. Yardley spoke clear and true, each word clipped off like a shot, cutting as steel. He went on: "I killed this man—I know you think it wrong. Call me inhuman, but I know, and He knows, that when I die, I die with a clear conscience. Some day you will see that I was right—some day. You see me now, bowed down, crushed and spiritless, but let me tell you I was not always as you see me

now. But I knew that it was inevitable. I fought it off and succumbed." There was a pause—no one stirred. "I first realized it at my university," he continued. "In classes some men sat far forward, they heard what was said, they got what they paid for, their education. But what about me? I sat in the rear, near the door, out of sight, out of hearing; the classes meant nothing to me. Unfair? obviously. And why? Well, just Alphabetical Order.

"Socially, it was the same. Secretaries never noticed my name at the end of every list. Clubs were always filled before I was even considered. I could not shake off the feeling that I was always tagging along; always the extra person. It grew on me and bore me down. Then came the climax. A few months ago I was pressed for money. A man owed me a considerable sum—he owed considerable sums to a number of people. I happened to read in the papers the other day that he had been left a fortune and, although I disliked to do it, I saw that it would be necessary for me to remind him of the fact, if I ever expected to be paid. The rest, you can guess. We met one day on the street and I ventured to put the question to him as gently as I could. He spoke. "Well, old man, I'll get to you some day, but, of course, you know I'm paying off my debts in alphabetical"—I had pulled the trigger.

"You know what followed. You may execute me if you like, but some day—." Here Yardley broke down and cried. Judge Abbott looked down mercilessly—he saw the danger of such a doctrine, and, while he knew the man spoke true he said coldly, "Death."

Some day there will be a memorial erected to Yardley. Some day people will sing of him and speak of him as the man who strove for real true freedom and equality. But that will be some day.

Ira B. Rutherford, '27.

Editorials

Sooner or later an idealist is brought to an abrupt halt by the so-called material world. He may, like Brutus in *Julius Caesar*, believe all men actuated by the same high motives as he, only to find his trust in human nature seemingly without foundation. Or, with the great majority of people, he may slowly come to the conclusion that, after all, the common man has neither the desire nor the capacity to co-operate in progressive enterprise. One meets so many of the latter sort that any forward-looking idea is certain to be generously discouraged by these individuals who have been misled by hard experience. Between these two pitfalls stands a group of true leaders, men who can, without losing their ideals, realize how frail a creature Man is, and can content themselves with far less than half a loaf.

Many sincere men and women severely criticize those who are patient and courageous when the world refuses all but a fraction of the ideal for which they are working. Some will say these people have compromised, as though the cause were lost by such an act. Others may revile them because they have tolerated some evil in order to succeed in a noble purpose. However bad a code of morals this suggests, the fact remains that our world can be changed only very gradually.

The thinker must look ahead into an era which, it might seem, will never come. "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" asks Browning. Why then be disheartened if the ideal can be realized only in a very small degree? Rather take pleasure in the thought that a step, however short, has been made in the direction of progress. How many uncounted centuries has man vaguely dreamed of the

mysterious joys of flying? Impossible to believe that he would one day outdo the birds, yet we now look upon the argosies of the air with little wonder. A few daring individuals during the past hundred years have dreamed of world peace, and have striven earnestly for their ideal. The rest of humanity has scoffed at this as a fruit of warped and twisted minds. Yet in spite of scorn and determined opposition the world will cast aside forever the barbarity of war. There is in every human being a touch of the divine, and though it is trampled upon and ignored it will prevail. Slowly, very slowly, and with infinite pain and suffering the rough path will be traversed, though all the forces of evil try to hold the weary pilgrim back. The common man will some day so far excel the genius of the present that comparison will convince the most skeptical how mighty is his soul.

A. V. F.

WHY DON'T THEY?

Within a few months thousands of persons—patriots, representatives of this and that company, visitors from foreign lands, and the customary quota of harlots and pickpockets—will come to the City of Brotherly Love to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of American Independence. Such celebration may prove worthy of favorable comment. Certainly it must be admitted that fifteen decades ago there *was* a *birth* of this independence, although at that time this Utopian state of existence was specific in nature.

And with this proposed gala festivity there will undoubtedly be many words hurled into the air, to be received with cheers by hundreds of auditors and thousands of listeners-in. "Liberty! American Freedom!" What a wonderful blessing we have—or have we?

The inevitable accomplishment of a succession of

congresses, whose activity was prompted chiefly by desire for re-election, has been little more than a frenzied curtailment of personal liberty and a series of schemes to spend more money—a remarkably stupid record even for an admittedly stupid body of citizens.

Out of approximately 5000 arrests for alleged violation of the "liquor laws" in Philadelphia during the last year only two hundred convictions were returned. Must we depend on the loyalty of illiterate jurymen to their kind for the dispensation of justice in spite of the law? It is a nice question in ethics for the man who respects both personal liberty and the laws of his country.

We have "freedom"—yes, indeed we have! Every American is blessed with the privilege of free thought. In spite of all the arbitrary "don'ts" they have had forced upon them, Americans may *think* with freedom—but *why don't they?*

T. C.

Reviews

THE LADIES OF LYNDON

NOT knowing whether *The Ladies of Lyndon* was written before or after *The Constant Nymph*, we cannot exactly say whether Miss Kennedy is exhuming juvenilia for the purpose of sale, or whether she has merely slumped, resting on the fame of her last year's success.

Miss Kennedy has given us proof of her interest in psychology. She does it rather well, preserving, at the same time, a firm basis of fact. Her characterization is, as before, well worked out. But in *The Ladies of Lyndon* Miss Kennedy has evidently overlooked one quality

which is essential in a novel, and which she owes to her reading public: she has forgotten to make her story interesting. While this may or may not be a cardinal sin with the novelists of the younger school, interest is usually hoped for, and its absence we find even more disconcerting when we consider that Miss Kennedy's style is not entertaining.

We remember that somewhere along about the two hundred and eleventh page of *The Constant Nymph* there was a hint of quite nice humour. Such a touch of levity might have been a great help along about the two hundred and eleventh page of *The Ladies of Lyndon*.

The author has her psychology and sociology well in hand. Her insight into the workings of abnormal and artistic minds is worthy of the highest praise. The reader puts down the book feeling a greater tolerance for the eccentricities of budding genius, and with full appreciation of what appears to be no little research and experience on the part of Miss Kennedy. Yet the beauty and charm of the young Lady Clewer, and the rather brilliant sketches of her mother and the sharp-tongued Mrs. Gordon Clewer, cannot quite outweigh the tedium of an uninteresting style.

R. B.

[THE LADIES OF LYNDON, by Margaret Kennedy
Doubleday Page.]

WHAT'S O'CLOCK

Even now, after her death and the publication of her posthumous book of verse, final judgment cannot, certainly is not, passed on the spectroscopic work of Amy Lowell. *What's O'Clock* still leaves us as much in mid-air as regards our final verdict as we were before: in the first place, there are many more manuscript

poems known to exist; and then, this latest book fails to be a startling revelation of any new phase the poetess may have harbored. It is an epitome. In it we find notes from echoes as dissimilar as her orthodox sonnets to Eleonora Duse, or the Dobsenesque *Nuit Blanche* and the imagistic *Sultry*.

Nevertheless there is much that is surprising, for Miss Lowell surprises us with her gymnastic fancy even in the midst of our preparedness. Between the usual stretches of her fine craftsmanship, one finds sudden images like,

*Speak, speak, Beloved.
Say little things
For my ears to catch
And run with them to my heart.*

And so, everyone that has liked anything of Miss Lowell's will like something here; but for the historian, there is little that is vital or new. The value of such a book, then, must obviously lie in its sustained literary merit, and here it can take its place on the shelf with *Pictures of the Floating World*. Of especial charm, perhaps, is the famous *Lilacs*,—with its love of New England. And this reminds us that, after all, Amy Lowell has come to stand, for some of us at least, for those of our national traditions that are rapidly vanishing.

F. P.

[WHAT'S O'CLOCK, by Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
\$2.25.]

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW

“THE most modern work of literature,” according to Aldous Huxley, “is the most intelligent, the most sensitive and spiritual, the freest and most tolerant, the most completely and widely com-

prehending." Without such a definition I should dislike and hesitate to employ such a freely-spilled term. I think the reader is struck with several of these modernist qualities in Elinor Wylie's book, *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, particularly her sensitiveness—a sensitiveness, pre-eminently to objective beauty, manifest in her talent for brilliant expression: "Above the chiselled silver of his head, his heart danced, expanded by happiness and an exquisite gratitude toward all humanity. . . ."

Although Mrs. Wylie has set her story in Venice of the eighteenth century, she has not, it seems to me, greatly concerned herself with recreating the *Zeilgeist*. The characters have no vitality except as, flattened against a resplendent background, they are galvanized for the moment of the story into action. There is no cozening of the reader, on the part of Mrs. Wylie, into believing that it is life that he is viewing. She has made no pretence of doing aught but creating—from her extraordinarily sensitive intellect—a frankly artificial but very beautiful performance of two-dimensional simulacra. That she cannot be universally appreciated has been remarked by all her critics; but, and this has been equally well remarked, there will always be some to approve her as long as beautifully-handled language is admired.

I. L. H.

[THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie,
Doran. \$2.00.]

(For the use of the books of the first and last reviews we are indebted to Mr. E. S. McCawley, bookseller of Haverford.)

Notes

The academic world has lost one of its most distinguished figures with the death on August twentieth of Professor Henry Wood. Born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on July 8, 1849, he entered Haverford College as a sophomore in 1866, graduating in 1869. He tutored at Haverford the following year. In 1875 he went abroad to study four years in Germany, first at the University of Berlin and later at Leipzig, returning to take up work as Instructor in Modern Languages at the Moses Brown School of Providence, Rhode Island. His field of activities changed for a while when, in 1881, he accepted the post of Associate Professor of English at Johns Hopkins University. Later transferring to the Department of Germanic Languages as Associate Professor, he was made, in 1892, Professor of Germanic Languages and Literatures. Wake Forest College honored him in 1914 with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Dr. Wood closed his long period of activity by his retirement in 1919, and spent the remaining years of his life in Germany, where he was highly esteemed.

Dr. Wood was twice married. His first wife, Alida Nicholson, whom he married at Gotha in 1878, was a woman of rare charm and ability. She died in 1900, and in 1902 he married Clothilde von Kretschman, who was connected with the German Royal Family and by whom he had three sons, Carl, Henry, and Ernst.

He edited various German texts and was the author of numerous monographs on subjects connected with German and English Literature. In 1898 he was elected President of the American Folklore Society.

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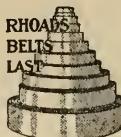
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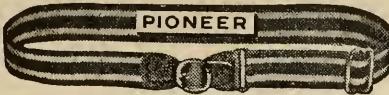
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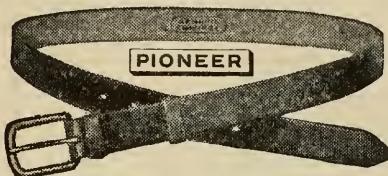
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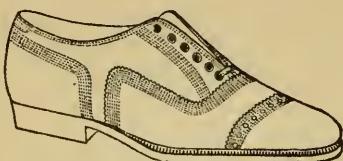
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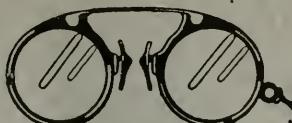
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DECEMBER, 1925

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The Haverfordian

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"We rested upon our oars to witness the last act in
this unpremeditated tragedy."

Jonah

Jonah

HE CAME aboard at San Francisco—an old, old man with a face like a dried persimmon rising out of a full white beard. Behind him moved a porter, bowed beneath an enormous box covered with orange cow-hide, and before him stalked a large black cat with one eye.

It was the latter which I noticed first. I had been busied with the stowing of cargo in the hold, pausing at last to lean over the bulwarks for a breath of air. In this position I could look down upon the busy dock, where sweating stevedores were handling merchandise amid clouds of sun-shot dust. My idle gaze fell upon this cat, standing with uplifted tail at the far end of the gang-plank, and as I regarded it the creature turned its head and looked up at me with its solitary eye.

I am not, nor have I ever been, entirely free from that deep-rooted superstition so common among seafaring men. The intent stare of the animal affected me uncomfortably, and I wished it would take itself away. On the contrary it advanced, and before I could move, it had bounded up on the deck.

A shudder of real apprehension passed over me. The presence of such an ill-omened visitant as a black cat could presage nothing less than misfortune for a vessel bound upon her maiden voyage. The fact that it had but one eye could only add to the gravity of the situation. I seized a belaying-pin, determined at all costs to drive the wretched creature from the ship. As I raised it the cat disappeared like a flash, and I found myself confronted by an aged gentleman in a long green surcoat, who was just coming over the side.

“The *Poseidon*?” he inquired anxiously. I nodded,

and after some fumbling he produced a card. It bore the words "Jonah Freeman" in a small and elegant script. My attention, which had been partly upon the cat, now centered itself completely upon this newcomer, with his ominous name, and I stared at him in silent consternation.

He was not a large man, but there was that in the contour of his lean old face, or possibly in the luxuriance of his very clean white beard, which imparted a patriarchal dignity to his presence. He wore upon a narrow, lofty forehead a round fur cap which further enhanced his biblical aspect. The look in his eyes, deeply ensconced in bony sockets, was that expression of patient wistfulness, of ancient questioning, to be observed among very old Levantine Jews. His whiskers fascinated me. They were of such dazzling whiteness that my perverse fancy conjured up scenes in which they were washed in bluing, over a wash-board. . . . His hands, which he withdrew from gloves of lavender leather, also were extremely white and clean looking, and disproportionately fragile for the great bulk of his surcoat, which lent to his figure a deceptively robust appearance.

"A rakish craft," he remarked, surprisingly.

I believe I started. The unmistakable air of satisfaction with which he delivered himself of this opinion was incongruous in the extreme. With such gratification might a pirate chieftain first tread the deck of his new flag-ship. My own pride in the *Poseidon*, natural enough in a second officer, was engendered by her grace and buoyancy, her exquisite ease of handling, and sound construction. From keel to truck she was a vessel after a seaman's heart. But as for being "rakish"—it would never have occurred to me to apply that slightly sinister adjective to a clipper ship.

I was visited by a burst of unreasoning irritation. What business had this inauspicious ancient to bring

his name and his cat and his bizarre observations aboard an honest vessel? No good would come of it, I felt certain. And I asked him, a little brusquely, for his papers. He produced them from an obese wallet, and shortly thereafter disappeared below in tow of the steward, with the porter and his orange box following after.

Immediately I went in search of the cat. It was nowhere to be seen, and after some scrutiny of the deck and the open hold I satisfied myself that it had gone ashore. Somewhat relieved in mind, and still meditating darkly upon the circumstance of the elderly passenger, I returned to my duties. But long after the Golden Gate had dropped astern and the *Poseidon* was breasting the slow heave of the Pacific I revolved in my mind the evil chance which had sent a Jonah to corrupt the maiden passage of a noble ship.

As I had anticipated, the discovery of the old gentleman's first name created somewhat of a sensation. We had sought to keep it from the crew, but no sooner were we in blue water than the owner of the name himself divulged the secret. On the first day out he took occasion to present his card to each of the other nine passengers, and the steward, catching wind of the intelligence, carried it forthwith to the galley, whence it penetrated in no time at all to the forecastle. So it was that all the way to Honolulu but one topic of conversation engaged the attention of all on board, and an atmosphere of vague disquietude descended like an invisible pall over the ship.

Naturally enough, the object of such universal interest could not long remain insensible to the furore which he was creating. Beyond the observance of the few amenities necessary among fellow passengers he did not seem gregariously disposed. It was his custom, however, to seat himself on the binnacle grating during my watch and carry on an intermittent conversation

with me. On one such occasion, immediately after the man at the wheel had been relieved, he turned his faded blue eyes to me and said calmly:

"May I ask, Mr. Fawcett, why that fellow should glare at me as though he wanted to skewer me with his case-knife?"

I suggested that possibly he had been mistaken in this impression. He waved this aside.

"The moment your back is turned," he assured me. "He had yellow eyes, like a leopard. Several times I caught him at it, and the rest are as bad. I don't doubt this fellow back of me is doing the same thing."

As a matter of fact he was. I was just in time to surprise an expression of distinct ferocity upon his broad, leathery face. I decided to speak plainly.

"The truth is, they don't like your name, sir," I said.

His ochre-hued countenance became suffused to a turkey red above his whiskers.

"Eh?" he sputtered, "What! 'Don't like—Don't like—' Well, I'll be damned!"

Words failed him, and breath also. The choleric flush deepened to purple and I began to be concerned for his condition. But he became calm with surprising abruptness, and regarded me with an eye in which I half detected a deep ironic glint. As for me, this little exhibition of unpatriarchal temper had endeared him to me as nothing else could.

"Be good enough to explain to me how my name offends the gentlemen of the crew," he requested.

I did so, and he listened with his eyes on the tip of one beautifully polished boot. The recitation had a childish ring to me, even as I made it; this despite the fact that I had shared the common superstition with the rest of them. When I had finished he observed:

"Remarkable. And we are living in the nineteenth century. . . So they regard my presence on this ship as an unfavorable portent?"

I nodded, and he stated positively:
"Quite the reverse."

It was now my turn to stare. "I'm afraid I don't follow you," I said.

"It is simply this," he returned. "Nothing—absolutely nothing—has ever happened to me."

He said this with a pout of his withered lips as though cherishing a secret resentment against the fate which had preserved him to the enjoyment of a ripe old age. Adventure, he said, had shunned him, and that despite his best efforts to achieve it. Retiring at the age of sixty-five from a half-century devoted with passionate absorption to the enchanting occupation of stove-making, he had experienced a belated desire to see the world. Thereafter had followed ten years of travel over the face of the earth, during which romance had fled always before him, hovering ever just beyond his reach.

"I have been everywhere and seen everything," he concluded, "and never in the seventy-five years of my life has any incident occurred worthy of mention. Sometimes I was a little too early, sometimes a little too late. But not once at the proper place at the proper time. I am a marked man."

I glanced sharply at him to see if he was joking. But he was quite serious; the ironic testiness had left his face, and in its stead was his accustomed expression of remote sadness. It struck me suddenly that this strange old man was pathetic, as a child is pathetic who sets his heart upon bright but dangerous playthings which in some incomprehensible manner are denied him. Adventure! Many men I had known who loved it. Among the rough brotherhood of the sea they are

the rule rather than the exception. But all in a measure had found it; none but could spin wild tales from the tangled threads of his experience.

"How do you account for it, sir?" I asked.

"I ascribe it," he returned, "to a malignant destiny." And slowly he moved away, balancing himself precariously to the lift of the deck, with his fine white beard fanning in twin plumes over his shoulders, and his eyes upon the bright horizon, as though in search of the adventure which had failed to come.

As for me, I hoped most fervently that his hopes would continue unfulfilled, at least until we should reach Melbourne. And indeed it did appear, in the succession of perfect days which followed, that luck had perched upon our mast-heads. Steadily we made west and south with a fair wind, over an ocean of cobalt blue that fairly flashed under a jocund sky. Only rarely was it necessary to trim a yard, and life resolved itself into an idyllic existence of light routine and exemption from hardship such as the most fortunate mariner rarely encounters. By day we moved in a serene and sun-lit splendor, and by night the great spread of our sail lifted a fabric of shimmering silver to the brilliant heavens. Captain Prout was much pleased, anticipating a record run.

"We shall clip a week from the best time, at this rate," he predicted.

Mr. Shell, the first officer, drew down his heavy red brows and remarked: "We're not there yet, sir. You forget Old Calamity." Thus it was that he preferred to allude to Jonah, avoiding even a mention of the detested name.

Secretly perturbed, the captain replied tartly:

"We are getting along very nicely, sir. You'll own 'tis uncommonly fine weather."

"Ay," muttered Mr. Shell, *sotto voce*, "too fine!"

Despite his dark forebodings we made excellent

progress, rounding Diamond Head three full days ahead of time. Our swift passage was the talk of Honolulu, which in those days still had leisure for the enjoyment of life and the observance of a rather notable hospitality to passing vessels. In the mind of Captain Prout, however, burned a new and ardent flame—the ambition to establish for all time a record passage between San Francisco and Melbourne. So we lay over but one day in that city of delight, drawing away with every stitch of canvas set on the following morning.

Under the sedative effect of our continued good fortune the prejudice against my friend Jonah gradually wore itself away. In the monotony of the days, with their endless pageantry of white clouds sailing overhead and the constant wash and sobbing of green water under the counter, both he and his name were forgotten, overlaid by that universal sense of relaxation and languor which governed our waking hours. There was only the sea and the sky, and always the strong wind driving us on beneath the hollow cloud-bank of our sail. And always it grew warmer as we bore steadily southward, so that even the wind was hot.

Now a curious thing happened. We were bowling along in our usual breakneck fashion one glorious morning before a stiff following breeze. The heat radiating from the deck, the occasional flash of flying-fish over the water, and the distant, flaming sky bore testimony to the fact that we were wearing well down into tropical latitudes. Most of the passengers lay about in the shadows, clad in the lightest garments compatible with their individual ideas of personal modesty. Jonah alone made no concession to temperature, being arrayed in his customary black coat and stock, against which his whiskers sprayed in an indescribably benignant manner. His wistful gaze, as always, was upon the sea. A rather fine figure of an old gentleman, I thought, watching

him. Was there, in reality, anything sinister about him?

At this moment a shout sounded forward, where several of the watch on deck had one of the hatches off in preparation for some minor labor in the hold. There followed a series of saline imprecations from a dozen throats, intermingled with sounds of running feet and a number of *staccato* thumps as of objects being thrown. I ran to the break of the poop to peer forward, and at the same instant a gaunt black cat, with single eye frantically ablaze, soared past me at a bound up onto the deck where I stood. For an instant it crouched there, trembling; then it leaped into Jonah's lap.

None of us, I think, was more startled at this extraordinary apparition than Jonah himself. He sat as if stunned, regarding the creature, one of whose black paws was outspread against his waistcoat as though in preparedness to dart away. There was something distinctly ludicrous about his incongruous tableau; at first I felt an impulse to laugh; but the wild aspect of the hunted animal and the remembrance of my earlier encounter with it combined instead to impress me with a slight sense of chill.

A scowling visage belonging to Leary, our Irish boatswain, appeared over the poop ladder.

"Where did that cat come from?" I demanded. He replied in a rich brogue:

"Out o' the hold, sir. We tuk off the hatch and out he popped, like the black devil he is." So saying, his lowering gaze returned fixedly to Jonah and the cat, neither of whom had stirred an inch from their tense immobility.

"Shall I heave it overboard, sir?" he suggested, hopefully.

Jonah appeared to come to life. "Certainly not," he interposed. "The poor thing is doing no harm."

As he said this, some inner consciousness—that

subtle sixth sense of the mariner which remains ever vigilant to the conduct and well-being of his vessel—warned me that something was wrong. The morning sun shone in a sky almost without a cloud. The long strip of clean white deck stretched forward untroubled and serene. In our wake the gulls chattered and wheeled as usual, looking for food. But somewhere there was a disturbing note—some dissonance in the perfectly pitched harmony of the humming gear. I glanced aloft, and as I did so I saw sail after sail go limp, crumpling from their sheer rounded symmetry as the wind deserted each in turn, and flaying against the masts with reports like pistol shots as the ship's headway set them a-back. We were becalmed.

There was something uncanny in the utter completeness of that calm. Where, but a moment before, the air had thrilled and tugged with the joyous life of the trade wind, it rested now, stagnant and suffocating like an inert liquid upon the deck. In every direction the sea lay slowly heaving and shouldering under a glassy surface film, as if monstrous creatures were struggling to break through a thin but tenacious membrane. The very sky seemed empty of air.

In the strange silence which enveloped the ship we all remained perfectly motionless, curiously intent, as though in hushed expectation of something to come. It occurred to me, quite mechanically, to order the yards got around, but I made no move. It would have been useless; the wind had simply vanished. Now we floated in that lethargic, semi-conscious state which seems to beset a windless ship; and as we drifted we rolled. . . . It was as though an evil spell had fallen upon the world with the appearance of that cat—

That cat!

The same thought must have occurred to each of us simultaneously, for all turned to look at Jonah. He had

risen from his seat, and it was instantly apparent that he was going to be ill. His face had turned from its hale chrome color to a pallor which was tinged with green. For a moment he stood tottering to the wide roll of the vessel; then he staggered to the companionway and disappeared below. And the cat— Even before the withdrawal of its perturbed patron that positively diabolic animal had once more vanished.

The whole incident upset me so that I listened almost appreciatively to the horrible imprecations of Leary, invisible upon the deck below, declaring to the breathless world that the Devil himself was aboard, and conjuring up a whole legion of saints to combat his malignant influence. It rather did me good, hampered as I was in the proper expression of my own feelings by the presence of the two women passengers.

My first act upon going off watch was to institute a search for that elusive animal. But I was forestalled by several hours by the crew, who devoted all their leisure moments to the most tireless investigation of every nook and cranny of the ship. Under the elaborately ignoring eye of the captain they stripped off the hatch covers and descended into the hold, there to labor like galley slaves in plumbing the deepest depths of the cargo. Scouting expeditions made their way to the mast-heads in the hope of discovering the quarry in some hidden angle of the spars. One enterprising seaman even lowered himself into the bowsprit chains. In vain the disconcerting creature had again demonstrated in the most complete possible manner its remarkable capacity for invisibility.

Extending the quest into the cuddy, I heard a hollow and most dismal groaning, which emanated from the door of Jonah's cabin. He was lying flat on his back in his berth, with eyes tight closed, and his thin hands outspread upon the blanket as though to stay the giddy

heaving of the vessel. His features, sharper and more peaked than ever, were no less white than the surrounding whiskers and pillow.

"How are you feeling, sir?" I asked.

"Horrible. Can't you stop this awful motion? I'm getting weak." His fingers caught and combed his matted beard. "If this keeps up," he gasped, "it will kill me."

Considering his age, I thought it not unlikely. The ship's medicine chest contained nothing which could ease his distress, and casting about in my mind for some remedy I required:

"Do you think you could go to sleep?"

"Ah, if I only could! I am troubled a great deal with insomnia. . . ." His eyes opened with a sudden thought. "I have powders," he said, "which I take occasionally. You will find them in my portmanteau, in the blue paper packets. Do you mind?"

"They might not be good for you," I objected.

With an effort he replied that they were only sleeping powders, and that he preferred the risk, in any case. I took his hand and laid my fingers against the corded wrist. The beat of the pulse was slow, but firm enough, and looking down upon his drawn and ashy countenance, I decided to take the chance.

"Here you are, sir." I raised him a little from the pillow to swallow the cupful of water in which the crystals were dissolved. What a pitiful bundle of bones he was, beneath his night-shirt! "You'll be turning in all standing, in three shakes, when you've drunk this," I told him, "and when you wake up we'll probably have picked up a breeze again and the ship won't jump around so."

He made a feeble motion of thanks and again closed his eyes, so tightly that the tip of his up-drawn nose blushed with a trace of imprisoned blood. I stood

silent, watching him. Gradually he relaxed. His striking pallor and perfect immobility gave him the semblance of a dead man. The thought startled me in its grim suggestiveness, and stooping close I peered at him narrowly. But a steady, almost imperceptible breathing reassured me, and turning, I tip-toed away.

Meanwhile there was no trace of the cat, and after some poking about in lockers and behind doors, where articles of clothing swayed on their pegs in a sort of grotesque minuet, I went on deck. Here a subdued air of excitement prevailed. Captain Prout, the first mate, and two or three of the passengers were gathered about one of the ladies. As I emerged from the companion ladder she was saying:

“I feel quite sure I am not mistaken.”

Captain Prout turned to me. I detected beneath the imperturbability of his red and honest face the shadow of that profound responsibility which every shipmaster must assume.

“Mr. Fawcett is a young fellow with a good nose,” he said. “We will put him on the scent. Mrs. Wylie, here, thinks she smells something burning.”

“Perhaps it’s from the galley,” I suggested. I could smell nothing.

“Linen,” stated the lady firmly, and she lifted a great arched nose into the air and sniffed. “Linen,” she repeated.

At her words I glanced quickly at the captain and Mr. Shell, whose eyes were upon my face with undisguised concern. I knew, as they knew, that there were one hundred bolts of fine linen in the cargo. I knew also, as they knew, that in that same cargo were sixty kegs of blasting powder.

As we stood staring dumbly at one another the head of the boatswain Leary appeared above the poop ladder.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he announced, "but there's a smell o' smoke comin' from some'eres! 'Tis strongest for'ard."

Captain Prout was galvanized into such sudden action that the two women uttered little screams of alarm.

"All hands on deck!" he shouted, and spinning about he made for the poop ladder, issuing orders over his shoulder: "Mr. Fawcett, come with me. Mr. Shell, prepare the boats and see that they are provisioned." He dove down with surprising agility and sprinted forward, I following. Even as I ran I could catch the pungent, acrid ordor of burning cloth in the air, although no trace of smoke, as yet, was visible.

About the main hatch the intelligent Leary already had the watch on deck hammering at the tarpaulin wedges. As they stripped the canvas off, thin eddies of blue vapor curled upward, seeping through cracks in the hatch cover. And as the latter was removed a thick brown cloud bellied out and rolled in in expanding coils to the mastheads, blotting out the sun. There was no doubt that we were formidably afire.

At the sight of that fearsome eructation of smoke a curious hoarse sound went up from the crew, half a cry, half a moan. They, too, knew of those sixty kegs of powder, and their faces, turned with a common questioning to the captain, shone white through the sweat with the knowledge of it. As good a crew as I ever sailed with, but the prospect of instant death is not pleasant to any man.

Captain Prout at once gave the order to abandon ship. Almost before the words had left his mouth there was a rush of feet as the men sprang to obey. From the stern came Mr. Shell's voice in a stentorian roar supervising the loading of the boats: "Look lively, ladies, look lively if you don't want to see the pearly

gates in about one minute. Perhaps you aren't aware that this ship is preparing to blow up?" . . . Shouts, curses, orders, mingled with the creak and whine of davit blocks and the thump of articles hastily thrown upon the deck.

Left alone at the main hatch, the captain and I, with difficulty, slid the cover part way over the opening, where it stuck fast. From the small orifice which remained, the smoke poured with redoubled force, as from a chimney.

"Leave it, Mr. Fawcett," he directed, and together we ran aft along a deck littered with all manner of odds and ends of personal property and ship's gear—a deck which might be expected at any moment to erupt beneath us like a volcano, with similarly conclusive results. The poop was already cleared, and beneath the stern the heavily laden boats were beginning to move away. Without loss of time I went down a rope into my proper place and Captain Prout, with a farewell glance at his vessel, brought up the rear.

Our abandonment of the *Poseidon* was carried out in the silence of supreme effort. To quit that doomed craft with the utmost dispatch, to be as far away as possible when the final holocaust should occur, was the dominant thought in every mind. The men strained and gasped at the oars and the three boats crept slowly from the shadow of her towering counter, out like frightened water beetles into the brassy glare of those smooth and swollen seas.

At a distance of a quarter of a mile we rested upon our oars to witness the last act in this unpremeditated tragedy. Over the rounded summits of the waves we caught intermittent glimpses of the ship rolling in the distance, with her new white canvas flapping idly, and the funereal plume of smoke wreathing upward in mushroom form to the empty sky. There was no sound

but the subdued wash of water along our gunwhales and the hysterical sobbing of the lady whose powers of olefactory perception had been so strikingly confirmed. We sat tense and silent, prepared at any instant to witness the end of all that represented comfort, security and possibly life itself in this measureless wilderness of water. It was a horrible feeling—like attending the execution of a friend.

And then—how the gods of bathos must have roared!—that sinister column of coiling smoke paled and grew thin, dwindled at its source, and floating upwards and away, dissipated itself in the vivid blue. There lay the ship, peaceful and unmanned, riding the water like a duck, with the sun flashing from her sleek black flanks like the broadsides of a frigate.

No one of us, I am sure, was able to give immediate credence to the evidence of his own senses. It had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly. Face to face with disaster, disaster had turned its back on us—in the brief interval between two surges, as it were—and casually sauntered away! The reaction was terrific. For a moment I found myself harboring a fierce resentment against the capricious providence which, by snatching us thus dramatically from the brink of heaven-knows-what, had inflicted such a shock upon my nerves. In the bow of the boat one of the crew began swearing softly to himself in a hoarse and respectful undertone. Someone in Mr. Shell's party uttered a single, short-clipped laugh.

And while we still hung undecided between mirth and tears, a little wind came scurrying over the water, leaping lightly from wave to wave, and touching each polished crest with a catspaw of deepest blue. It fanned our hot faces with a grateful cool and on the distant ship set the slack canvas fluttering on the spars. A murmur of voices arose, and from Captain Prout's boat

sounded the order to put about. He passed us as we swung around, with an added flush upon his weather-beaten face, and his eyes fixed with an unfathomable expression upon his command.

That breeze, so fresh and untainted after the torrid, sluggish air of the doldrums, acted upon us as a cold shower affects one who has been the victim of a ghastly nightmare. And indeed it was like awakening from a long and troubled dream. The unfamiliar bustle of the deck as sail was made, the shouts of the officers, the cries of the men and the drumming rush of their feet, the clatter of pans and dishes from the galley where the cook (an excellent baritone) sang and ministered to his deserted fire—these things restored to me that sense of reality, that actuality of being, which I had well-nigh lost.

Once more we were on our way, every sail drawing, life again pursuing its normal, rational course. Standing by the rail I looked out over the sea, now flashing like a trayful of sapphires, drawing deep into my lungs the fine, sweet aroma of the trade wind. Here Captain Prout approached me, having completed his examination of the hold. "All over," he announced cheerfully, "but that linen is burned up. You know how it goes—a slow fire with lots of smoke. It must have smothered itself. We're lucky . . ." He peered at me. "What have you done to your head?"

I put my hand to my forehead and drew it away covered with blood. Somewhere I had managed to get a cut over the right temple. Captain Prout laid a kindly hand upon my arm and made for the companionway.

"We will soon fix you up," he told me comfortably, and his voice, honest, fatherly, and a little subdued, was like a healing unguent.

In the cuddy we paused, struck by an unusual sound. It seemed to come from nowhere and from everywhere—a steady, rhythmic and guttural sighing which defied

analysis. Then, as a burst of it rose *crescendo* above the muffled noises of the ship, I was overwhelmed with a sudden horrid suspicion. Stepping to a half-opened door-way, I looked within.

Flat on his back, with his long nose in the air and his patriarchal beard rising and falling upon his bosom, the Jonah of the *Poseidon* lay wrapped in profound and audible slumber. At his feet, upon the blanket, was coiled a gaunt black cat, and upon his thin and dignified old face there rested an expression of ineffable tranquility and contentment, the shadow of a deep repose.

Granville E. Toogood.

Transit

*Weary he stood beneath the waning moon,
And watched the dark clouds gathering in the sky.
A while the stars still glimmered faint, but soon
Nor moon, nor stars, nor light, could he descry.
Beneath, the murky depths, with soothing sigh,
Held forth their arms in welcome, bearing rest;
And lured him with their ceaseless lullaby
To seek the soft, warm currents of their breast.
But then, as if to check him in his quest,
The clouds rolled back, the moon shone bright.
Her radiant beams dusk's magic did contest,
And broke the awful power of the night.
Freed of its spell, his heart uplift in tune,
He crossed the bridge beneath the waning moon.*

Richard C. Bull.

The Tavern Inn

*The wintry twilight touched the shimmering snow
To flaming hues, then faded into night:
The waking shadows stretched their lifeless forms
And stalked like sentries through the waning light.*

*The flurried snowdrifts from the wind-swept hills
Trailed down the lonely steeps in silent host,
Where, closely nestled in the sheltering pines,
The Tavern Inn loomed like a drowsy ghost.*

*A clamorous din rose from the tavern door:
Wild toasts and cries! the sway of happy throngs—
The sound of clinking glass—the flow of wine—
A mad crescendo whirl of joy and songs!*

*A cheery glare of frosted window panes
Like twinkling lamps lit up the misty cold,
And spun, with magic strokes of light and shade,
Frail gossamers of dazzling fairy gold.*

*The tavern lights grew dim, then flickered out;
Quick-gathering snow-dust hid the winding trail;
The sound of revels died: the hour had struck,
And Midnight softly stole across the date.*

G. E. Saunders.

Lillo and the Drame Bourgeois

WHEN George Lillo wrote his *George Barnwell, or The Merchant of London*, in 1730, he hoped to bring about certain changes on the British stage, but at the time he in no way realized how great an influence on European drama his tragedy was destined to be. Lillo, "a jeweller and lover of the Muses," was following in Jeremy Collier's footsteps as a crusader for virtue, but his was a constructive rather than a destructive policy.

He was a most moral and religious man, a faithful lover of true friendship and virtue; his life, according to his friends, was a model one. As an active champion of good, he sought to sow the seeds thereof through the medium of the theatre—an entirely unoriginal crusader so far. But it was his conviction that it was as interesting to the public to witness the effects of avarice and lust in a *bourgeois* setting as to watch cruelty, ambition, and tyranny ruin a royal family. The "delicate distress" of the drama a decade or so before Lillo was changed by him into a "generous" distress. Here was an innovation.

In France, Diderot, long a warrior against the classic tragedy and dramatic theories of the Greeks, added the force of his criticism to Lillo's accidentally bold stroke. In Germany, a few years later, Lessing rose the active champion of the *drame bourgeois* with the production of his *Miss Sara Sampson*. Diderot and his supporters were anxious to break the classic tradition so stubbornly upheld by Corneille and Racine; Lessing was not at all averse to attacking Gottsched, for although the latter was indeed a Dante of the German tongue, his ideas on the subject of tragedy were orthodox. To Gottsched,

the unities and tragedy's regal setting were sacred, but Diderot and Lessing were eager iconoclasts.

Before Lillo produced his *Merchant of London*, and while Gottsched was extolling the virtues of classic tragedy (with which he became acquainted through Corneille and Racine—he knew little Greek), a change could already be noticed in French drama. With the rise of numbers of lower-middle-class persons in France, came a corresponding rise in social position of the comic stage character. The wealthy *parvenus* must not be reminded of their former position when they witness a comedy; so the *comédie larmoyante* made its appearance sponsored, grudgingly perhaps, by Voltaire, but ardently by Diderot with his criticism and his *Le Fils Naturel*.

No doubt a similar democratic wave which passed through England a few years later added impetus to the popularity of Lillo's play. But in England a different sort of wealthy class arose, whose superior air was well lent to the change in tragedy. In conscious or unconscious accordance with these two movements, Diderot and Lillo became active. In France the tone of comedy was raised; in England the tone of tragedy was lowered.

While these two countries were being subjected to changes, in Germany Gottsched was condemning Spanish and Italian drama, together with the new trend in France and the Restoration comedy in England, praising his aristocratic tragedies from the Greek and the French, and claiming that Addison's *Cato* was the only real tragedy being played in England at the time.

Lillo's *Merchant of London* was presented in 1732; its popularity was immediate. The country seemed so enthusiastic over the change in tragic form it overlooked the greatly overdrawn characters. Lillo's play and the tragedies following it were far from being perfect according to any theory; cupidity was too frequently

the cause of guilt; prosperity too often the reward of virtue. But evidently these faults were overlooked. Certainly they did not hold the play back to any great extent. It is said the critics even forgot to score Lillo for so obviously stealing from an old ballad, so great was the effect of the tragedy.

The first translations of the *Merchant of London* into French are not well known. The first appearance of the tragedy in Germany was in 1749; the translation was based on the French of Clément. It is quite probable, however, that the *Merchant of London* and Moore's *Gamester* came to France at about the same time, since there was considerable confusion regarding the authorship. Querard has Saurin's *Beverley* an imitation of the *Merchant of London*, and credits both Lillo and Moore with the Abbé Brûte de Loirelle's translation of the *Gamester*. Grimm's only comment on the subject of who wrote which play was that since, in his opinion, neither could claim success in England, the names of the authors were of little importance.

But Diderot read the *Merchant of London* in English, and insisted on its great value. A realist whose criticism very seldom slumped into vapidity, Diderot began a defense about 1757 in his various *Entretiens* on the drama. He defended, at least vigorously, his five points or principles: (1) that Classical tragedy is dead, and should be replaced by an intermediate form, serious in tone; (2) that subjects should be drawn from everyday middle-class life; (3) that this life is best represented as a matter of social status, or "condition"; (4) that prose is better than verse for domestic drama; (5) that the action should be aided in all reasonable ways. Here was a cross-section of the *drame bourgeois*.

(It is interesting to note that so influential was the *Merchant of London* as a moral weapon, apprentices in London were forced to attend a performance, and in

Manchester, as recently as fifty years ago, apprentices were allowed a free afternoon each Shrove Tuesday on condition that they attend the performance of the tragedy. It has been reported, however, that on those afternoons they showed great attachment to their work.)

Lessing was earlier than Diderot in producing a play after the new fashion. He had read Diderot's essays commanding the new type, and had seen Lillo's play. In July, 1755, Lessing saw his *Miss Sara Sampson* on the stage in Frankfurt-an-der-Oder, five years before Diderot began to imitate Lillo in the field of tragedy.

Although Lessing drew to a great extent from Lillo, his *Miss Sara Sampson* shows his wide knowledge of English literature of the time, and a fund of detail concerning the lives of England's men of letters. Lessing's characters may, as a group, be well compared with the *dramatis personae* of *George Barnwell*. Sir William Sampson resembles Thorowgood; Sara Sampson is quite like Thorowgood's daughter; Millwood and Mellefont are comparable with Marwood and George Barnwell. There is a more obvious correspondence between the main ideas of Lessing's play and Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. In fact, Clarissa is more the model of Sara than Maria Thorowgood, and there is more of Lovelace to Mellefont than there is of the virtuous George Barnwell. Again the names used by Lessing are those used by Congreve, Richardson, and Lillo. It is possible that Sir Will Sampson may be connected with Swift's patron, Sir William Temple. Swift's great influence on Lessing is well defended by Caro, and it has been asserted that Sir William Temple was the father of Hester Johnson, who paid for her attachment to Swift with her life. Lessing, however, did not claim any originality for his tragedy; he made no effort to conceal his open plagiarism. It was yet too early for bold originality in this nascent field.

In Frankfurt-an-den-Oder *Miss Sara Sampson* repeated the success of the first *drame bourgeois*, taking the town by storm. Enthusiasm over Lessing's tragedy knew no bounds. Ramler, who accompanied Lessing the first night, said in a letter to Gleim: "*Die Zuschauer haben drey und eine halbe Stunde zugehört, stille gesessen wie Statüen und geweint.*" In Leipzig, where Gottsched ruled supreme, the tragedy was accorded an equally enthusiastic reception. Gottsched was grief-stricken; he was only able to console himself with the weak assertion that the popularity of a play was in no way proportionate to its merit.

Not only had Gottsched to grieve over the success of the new type of tragedy; he had also lost one of the most ardent supporters of his own opinions on the drama, Lessing. As Diderot did in France, Lessing wrote in defense of the *drame bourgeois* before he attempted practical support by imitation. In his defense he claimed, perhaps in reply to Gottsched, that the new tragedy was following a strict interpretation of Aristotle, in that it fulfilled the chief aim of tragedy, that of arousing fear and compassion. But as it has often been noted, it was the practical success rather than the able defense which "opened the flood-gates of imitation."

Following this successful presentation of *Miss Sara Sampson* the *Merchant of London* was translated into German and played throughout the country. The popularity of this new tragedy was phenomenal. The originals were extensively copied and presented, always following the general outline of Lillo, and almost always keeping the moral tone.

Leaving the development of the *drame bourgeois* in Germany for the moment, we may see that its supporters in France had not been inactive. About three years after his defense of the new English tragedy in his

letters, Diderot came out with a translation of the *Gamester*. The translation was not at all accurate, but rather free and full of improvisations. Diderot admitted he had not followed Moore as closely as he might have, but he asserted he had adapted the tragedy to better suit the French taste. The characterization is indeed somewhat finer drawn than in the original, and many of Moore's mistakes are taken care of.

The Abbé Brute de Loirelle's translation, which appeared later (1762) follows Moore almost to the letter. His monologues seem to have gained in sentiment with their translation into the French; perhaps it was the venerable Abbé's churchmanship coming to the fore. He certainly made no attempt to soften the moral lesson. D'Alembert, who tackled the translation of the monologues in prison, spent years, as he later wrote, "*en les adoucissant pour les rendre plus acceptables au gout français.*"

However, in France, the term *drame bourgeois* soon came to enfold both comedy and tragedy of the middle-class type. With the rise of democratic ideas in France the comedy had taken a step higher in social position. Then the English tragedy had affected the tragedy in France so much this type of drama had dropped to the middle-class level. When Sedaine published his *Philosophe sans le Savoir*, about the same time as the appearance of Saurin's *Beverley*, the question over what the *drame* should include was decided. It was debated whether *Le Philosophe sans le Savoir* should be called a bourgeois tragedy, a comedy, or one of the many *drame*. It was finally decided that although in reality a comedy, and an excellent one at that, it was to be included under the general arbitrary head *drame bourgeois*.

Sedaine's comedy did a surprising amount of good to the wavering French drama of the time. It is an excellent play, containing its moral stimulus, but never

allowing a character to digress into vapid moral soliloquies. It contains no sermonizing, yet there is an ethical point to the humour. This play established the *drame bourgeois* as a definite thing, to be appreciated and enjoyed by those who were still in doubt.

But this new type did not keep to the high degree of quality set for it. It soon, with the passing decades, became a vehicle for the dictates of the philosophers, and lost its dramatic interest. To be sure for a time the *drame* did stand as an interesting type; but it soon lost its artistic value—it never had a great deal—and was subjected to a decided slump.

Back in Germany, however, the *drame* had given rise to yet another type of drama, the fate tragedy, or *Schicksalstragödie*. There is some doubt now as to whether Lillo and his followers did bring about the *Schicksalstragödie*, or whether it developed with the *drame*. Minor claims the Germans borrowed the idea from the Greeks, and brought it into their own language about 1805, following many years of war, depression, famine, and disease; it seems quite possible that the German mind could turn to blame fate for their ill fortune. Fath, on the other hand, asserts the Germanic tribes had held to the Eastern conception of fate for centuries, and that this idea was given impulse by Lillo. Fath looks on Lillo as the spark which fell on an already pregnant tradition or idea.

It is at least certain that these fate tragedies began to make their appearance in Germany shortly after 1778, when Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity* was translated and played. So popular had his *Merchant of London* been in Germany they had not heard of his other play, which seems to have been put away and kept away for forty-two years following its *début*.

Following Lillo, the *Schicksalstragödie* is taken up by Moritz, Tieck, Schiller, and others. It developed into

as standard a type of drama as did the *drame bourgeois*. Moritz' *Blunt*, Tieck's *Abschied*, Schiller's *Braut von Messina*, and Mullner's *Schuld* are about the most important of this class. The German playwrights did not necessarily depend on the English for material; they had their own folk-songs and ballads teeming with ideas for the fate tragedies. And the English dramatists usually went to similar sources for their material; Lillo and his followers were always wont to go back to old ballads for their plots.

While it may not be claimed that Lillo deserves all the credit for the German fate tragedy, it must be admitted he played a great part in establishing it. German tragedy on the whole owes much to Lillo, for breaking down the old classical traditions which held the development of the drama in check, and for supplying a moral tone to the stage. France is indebted to him for the *drame bourgeois*; certainly he had a more marked effect on French playwrights of his time than did the rise of the democratic spirit. His was certainly a great and forceful impulse.

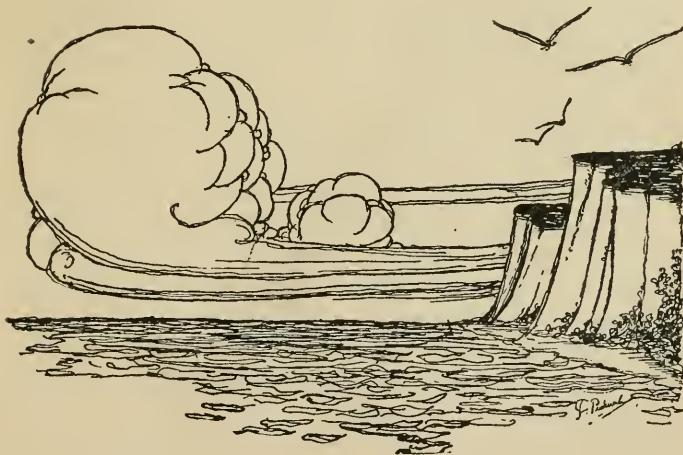
Intending only to use the stage to preach a moral lesson, and not in any way knowing how great was his innovation, Lillo changed the drama of England, France, and Germany for nearly a century and a half. To this day theatre-goers may feel his effect on the stage. No longer does the audience expect a royal *dramatis personae* in tragedy; modern tragedy may easily be found in the very gutters of life. Here we have new ideas on the drama, after centuries of blind acceptance of the classical Greek laws, and the lion's share of the credit goes to Lillo.

R. Barry.

Looking Southwest from the Cliffs Near Dover

*The low, grey clouds were gathering over France
To form the ominous, brooding brows of Night. . . .
When, two by two, the gulls had ceased their flight
It seemed the grey gloom held the world in trance;
A wintry wind whipped up his stinging lance
And bent the sear, brown grass before his might;
The sea was dark, as though a toad-green light
Was belched from heaven's bowels on its expanse.
I thought of how the sullen, rugged brow
Of Night had quaked men's hearts in dreadful fear
Long ages past, and how that power above
Had slowly changed from Terror, until now
Some few have learned to see with vision clear—
Have learned to worship silently with love.*

Robert Barry.



The Waltz King

*Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.*

—Luther.

IT HAS been the privilege of no composer to reflect more comprehensively and accurately the social life of his time than did Johann Strauss, the Younger; and this year of nineteen twenty-five, which sees actual signs of the long-predicted return of the waltz, marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of him who in the third quarter of the last century came to be known as "The Waltz King."

Johann Strauss, the Younger, was the famous son of a famous father. The elder Strauss was born of humble birth, in Vienna in eighteen four, and, against the wishes of his parents he studied music, becoming finally the most noted composer and conductor of dance music in his generation. He toured Europe in eighteen thirty-eight and, while in London, played at seventy-two concerts, as well as many balls. During the trip he was even tendered a concert in his honor by the future Emperor Wilhelm I. In eighteen forty he introduced the polka to Vienna, and when he died there, nine years later, he was buried with grand public demonstration. A man of widespread influence and one who did much to raise the standard of dance music, he was esteemed by such great contemporaries as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Cherubini. This then was the father who set the stage for the equally brilliant career of his oldest son.

"No child of mine shall ever be a musician," the father is said to have declared, whereupon three of his

five children took up the art with great success, and, had the other two also been sons, perhaps they likewise might have attained eminence. The greatest fame in the family was achieved by Johann the Younger, and it is he of whom we think in connection with the nineteenth century waltz. Born in eighteen twenty-five he composed his first waltz ("Erster Gedanke") at the age of six, and made his début as a conductor at nineteen. On the death of his father he combined two orchestras and toured Austria, Poland and the more important cities of Germany. In eighteen sixty-three he was appointed court Conductor of Balls at Vienna. His activities outside his native land included the direction for ten years of the public summer concerts at St. Petersburg and a visit to America. He died in eighteen ninety-nine.

The younger Johann was not an innovator. He had as a background the romantic operettas of Weber and the splendid Viennese waltzes of Schubert, as well as those of his father, from whom he inherited a skill for manipulating popular melodies together with a vast ability for rich and varied orchestration. Although Strauss wrote a number of successful and thoroughly charming operettas, such as *Die Fledermäuse* and *Der Zigeunerbaron*, his fame rests principally on the lovely waltzes, which numbered nearly four hundred, the most famous being "The Blue Danube." The Strauss waltzes were written for orchestra instead of for piano, like those of Schubert. The general model consists of a series of individual short numbers connected by modulating passages and preceded by a slow introduction; there is a *coda* which recapitulates the group in a different order. Under the leadership of the Strauss family the court orchestra of Vienna came to be the finest dance orchestra in Europe.

To account for the phenomenal success of the waltz

in Vienna—a success which soon spread to all Europe—we must consider the nature of the Austrian *bourgeoisie*, which sponsored it, together with certain aspects of the social life of the times.

The good burghers of Vienna were then, as they are now, comfortable, soft, easy-going people, fond of the gayety of bright living, and adept at the art of dispelling depression and boredom. And it was to the social life of the cafés and beer-halls that foreigners looked for the unaffected cheerfulness and expansiveness of Viennese *bourgeois* society—characteristics compactly describable only in their own term *gemütlichkeit*. It was this *gemütlichkeit* that had been so perfectly mirrored—and reflected with such popular success—in the waltzes of Schubert and the elder Strauss.

The younger Strauss, in carrying on the traditions of his father, was aided in achieving even greater popularity by two external factors. One was the recovery and reaction (just as he was attaining maturity) of the country from the dark days of the Metternich autocracy; the other was the marriage, in eighteen fifty-four, of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the lovely Princess Elizabeth. For the young Empress—she was then only sixteen—with her simple tastes and radiant girlhood, brought new life to the gloomy court formalities of the *ancien régime*, and a new insouciant Vienna blossomed forth to become the gayest of European capitals.

It was for new Vienna—the Vienna of *Weib, Wein und Gesang*—that Strauss developed to utter fulfillment the waltz form, and it is this Vienna that we find recreated in his work. For all time is the Vienna of that period bound up inextricably with the Strauss waltzes and they with it.

I. L. Hibberd.

“Quand Vous Serez Bien Vieille. . . .”

*When evening finds you old by candle-light,
And dreaming o'er your needle near the fire,
Recall my songs, and say, as you admire:
Ah! Ronsard praised my beauty when 'twas bright.*

*No serving-maid who nods, ere falls the night,
Half drowsy-eyed to dream of some young squire,
Then, wakened by my name, can ever tire
Of blessing yours with life beyond time's flight.*

*I'll be no more; yet, vague and shapeless form,
'Neath myrtle shades I'll rest from life's mad storm:
While you'll be agèd, huddled in your chair,*

*Regretting that my love met proud disdain.
So live—believe! for soon your day will wane:
Gather life's roses while the skies are fair.*

After the sonnet by Pierre de Ronsard.

Robert Barry.

*(For the use of the books reviewed we are indebted to
Mr. E. S. McCawley, bookseller of Haverford.)*

Mr. Petre

HILAIRE BELLOC'S new novel, *Mr. Petre*, is one of those pleasantly unimportant novels which make the world of literature a better and more tolerable place. It is almost colossally unimportant and, consequently, is just the book for you to read when you are "fed up" with the tinsel super-sophistication of Michael Arlen and those deep and solemn things passed off, nowadays, as "literature."

Mr. Belloc has shown no pretensions to art or literature. He has told a slight and silly story quite easily, with just the amount of kindly irony necessary to let you know that, after all, no matter what he has written, he was only fooling and really knew better all the time. The reader finds himself gently falling under the author's charm and whimsical spell.

"It was the third of April, 1953," begins the author—and continues the story of an Englishman who, returning from a trip to America, loses his memory. (Whether it was because of *that* Mr. Belloc never states.) This unfortunate *voyageur* assumes the name of Mr. Petre because it seems familiar to him. As luck would have it, it was the name of the greatest financial genius the world had ever produced. I don't think it was fair of Mr. Belloc, however, to have his name turn out to be Peter Blagden. That seemed too much.

Not the least interesting feature of this book is the illustrations in pencil by no less a person than G. K. Chesterton himself. In these Mr. Petre appears the lovable yap he was made out to be. The other characters appear nice enough, if rather expressionless.

T. F. H., Jr.

[MR. PETRE, by Hilaire Belloc. McBride.]

LEWIS AND IRENE

FOR those of us who have enjoyed the Paul Morand of *Open All Night* and *Closed All Night*, his new book, *Lewis and Irene*, is "unsatisfying"—as the current reviewer's expression goes. One has come to expect certain qualities in Mr. Morand's books—namely, sophistication, humour, and a smart point of view—and here he is, it seems, on the track of something a little different, with which he does not appear quite to have caught up. Mr. Morand has set his stage for a problem—the problem of the reciprocal relations of a business man married to a business woman with opposing interests and superior ability. Lewis and Irene discover that they cannot live together satisfactorily, and even with the merging of their business interests they continue to avoid seeing each other, although they write daily. This is a fine problem, and is evolved logically enough. But either the author has treated it too superficially or the present reviewer is taking the matter much too seriously. All the tools for an illuminating psychological probing are at hand, and nothing is lacking save Mr. Morand's inclination. If we are to assume that the author wished to treat it superficially and was just concocting another light tale without any profound implications at all then the rigidity of style and general barrenness of the book in the usual Morand charm are very possibly to be laid at the door of the translator. And since this translator discloses his or her identity no further than the initials "H. B. V."—whether this one is also the translator of Morand's other books, I do not know—the shaking of heads and pointing of fingers in that direction is just so much more suspicious.

I. L. H.

[LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand, translated by H. B. V., New York, Boni and Liveright.]

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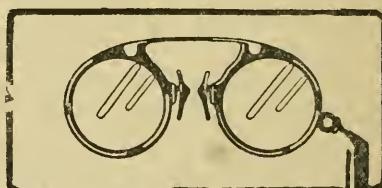
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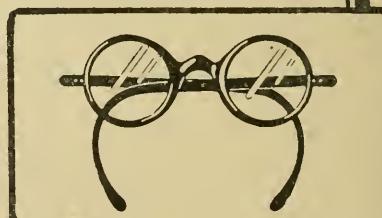
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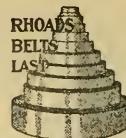
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Tues. Nov. 24—BARBARA LA MARR IN "The White Monkey"
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Thur. Nov. 26—LOU TELLEGREN IN "The Verdict"
Fri. Nov. 27—"The Lost World"
Sat. Nov. 28—MONTE BLUE IN "The Limited Mail"
Mon. Nov. 30—STAR CAST IN "The Beauty Prize"
Tue. Dec. 1—STAR CAST IN "Contraband"
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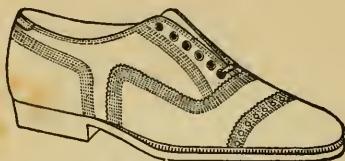
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JANUARY, 1926

DID SHE MARRY HIM?

J. S. S.

TO ANNETTE

P. ATLEE SHEAFF, JR.

THE NONCHALANT TIMPANIST

ROBERT BARRY

THE TAX ON MOUSTACHES

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1926 No. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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“And then I saw a man coming along from the other end of the field, and just as he passed me, he stopped to light his cigarette, and in the light of his match, I recognized his face.”

Did She Marry Him?

Did She Marry Him?

A SHBY HALL had been full of guests all through the Christmas season. There had been a perpetual coming and going of Ellinor Mordaunt's many friends and acquaintances, with the usual round of riding and shooting and skating and walking, to while away the few short hours of daylight; and in the evening the whole country-side had gathered in relays within the walls of the hospitable old manor-house to dine or to dance or simply to indulge in primitive round games, such as Blind Man's Buff or Hunt the Slipper. And everyone who came or went remarked one thing, and that was that one guest remained there the whole time and gradually took the lead in all the gaieties. That guest was Martin Wylie. No one had ever met him before, but they knew all that was needful about him. Ellinor Mordaunt was in love with him, and though nothing had ever been said about a betrothal, everyone knew that she meant to marry him. But Ellinor was a public character in the county of Barset—a great heiress, the mistress of the delightful Elizabethan manor-house of Ashby, the last of the ancient and honorable family of Mordaunt. Any time these last twenty years she might have made a grand marriage, and lo and behold! now at the age of forty-two, she was about to bestow her wealth and her affections upon an unknown man of apparently no family at all. Still, though Ellinor was a woman accustomed to gaining her own way without effort and with little regard for the opinion of others, she felt that in the question of a husband the last of the Mordaunts labored under some of the disadvantages of a Queen Regnant—she must parade her future consort before the public for approval before she announced her

sovereign will and pleasure. Particularly was this a duty when her choice had lighted upon a stranger. So everyone knew that all these festivities were really held in honor of Martin Wylie.

Of course, tongues had been wagging, maliciously and otherwise. Ellinor Mordaunt was liked and respected throughout the county. She was generous and kind of heart, foolish sometimes and self-willed, and a dozen other things that will make a wealthy woman popular. But not even her best friends could say she was beautiful. In fact, her plainness of feature was melancholy in its thoroughness, and she was as ungainly in her movements as she was plain, and her taste in clothes was deplorable—it would have ruined any woman less sublimely sure of herself than Ellinor. And it was a well-known fact that she was a born old maid—that she really disliked and distrusted men, and it was for that reason that she had never married. And now, after all these years, she had succumbed—had fallen in love, like a green-sick school girl, with a handsome face. No wonder the county whispered and smiled and held up its hands in frank bewilderment. And this unknown stranger who had captured the mature affections of plain Ellinor Mordaunt—well, without seeing him, it was clear that he must be marrying her for her money. He was younger than her, rumor had declared, and young men do not marry elderly heiresses of woeful aspect for love.

People had heard of Martin Wylie for some time before meeting him in the flesh. Ellinor's closest friend was Monica Wolfe, a tall, gaunt spinster who kept house for her brother, the Doctor at Ashby, and she had been the channel through which a certain amount of information had filtered through to the county with regard to Mr. Wylie. Three years ago Ellinor and Monica Wolfe had spent a winter at Florence, and there they had met Mr. and Mrs. Wylie—"very pleasant people," Monica

had written to her brother, "or rather the husband is delightful; the wife is an invalid, and bad-tempered and selfish, and he is a perfect angel of patience with her."

By the time, however, that Monica returned to England, leaving Ellinor behind at Florence, her opinion of the merits of Mr. Wylie had changed. His wife might be querulous and exacting, but then she was ill, poor soul, and dying, and, at least, she had the merit of being fond of her husband. And he, said Miss Wolfe, acidly, could be very kind and patient in public, but she doubted that things were the same behind the scenes. He was selfish, that was obvious. Mrs. Wylie was a plain, shabbily dressed woman, but Mr. Wylie, on the other hand, was always spick and span and cut a creditable figure in the winter colony of Florence.

"On his wife's money, too," snorted Miss Wolfe; "she was a Miss Vawser; her father was a wealthy manufacturer some-where in the Midlands. It was quite plain that he'd married her for her money, and was tired of her now that she was old and ill and poor. She was quite ten years older than he was if a day." Miss Wolfe would have liked to have accused Mr. Wylie of dissipating his wife's money on his own selfish pleasures, but she was a truthful woman and was fain to admit that such was not the case. In some ways Mrs. Wylie was the grey mare, and in matters of business, her husband had little say. Unfortunately, she had a mania for speculation and in one unfortunate venture and another she had frittered away a fairly substantial fortune. And so there they were living at Florence on a mere pittance; and Mrs. Wylie had confessed to Monica Wolfe that her one regret in life was that now that she was dying she would have, thanks to her selfish folly, nothing to leave to her husband. "And serve him right, too," said Miss Wolfe, venomously, "for marrying her for her money. Why she worried about him I don't know. She was

always telling me what an angel he was, so patient and good-tempered and all that, but he was an idle scamp, and if she didn't know it she was a fool. But then," added Miss Wolfe, with an impatient air of finality, "all women are fools about selfish men, and I should like to give some of them a good sound shaking, the women I mean."

Allowances were made for Monica Wolfe's sharp tongue. Besides, it did not take long to learn that the woman that she really wished to shake was her best friend, Ellinor Mordaunt. After all, Monica Wolfe was an affectionate sort, and it was quite natural that she should think no man good enough for her beloved Ellinor. But from other sources, people had learnt a little of the Wylies. The husband, so it was said, was really quite a nice sort of man, a little boyish and inconsiderate, perhaps, but devoted to his sick wife, and most long-suffering under her perpetual tantrums and exactations. As for her, she was an underbred, silly woman, with a perfectly abominable temper. Servants hated her as much as they liked her husband, *et ça dit tout* in this workaday world.

"But," declared Monica Wolfe, in answer to all this, "I've no use for a man who flirts with another woman, when his wife is dying." That was the trouble. The whole affair between Ellinor and Martin Wylie had started in his wife's life-time. Mr. Wylie had taken brief vacations from his ailing Emily's bedside in the society of Ellinor Mordaunt, and—well, he had found her sympathetic, and she had found him handsome and chivalrous, and so there you were. Ellinor had gone back to Florence the following year, and yet again after that. Then Mrs. Wylie had died suddenly. She had long been suffering from a weak heart and had been warned by her physician against exposing herself to any possibility of sudden shock. Unfortunately, one night when her

husband was dining out with friends, (Ellinor Mordaunt as a matter of fact,) a burglar had broken into her bedroom through the window, and when Martin Wylie returned home a few hours later, he found his wife in her bed dead of heart failure. Which, of course, left him free to marry Ellinor Mordaunt, and so here he was at Ashby—on trial, as it were, before the county.

All things considered, the county was prepared to give Martin Wylie the benefit of the doubt, but still it awaited his coming in cynical expectation. He had married one rich wife; it seemed probable that in Ellinor Mordaunt he saw possibilities of another, and, if not entirely penniless, at any rate he was poor. But Martin Wylie came and saw and conquered. To begin with, he was not so very young after all—thirty-eight or thirty-nine, only a very little younger than Ellinor. But he had kept the spirit of youth about him and still was a strikingly handsome man of the fair-haired, blue-eyed Northern type. Obviously, he was a gentleman and a man of cultivated mind. He had taught Ellinor to dress and he had genuinely fallen in love with her beautiful old house. Already he seemed to dominate it, and his presence had been symbolized in many much-needed alterations, for Ellinor had about as much taste in furniture and the hanging of pictures as she had in clothes. And then, Martin Wylie with his frank, laughing eyes and his cheery voice brought with him a spirit of infectious gaiety into the long manless house. He seemed to be just overflowing with a love of life and to revel in its pleasures. The women all voted him charming and delightful and the men liked him because he was a good sport and could tell a story well. And really, without drawing attention to it, he did seem fond of Ellinor. Once or twice he had spoken quite naturally and sympathetically about his dead wife, but he made no pretence of being sorry that the years of lingering

illness were over. He was glad to be back in England, and he was picking up his zest for life with Ellinor once more, and as for Ellinor, she looked almost beautiful in the radiance of her autumnal love affair.

Yes, said the county, Ellinor Mordaunt might have delayed long and taken a rash leap into the matrimonial dark, but she was a lucky woman all the same, and everybody wished her and Martin Wylie joy.

On New Year's Eve, all the guests were gathered in the long oaken gallery of Ashby. The pallid faces of long-dead Mordaunts looked down upon them from the walls as they took their tea in the dim light of log-fire and candles. They were scattered up and down the room in small, companionable groups, chattering and laughing gaily, and Martin Wylie was the life of one small party seated in the embrasure of a window at the far end of the gallery.

Two new guests had arrived just before tea. One was Mrs. Merridew, a stout, comfortable woman with a placid face, the widow of a former Vicar of Ashby. The other was her niece, Rachel Wedderburn, a pretty girl of nineteen. Ellinor had introduced Martin to them on their arrival, and as Rachel lifted her eyes to his face, she had said playfully,

"Why, Mr. Wylie, we're old friends. I recognize your face. I'm sure we've met somewhere before."

"Impossible!" said Martin, still holding her hand and looking down kindly into the pretty face; "if we had met, I'm sure I could never have forgotten."

"Oh, we have," said Rachel, "somewhere, I'm sure, but I can't remember where exactly. In our dreams, I suppose."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Merridew, uncomfortably, "what *are* you saying?"

Rachel had laughed gaily. "Oh, I forgot," she said,

"in these Freudian days we mustn't talk of dreams, must we?"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Merridew, in consternation, "what *are* you saying?"

After that, Rachel and Martin Wylie had drifted off into separate groups, and finally Rachel had found herself much to her disgust—left desolate by the fireplace amidst a bevy of sober matrons. Her aunt was enjoying herself with a sympathetic audience and had launched forth on her favorite topic of servants. She had already regaled the company with many tragic tales of the black ingratitude of housemaids and the inconceivable outrages of cooks, when Rachel yawned and mischievously put in her oar. She was young and liked to be heartless and to shock the dull.

"Talking of governesses"—she said.

"My dear, I was talking of gardener's boys," protested Mrs. Merridew.

"Do you remember," continued Rachel, "that governess you used to have with you when I was seven years old—you remember the time, the Easter holidays I spent with you when Father and Mother were in Egypt —what was her name?—Miss Beale, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Merridew looked as prim and sour as a fat old lady can. "Yes, my dear," she said, "I *do* remember Miss Beale."

"I often wonder what happened to her," said her niece.

"I don't see why you should want to know anything of the sort," said Mrs. Merridew, looking as embarrassed as her niece meant her to look. The other matrons turned enquiring eyes upon Mrs. Merridew's face.

"The reason I ask," said Rachel, "is that I remember I saw her come out of your room, sobbing like a two-year-old, and when I peeped through the door I saw you looking as stern as ever you *could* look. And Miss Beale ran straight upstairs and packed her trunks and

came down and left the house, slamming the door behind her, and never came back for her trunks. You sent me off to Aunt Joan's a day or two afterwards, and I never heard what happened about her trunks. Did she ever come back for them?"

"No, my dear, she did *not*," said Mrs. Merridew, "and I think that's quite enough about Miss Beale."

"How strange!" mused Rachel; "I wonder why she didn't! And why did she leave the house like that? You must have said something to make her cry."

"I said nothing but what Miss Beale deserved to hear. And please will you stop talking about her. It's a much more unpleasant subject than you suppose, my dear."

"Oh, I see," said Rachel, with a dangerous and innocent lift of the eyebrows; "you'd found out she was in the family way, had you? So *that's* why you fired her and packed me off in such a hurry to Aunt Joan's two days later."

Mrs. Merridew grew purple in the face with scandalized horror. "Really, my dear," she gasped, "I don't know what girls are coming to in these days. You must *not* speak of such—such sacred subjects in such—such a heedless way." Then, turning to the other listening matrons, she added apologetically, "This was really a most unpleasant business. It happened at Morton Easby, a horrid factory town in Merrickshire, where my poor husband held the living of St. Clements for a few months—really, quite a horrid place—most undesirable people—we were only there for a short time and we hardly knew anyone—anyone nice, that is. It all took place, I should say, ten years ago—"

"Twelve, Aunt Miriam," chimed in Rachel; "the episode of Miss Beale took place the day after my seventh birthday—to be precise, on November 7th, 1901. I ought to know."

"Did you ever see this—er—young female after she left your home?" enquired one of the matrons of Mrs. Merridew with some show of interest; "That is to say, did she ever come back for her trunks?"

"Well, really, Mrs. Ponsonby, I *do* wish Rachel had never brought this subject up. It turned out to be a *most* unpleasant business—much worse than I could have expected. As a matter of fact, the girl never *did* come back for her things, and I never saw her again in my ——"

"That's where I have one over on you, then, Aunt Miriam," said Rachel, triumphantly; "I think I can claim to be the last member of the family to set eyes on the mysterious Miss Beale."

Mrs. Merridew looked puzzled. "What *do* you mean, my dear?" she asked.

"Oh, I never told you this before. I was a kid at the time and didn't want to get into trouble. But you remember there was a boy called Billie Roberts whom you said I wasn't to play with, well, when Miss Beale went off, slamming the door behind her, there was no one to look after me, and so at tea-time I slipped off to play with him. Our usual hunting ground was a field just outside the town with a disused engine-house in it, and so off I toddled there all on my lonesome."

"You don't mean Jacob's Lot?" said Mrs. Merridew in horrified accents.

"That's it! That's the name!" exclaimed Rachel, delightedly; "well, when I got there, Billie Roberts hadn't turned up, I waited for him until it was dark and was just thinking of going home, when I saw a lady come walking along under the trees towards the engine-house. It was dark and a bit spooky, and I felt frightened and I hid behind a tree. When she got close to me I saw it was Miss Beale—"

"But, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Merridew.

"Yes, yes, it was. And she was crying and wringing her hands, and she walked up and down under the trees, and, I don't know why, I was afraid to interrupt her. And then I saw a man coming along from the other end of the field, and just as he passed me, he stopped to light his cigarette, and in the light of his match, I recognized his face."

"And who was it?" exclaimed Mrs. Ponsonby.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Ponsonby," said Rachel, gleefully, "it was no one I knew. I just recognized his face. He was a young doctor in the town, I'd seen him once or twice in one of the houses where I used to go and play with the other children. That's all I know about him."

"And did he see Miss Beale?" asked another matron.

"Yes, he did. He went up and talked to her, and she cried worse than ever, and then they both walked away behind the engine-house and I lost sight of them, and then I came home. So, you see, Aunt Miriam, I *was* the last to see Miss Beale, and who knows? perhaps, I saw the naughty man. I suppose she ran away with him."

Mrs. Merridew said nothing. She was sitting inertly on the sofa, staring with a dull look of heavy bewilderment at her niece's face. At length she roused herself to speak.

"But, Rachel, this is terrible," she stammered; "why didn't you tell me before? That unfortunate girl! If we had only known—"

"Well, and what are you good people whispering about here?" The voice was Ellinor Mordaunt's. She was standing with her hand resting on the back of the sofa, smiling down at her guests. A little back of her stood Martin Wylie, talking to one of the gentlemen of the party with his usual animation. "Is it ghost-stories, or what? you all look very mysterious."

"We were discussing the mystery of Morton Easby," said Rachel, with a demure look.

"Morton Easby! why, Mr. Wylie knows Morton Easby, that's where he met and married Mrs. Wylie," said Ellinor Mordaunt in a surprised tone; "perhaps he can elucidate the mystery. Martin," she said, turning to her lover, "come here and tell us about Morton Easby."

"Morton Easby! That horrid hole!" said Wylie, gaily, as he came forward to the group by the fire; "who wants to know about Morton Easby? I lived there for a few months after I married, but poor Emily hated the place as much as I did, and we soon left it. That's all I know about Morton Easby."

"Poor place!" said Rachel, in mock sorrow; "no one seems to have liked it. Aunt Miriam didn't. And you didn't. And I don't think I did, when I come to think of it. What's wrong with it?"

"Well, Miss Wedderburn," answered Wylie, "it's a low, dull, sordid manufacturing hole, and that's about the long and the short of it. Personally I didn't like it because—" he paused for a moment and glanced at Ellinor Mordaunt shyly—"because I was poor there."

The fire flamed up suddenly and illuminated his handsome, boyish face with the frank blue eyes. Rachel Wedderburn, glancing up into those eyes with a smile, frowned in perplexity and then gazed at Wylie with something startled in her expression.

"Why," she murmured, "of course, now I know—" and then she stopped with a sudden rush of color to her cheeks and looked around at the others apprehensively.

But Martin Wylie was not listening to her. "Yes," he continued, in a reminiscent tone, "before I met my poor, dear wife, my chief memory of Morton Easby is that of being a struggling young doctor, trying to build up a practice which was too feeble to live."

Ellinor Mordaunt looked at him with an expression

of silly tenderness on her homely face. Suddenly, on noting that expression, Rachel's young eyes snapped and glittered.

"Well, Mr. Wylie," she said, sharply, "perhaps you can help us to solve the mystery of Miss Beale, last seen on the evening of November 7th, 1901, by the engine-house in Jacob's Lot, just outside Morton Easby?"

A startling change swept over Martin Wylie's face. It turned a dull, grey hue, and his blue eyes flickered and faded and seemed to become pale and shallow, and the pupils contracted to a small black point. The hand that rested on the back of the sofa twitched and trembled, as he bent forward and peered into the gloom in search of Rachel Wedderborn's face.

"Miss Beale!" he muttered thickly; "I never knew Miss Beale."

"Did anyone say you did?" cried Rachel, defiantly, out of the dark.

"Damn you! who *are* you? what do you mean?" exclaimed Martin Wylie, with his hand to his brow.

"Why, Martin, what *is* the matter?" cried Ellinor, laying her hand on his sleeve in anxious alarm. He turned and gazed down into her face with a desperate, longing stare. A feeling of uneasiness swept over the others. Somehow they felt that they had no right to be listening. Suddenly, relief came from an unexpected quarter.

"Oh, Rachel, don't! don't go on! this is horrible!" cried a wailing voice from the fireplace.

Everyone turned and looked. Fat Mrs. Merridew was standing limply by the mantelpiece, clinging on to it with one hand. Her face was white in the gloom and she was staring at Martin Wylie with miserable, frightened eyes. Rachel ran to her and took her in her arms.

"Aunt Miriam, you're ill," she cried, trying to lead her away. But Aunt Miriam pushed her aside gently,

and then looking straight into Martin Wylie's face, she said in a heavy voice, "Miss Beale was dismissed by me that day because—because she was—because I knew—that she was—going to have a baby born. The next morning her body was found—in the engine-house in Jacob's Lot. Her skull had been smashed in by someone with an iron bar. They—they never found the man."

And she stood staring at Martin Wylie's white face.

J. S. S.

To Annette

*My love, last night I saw you in a dream;
I sensed the very perfume of your breath
And heard your voice, as if immune to death,
Ring out across the void. The fickle gleam
Of lights that sparkled in your eyes did seem,
For once, to whisper that my goddess saith:
"Take heart, sad worshipper, think not of death!"
I would all life were nothing but a dream!
When long I gaze with thrilled, enraptured eyes
On nature's perfectness—the rushing streams
That ever flow, yet ever are refilled;
Again, a sunset stained with magic dyes—
I think with sorrow of my futile dreams
And grieve their airy fancies unfulfilled.*

P. Atlee Sheaff, Jr.

The Nonchalant Timpanist

He is fat, and he puffs leaning over his drums,
 His timpani three;
He taps with his fingers and tunes with his thumbs
 His timpani three;
Oh, his is a very superior *puissance*!
And his is a fine air of nonchalance
 With his timpani three.

He thumps and he thunders with flexible wrist
 On his timpani three—
Again into tune he taps with a twist
 His timpani three,
With his eyebrows arched, and the rap-atap-tap
Of his sticks lulling him in perpetual nap
 O'er his timpani three.

He taps and he twists and he turns and tunes
 His timpani three,
Then thunder he lends to the blaring bassoons
 With his timpani three;
He withers his brothers with languid glance,
As he raises his eyes in nonchalance
 From his timpani three.

R. Barry.



The Tax on Moustaches

THE rivalry between Vincent and Halladay was bitter enough before Miss Belmayne occurred. It then assumed an aspect almost Corsican.

Vincent was the Rome correspondent of the London *Thunderer*. Halladay was the Roman representative of the London *National*. Vincent was an Oxford man; Halladay's intellectual credentials were dated at Cambridge. Vincent was of middle height, dark, lithe and athletic. He had an electric energy, and quick, penetrating brown eyes with a merry light in them that was attractive; also a brown moustache that approached the feminine ideal. Halladay was of stouter and flabbier build, with a blond, sharp-pointed beard, and a face like Lord Salisbury's. Lord Salisbury was, in fact, secretly his model. He was the cousin of a peer, but notwithstanding this drawback, had managed to develop a value of his own, which shows his great force and determination. He was also five years older than Vincent, who was only thirty-one, and, in the game of life, if not of love, years have a distinct value of their own. Both men drew lavish salaries, moved in the

highest society of Rome, and were polished carpet cavaliers and very popular. Both, too, had weaknesses which revealed their temperaments and are correlated forces in this narrative.

Vincent's weakness was a small sloop yacht which he kept at Naples for vacation cruises. Not having time, in the pressure of events, to love a woman, he loved this yacht. Whenever social, diplomatic or international affairs did not command his attention, he and his pipe and the yacht had charming hours of mental communion together in his apartment. Whenever leaves of absence permitted, the three did Capri, Sorrento, Ischia, and the adjacent Turner paintings of the Bay of Naples in congenial company. On stretching seas, in the calm and gorgeous afterglow, he dreamed of a possible fair one in the nebulous future. This showed his temperament to be romantic.

Halladay's weakness was "The War Cloud in the Balkans." Whenever other news failed he would knot his editorial brow and use his portentous ink and see ominous signs of trouble in Servia, Bulgaria, and the Balkan Provinces. One could always see ominous signs of trouble in Servia, Bulgaria and the Balkan Provinces, at that time, and they make an excellent frame on which to hang long and sweeping periods dealing with possible international complications. From which it will be seen that Halladay was ambitious. He always used the most majestic polysyllables that fitted, and these won him the reputation of a powerful and far-seeing correspondent, which reputation he confidently believed that he deserved.

These diverse temperaments caused the two men to secretly scorn each other, and this feeling was not diminished by their alternating newspaper triumphs, important bits of news from the Quirinal or the ministries, which fell now to one and now to the other, and

caused the usual variations of anger and delight.

Thus it was when Miss Belmayne and her parents arrived at the Grand Hotel late in the winter of 1888. Parents are, of course, of no importance, but it may be mentioned that Mr. Belmayne had made stoves, and incidentally accumulated two millions, on the shore of Lake Michigan. Miss Belmayne was one of those girls who, without effort, bowl over unprepared Englishmen like tenpins. She had style, Paris style, and this, when the dressmaker is driven with an intelligent curb, is very fascinating. She was fairly tall, blonde, had ideas, dark blue eyes, and a frank, sympathetic nature. All these exercised a novel and powerful influence on the two men. They met her on the same evening at a diplomatic reception. The charms mentioned were quite enough for Vincent. He went home, lighted his pipe, put on his slippers, looked at the fire and said "By Jove!" He said nothing more to the fire or anything else for two mortal hours. Then he said "By Jove!" again and went to bed. The same charms sufficed to stagger Halladay, but to them he added the two millions. He was older and more practical. He wrote his cousin the peer and told him to be sure to come to Rome that winter. Then he mentally watered his genealogical tree, resolved to lay siege to the beautiful Vicksburg with the firm patience of a Grant, and absently took a cold bath. This chilled him, at midnight, but did not check his ardor.

Miss Belmayne took Rome and the Forum and the Coliseum very seriously. This was a novelty to Vincent and Halladay, so they awoke to its grandeur, and took it very seriously indeed. They sent her books and bronzes, and prehistoric pavements, and fragments of ancient palaces by the cartload. Papa Belmayne, who was indulgent, said he didn't particularly care for a macadamized drawing room and engaged another

room to hold the ancient architecture. The attentions of the two men soon became constant and very marked. And through archaeological mornings and afternoon drives, on the blocks of the Forum and the steps of the Coliseum, on the Pincian Hill and the roof of St. Peter's, they fell deeper and deeper in love, but kept their own counsel. The dear girl was as yet unconscious of it, but they hated each other with the hate of the 1850-60 dramas. It was anything—all—to win the adorable beauty, and sentence the other fellow to life-long despair.

The primal cause of all the subsequent trouble was Vincent's yacht. He had, on various occasions, shown Miss Belmayne the high responsibility of his position as correspondent of the *Thunderer*. Now and then he wrote his despatches at her hotel, after dinner, and two days later would read her the powerful, ponderous *Thunderer* editorials, which, telegraphed all over Europe, were based upon the despatches sent by him. This interested her tremendously. Like every true American girl of nowadays—in her antematrimonial, ante-babies-of-her-own period—she secretly longed to sway nations. To write despatches which set Europe and America in a ferment, which caused Salisbury, the German Emperor, and the Czar to instantly buckle on their skates, as it were, and dash off to do something final, seemed to her the only occupation worthy of woman or of man. She found nothing so delightful as helping him, and he knew nothing so delightful as her help, notwithstanding that the hotel note-paper was scarcely the proper stationery to bear this freight of heavy thought. When the *Thunderer* arrived she would read the despatches with a thrill of interest born of her indirect connection with the great newspaper. Finally, she wanted to write a despatch—just a little one—all by herself. He, reserving rights

of correction and revision, consented. It was a safe contribution, not at all sensational, about the returns of the olive crop. She wrote it. She also read it, word for word, in print, two days later. That experience was a crisis in her life. Destiny opened out its arms to her as a Woman of Might and Power. Halladay lost ground visibly after that, and had emotional neuralgia of the most torturing kind.

The cause of the trouble, as before stated, was the yacht. A dirty steam-trader from Marseilles, while coming to anchor, had taken off the bowsprit of Vincent's secondary idol, together with a large slice of her peerless nose. It was like an accident to a highly esteemed female cousin. The best medical attention was instantly necessary. Vincent knew the Italians. He knew that if he did not personally arrange the contract for repairs at Naples the contractor who did them would afterwards own the yacht, bring suit against his personal fortune, and hold his family responsible for the balance of the money. In short, he had to go to Naples for two days. Miss Belmayne, strange to say, received the news with joy.

"I'll look after things. I'll send anything that's necessary to the *Thunderer*," she said.

He stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, do let me! Please do! I want to show you the breadth of my mind."

Events were very dull journalistically. And when a beautiful girl wants to show you the breadth of her mind it is not only dangerous to say "no," but wise to say "yes," that is, if you are as much in love as he was. He finally consented and she radiated enthusiasm. "Just read the papers if you *do* send anything, and be guided by them," said he. "But don't—er—don't send *too* much, and nothing that isn't important." Then he went away to single combat with the con-

tractor. She couldn't do him any harm. If what she sent was bad, it wouldn't be printed. And his consent to the proposal would certainly do him infinite good in connection with another proposal. Thus he mused, in love, and in the train to Naples.

Now, it is doubtless fully understood by all adult persons that when an American girl desires to show the breadth of her mind she is destined to show it at all hazards. The responsibility of her position weighed heavily upon Miss Belmayne. She came down to breakfast next morning with a far-away look in her eyes and two brown prima-donna hair-curlers still nestling in the soft silken hair above her forehead. Papa Belmayne at first assumed that this was a new style in breakfast toilets and said nothing. He could never keep quite abreast of the fashions and he had made mistakes before. Then he conceived that it might possibly be an evidence of strong, disturbing emotion, and ventured to inquire. She gravely removed the hair-curlers, and after striking her hair three skilful taps, put them in her pocket. Then she cautiously whispered to him the news. She, SHE, was the Acting Rome Correspondent of the *Thunderer*. Papa was startled. It flashed instantly upon his practical Chicago mind that with a wire like that, something might be done in wheat. But no—on second thought—that wouldn't do. Still, he was proud, very proud, of his daughter. He proceeded to like Vincent amazingly. "We'll give the old *Thunderer* a lift, my dear, if anything happens. I'll furnish the statesmanship and you look out for the spelling and punctuation," said he. Halladay he had never liked. That gentleman's family tree and its luxuriant foliage had been exhibited several times in his presence and it annoyed him. Not having dealt largely in trees in his career, he didn't believe in them. So Vincent's stock rose clear about the hundred mark

in the Belmayne family, and Halladay's fell steadily to zero, with no offers.

Halladay knew this and fumed in secret. He also guessed at once from Miss Belmayne's words and questions, the foolish thing that Vincent had done. He saw in it only a clever move of his rival, and also saw a chance to spoil Vincent's chances and win Miss Belmayne with a single safe play. He was devoted, but thoughtful all that afternoon. Then he went away and meditated.

At ten that evening he entered the Belmayne drawing room, sharp-pointed, immaculate, and smiling with a visible air of conscious triumph.

"Ha, ha, ha! Sorry for Vincent. Pity he's away," he said.

"Oh! What has happened? I've read all the evening papers," said the Acting Correspondent.

"Can't say, you know. Must keep a good thing to myself when I get it."

"Is it a very good thing?"

"Very."

"Is it a *big* thing?" This with fear and trembling.

"Biggest in months. May cause a rebellion in Italy. You know these Italians. Hair-trigger sort of people when anything happens that they don't quite like."

"Oh! Mr. Halladay! Please tell me."

He proceeded not to tell her, for the next half hour, in the cleverest way possible. He dangled the bait before her and cruelly enjoyed her attempts to seize it. He saw with concealed fury, however, that her anxiety was the tender anxiety that he most greatly feared. This armed him in his resolve, and having excited her curiosity till it was painful, he went downstairs.

"What is it, my dear?" said Belmayne.

Miss Belmayne was dumb with disappointment.

She loved Vincent—she knew it in that moment—and he would be dreadfully beaten, without excuse, and perhaps lose his position. Because of their compact, he had even failed to notify the *Thunderer* of his absence.

"I've missed the greatest news of the year," she said sharply. "Do go down to the smoking room. They're sure to be talking about it. Follow Halladay and see to whom he speaks. We *must* get something about it."

Papa Belmayne was stout, vigorous, fifty-five, and came from Chicago. His hair was curly and showed only a few white lines. Spurred by parental love and a desire for something to do that was slowly undermining his constitution, he followed Halladay like the species of hound which is called sleuth. His eyes twinkled and his blood was up. He had always known that anybody can be a newspaper correspondent, and he enjoyed trying it. He quickly found Halladay in the smoking room and kept his eye on him. Halladay observed this and was deeply glad. It was as he had hoped. Belmayne had fallen heels over head into his trap.

Halladay was in earnest, low-toned conversation with Sir George Perleybore, a tall, thin, white-haired, perfectly groomed baronet, of any age above sixty-five, the kind of lay figure met everywhere in the best hotels of the south of Europe during winter. Sir George was astonished. Papa Belmayne saw this plainly, and lay low like Brer Rabbit. Halladay finally went away. Papa then greeted Sir George carelessly and proposed a whiskey-and-soda. Also cigars. Sir George said: "Most extraordinary! Wouldn't have believed it. What'll these beggars do next!" Papa swelled with repressed eagerness. Then it all came out. He got it—every word of it—and chuckled at his own diplomacy. Then he flew to the elevator.

"Now I know what I'm talking about, my dear,"

he said, when her burst of joy was over. "I understand these things and you don't. I haven't been a State senator two terms for nothing. You sit down and take your pen and I'll dictate."

Papa expanded like a balloon, walked the floor, and dictated. He measured every word by cubic measurement. He dictated the short despatch four times and half of another time in all. She wrote and scratched out and turned the dictionary pages feverishly, and thought how clearly Edward would see the breadth of her mind.

And neither Edward nor the *Thunderer* knew the doom that was impending.

When the despatch was finally completed she knew that she could have expressed it much more elegantly, but papa was inexorable. He'd tell the story in America, by jimmie, and he wanted to read his own despatch in the London *Thunderer*. So she copied it in a bold, round hand, signed Vincent's cipher, gave it to Vincent's commissionnaire, who called at eleven, and both she and papa went to bed feeling very well indeed.

At ten o'clock the next morning—Roman time—the face of Europe wore a fearful geographical frown. Consternation, perplexity and uncertainty ruled in five empires. From Downing Street the news went under the channel to the Paris Elysée and overland to the



winter palaces of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. In her honest attempt to sway nations, the dear girl had succeeded. The Thrones sent messengers to the foreign offices; the foreign offices wired the ambassadors, and neither wire nor cable could work half fast enough to please the respective senders. When the stock exchanges opened, Italian Rentes fell six points, and their allies weakened in proportion. The smash had come. Italy was bankrupt and the Triple Alliance would fall to pieces. It all arose from a despatch and an editorial in the columns of the London *Thunderer*, those columns which were held to be as infallible as the multiplication table itself. This was the despatch:

ITALY

[From our own correspondent.]

I saw Signor Crespo this evening, and learned from him that the new and important item in the Budget, the new source of revenue which has been promised and upon which great hopes have been based, will take the form of a national tax upon moustaches. In his bill, which he will introduce in the Chamber to-morrow, it will be provided that every citizen of Italy wearing a moustache shall pay a sumptuary tax thereupon of one lira yearly. In the ordinary course this tax will yield the twenty million lire per annum which are so greatly needed and whose source up to now, it has been impossible to discover. Of course a certain amount of opposition from the Left is confidently to be expected. The tax on moustaches will undoubtedly afford an opportunity to the Socialists to champion individual rights and protest against interference therewith; but, on the other hand, the clerical wing are certain to view the innovation with favor. The popular acceptance of the measure is, however, difficult to forecast.

This was probably the most nonsensical despatch that has ever appeared in any newspaper, great or small. The editor had looked at it, incredulous. The leading

writer said: "H'm, it's neck or nothing with Crespo." Only Vincent's cipher and the condition of Italy made belief possible; but it was believed. This was the editorial:—

The extraordinary course which has been adopted by the Prime Minister of Italy in order to replenish the national treasury is so radical an extension of the general principle of taxation that neither its wisdom nor its result can yet be declared with any degree of certainty. Statistics do not, unfortunately, furnish us with the number of Italian citizens who at the period of the last census were wearing moustaches. It is a well-known fact, however, that the custom of cultivating hair in an ornamental form upon the upper lip is perhaps more firmly established as a national habit in Italy than in any other country of the world at the present time. The first lesson of this proposed legislation is its certain indication of the extreme if not hopeless financial straits into which the monarchy has fallen. The second is the very doubtful character of the tax itself as a reliable source of revenue, when viewed from the standpoints of expediency and of successful enforcement. It will be necessary for legislation to establish with perfect clearness not only what a moustache legally is, but also at what age, both of the wearer and of the moustache itself, it becomes taxable; and in these two directions, to say nothing of the popular acceptance or rejection of the measure, the visible difficulties are both many and great.

On that very afternoon a man in a yachting suit went over the side of a yacht at Naples and was rowed to the pier. He was happy and buoyant with the buoyant happiness of the man who loves and is loved. Upon reaching the pier he bought the second edition of the *Corrièrē di Napoli* and glanced at the telegraph columns. The *Thunderer* despatch had been cabled back to Naples, and under sensational headlines was the first to meet his eye.

His first thought was that he was losing his mind and inventing the telegram. Then something flashed

upon him, and his heart seemed to stop beating. He staggered to the curb of the pier, sat down and shut his eyes. He was never sure afterwards, whether he fainted or not. For five minutes he knew only the silent whirl of agonized thoughts. He grasped at once what had happened. It was Halladay's work, and Halladay had ruined him. The *Thunderer* was the laughing stock of Europe, and he, as the responsible sender of that despatch, was journalistically done for. Ambition spoke first, and the pain was of the bitterest. Love spoke next, but with all his rage and despair he could not find the power to be harsh to Miss Belmayne. "The dear girl!" he said. "She did her best, and that scoundrel fooled her completely. Oh, oh, oh!" And he squeezed his head with his hands as if to shut out the thought of his position and the inevitable consequences that he must face.

A little knot of loungers had gathered, his evident pain exciting their sympathy. This recalled him to himself, and he took a cab and drove away. Little knots of men stood in front of all the cafés, excitedly discussing the new tax. Half of them were clean shaven for the first time in their lives and the rest were about to be. There was a run on every hairdresser's shop in Naples. The Italian is poor, the taxes are killing, and the art of dodging them is the first thing taught to children. Vincent still held the paper and now read its comments on the tax. They combined a scream of sarcastic laughter with a howl of furious rage. Italy had been touched on the spot that was tenderest. But—and here was a gleam of hope—the reputation of the *Thunderer* was so high that the despatch had been taken seriously. The "sell" had not yet been exposed. If only Crespo would save him—but no! Crespo's position, already imperilled by a crisis, was worse than his own. Crespo would want to shoot him on the spot.

He caught the 2.40 train and rode to Rome in a state of numbness. What he would do to Halladay he did not dare to think. He was a man in a rage, a hungry, thirsty rage, that threatened to overpower him. Nor did he dare to go to his apartment. There lay the telegram dismissing him in derision and contempt. In his sorrow his heart turned to love for consolation. Arrived at Rome, he drove to the hotel, entered Miss Belmayne's drawing room with a white, sad face, and sat in the shadow.

The Acting Correspondent came in radiant, beaming with pride and pleasure over her shrewdness and success.

"Have you seen it? It's in the Roman papers. You didn't get beaten. Oh, I was *so* worried and *so* happy when I knew you were safe!"

She stopped, mystified at his silence. Then she saw his pallor and his expression.

"Are you ill? What is it? What's the matter?"

He tried to spare her; tried to pass the matter over lightly. But the moment she knew that the despatch had caused his trouble all subterfuges were useless. Her face, too, grew white, and she kept on asking him question after question, till she fully understood the effect of what she had done. His ruin was certain, but his replies were gentle, quiet, and full of sympathy. Then the society girl known as Miss Belmayne disappeared and the woman in her came out. His career was ended and through his love for her. His big, beautiful girl stood up, tried to say she was sorry, but couldn't. Her lips only quivered and wouldn't work. Then she sat down, bolt upright, on the sofa, and the tears came first creeping and then tumbling down from her eyelashes as she cried, broken hearted, without a word or a handkerchief. He tried to soothe her, to say it was nothing. "O, Edward!" was all she said.

In spite of his grief he observed the word "Edward."

Upon this interesting and unconventional social tableau, bustled in Papa Belmayne, of Chicago, millionaire and newspaper correspondent. He saw a white young man and a young person bathed in tears.

"Wha—what's the matter?" said he, starting and peering over his eyeglasses.

"I'm done for, but it's all my own fault," said the young man. Papa inquired and was told. He sat down suddenly in a state of collapse.

"If that sneak comes here again, I'll cowhide him," he said, exploding. "I'll thrash him anyhow. Anyhow!" he roared with the rage of an honest man who has been beaten at his own game.

Then several minutes of sad, solemn silence ensued, each trying to find a ray of light in the gloom.

"Why don't you see Crespo? He's a friend of yours, isn't he?" said Belmayne.

"He has been."

"Then come on. Laura, you come with us. We did it. We're responsible, and we'll take the blame: Crespo is the only man that can save you. Here! Order me a carriage!" he shouted to the maid.

The combative financier who had faced and won a hundred battles that were real battles, was not to be daunted by a prime minister and a newspaper and a little thing like this. His courage, of course, infected his daughter. With father at the helm everything would, of course, be all right. It must be all right. So she hoped once more and darted away for hat pins. While waiting for her and the hat pins, at the elevator, another thing occurred. Belmayne put his hand in a friendly way on Vincent's shoulder and said: "Young man, don't you worry. If you have to give up journalism, you may possibly do much better than that. I know you and I like you." Vincent nodded quietly. The implied promise was well meant, but it did not

appeal to him just then. They drove to the Quirinal Hill in silence. The Acting Correspondent merely asked her father if her hat was on straight. She secretly proposed to take the prime minister by storm.

Now, during all these woeful occurrences, Chance, which, as everybody knows, is the prime minister of Providence, was playing tricks upon another prime minister, the temporary ruler of Italy. Signor Crespo was at his wits' end over the new tax measures. In order to pass them he had to yield to the demands of the Socialist-Anarchist wing of his party, and if he failed to pass them he fell from power. One alternative was as distasteful as the other, and he was rapidly growing gray in his efforts to find a way out of the dilemma. When the *Thunderer* despatch was brought him he jumped to his feet in amazement. Then he scratched his head and said "Ah!" Then he smiled a smile of joy. He foresaw something.

Two minutes afterwards the double doors of his private room were burst open and a portly marquis, one of his enemies in the Cabinet, rushed in and said: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake—"

The prime minister said nothing.

Other high politicians of his party, rivals, and enemies, rushed in and cried: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake—"

Signor Crespo said nothing.

The King sent a noble duke hot-footed to say: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake—"

The prime minister still said nothing, but in different words.

In half an hour they were all on their knees, all the opposing elements he had spent months in trying to combine. They accepted the tax on moustaches as a fact, and saw that, in revenge on them, he was going to ruin the party. They begged him not to propose it.

He consented—on conditions. They agreed abjectly to his terms, told him to count on their votes, and, when the Chamber met, passed his Budget, which they had previously agreed to defeat, by a huge majority.

This is why the prime minister, who had made inquiries, was also eager to see the Acting Correspondent who had sent that despatch. Being a devout man, however, he looked upon the real sender as Providence.

The carriage party entered the Ministry. To Vincent it seemed to be wrapped in accusing gloom. It was his farewell to the prime minister, both as friend and correspondent. Nevertheless, he wrote on his card: "With Mr. and Miss Belmayne to explain that despatch."

They were silently ushered in and stood in the great man's presence, three drooping figures, guilty and downcast. Belmayne was not happy. He was not used to cringing before anybody. Laura's eyes were full of new tears. She would sway no more nations, whatever the temptation. Vincent was pale and grave.

For some reason the prime minister began to laugh. He had not felt like laughing for three months, and he enjoyed the feeling. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

Vincent was angry.

"Does it strike you as comical?" said he.

"Comical! It's providential. See here," said Signor Crespo, pointing to a pile of at least a hundred telegrams. "All Europe wants information about your despatch. I mean Miss Belmayne's despatch," he said, bowing gracefully.

"Then you—you understand how it happened?"

"Yes."

"And of course you—you've exposed it?"

"Oh, no. They thought I meant it. It has saved the situation."

"What?" said Vincent, thunderstruck.

"And in return, my friend, I have saved you. The *Thunderer*, unable to get an answer from you, telegraphed me for indorsement. I sent this:

"The *Thunderer*, London.

"In consequence of concessions from opposing elements, I shall not present my proposed tax on moustaches.

"CRESPO."

"BY JOVE!" said Vincent.

"EDWARD!" screamed somebody.

"Hurrah!" said Belmayne.

And Edward's arms were filled with sudden millinery, and two hearts were filled with deepest joy.

Two events of different kinds succeeded.

Halladay was abused by the *National* for missing the most important news of the year. When he gave a true explanation of the matter he was scoffed at. It was visibly false. He then proceeded to turn to a pale but not unbecoming green color. The doctors said liver; the cause was unrequited love.

The other event was a social function of a happy, even hilarious, character, at the Grand Hotel. This is not of importance, however, in a country where orange blossoms are indigenous.

H. J. W. Dam.

Reviews

The Platonic Epistles

“**T**HHERE is more instruction for the man of feeling in the tragedy of Plato, which is unfolded in the letters, than in all the lofty flights of speculation that arouse admiration.” This passage from the notes of a new translation of the *Platonic Epistles** has the remarkable merit of suddenly transfusing these curious documents with a new light. The letters, genuine or spurious, have been employed in many ways. Historians, accepting most of them as genuine, have used them in their trade because they contain certain information on a very complicated phase of ancient Sicilian history. Philosophers, led to them by their attribution to a great name, have inclined from this belief in their genuineness, no doubt because the philosophical doctrine included is stated with dubious looseness or is entirely absent. Others, not primarily expert in either of these pursuits, have been at a sad loss. No English translation, with the exception of inadequate Nineteenth Century ones, has been available. The several German renderings, all of good-standing, have for the most part remained unused except by scholars and platonic enthusiasts.

With this new volume in their hands, those who read Plato as Shelley undoubtedly read him, not for the closely-woven philosophical idea, but for the sudden flower of moral beauty and because there is a finely-strung and sensitive soul behind the coolness, the almost stern perfection of the dialogues, can come closer to

* *Thirteen Epistles of Plato, translated by L. A. Post, Oxford, 1925.*

reality. In the letters Plato stands out, and in sharp contrast to the usual blackening that follows such enlightenment, appears even better than dreams have made him.

The record of Plato's experiences with the tyrant Dionysius the Younger of Syracuse and with the favored disciple Dion, who was related by marriage to Dionysius, is a very simple tale. Hopes, spurred on by philosophical and political enthusiasm, are brought almost to the goal of practical consummation, and then slowly and mercilessly destroyed by the spiritual weakness of Dionysius, by the murder of Dion, and by the endless rancour and unworthiness of all the minor figures. The merit of the letters is largely due to the insight given us into a great man caught in the millstones that have ground countless nameless beings. Are we shown but one more example of

. . . . “*the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes*”?

The letters answer this question fully. A sober intellectual sorrow, which is the only grief that really passes all understanding, fills the most important ones.

This brings us to the question of the literary merits of Mr. Post's translation. It is comforting to have pre-knowledge of the fact that the fibre of the English language is as strong and pliant in its way as the Greek, to know that impassioned speech is possible in our own tongue, to be sensitive to the presence or absence of such intensity. And we can safely assume that the original Greek records strong personal feeling in the usual way, by the heightening of the prose rhythm until it nears the poetic.

It is gratifying to find that Mr. Post has made the most of such passages, and the three important letters, the III, VII, VIII, addressed to Dionysius and to the com-

panions of the murdered Dion respectively, give him ample opportunity to use his skill. He translates with a full comprehension of the spiritual pressure that expands even the most unassuming sentence. The words have the heavy march that only an intense experience of the tragedy of existence can give. The translator who is continually aware of implications such as these, who is sensitive to the myriad colors that tinge every word conceived in emotion, and who then carries such knowledge from one language to another, has fulfilled a higher function than mechanical accuracy alone would permit.

What of the remainder of the book? Unfortunately, the praise of these portions must be diluted. The chief fault is due neither to the translator nor to the publisher. It lies in a certain intractability of material. Nowhere, outside the three splendid letters, is there the same intensity, the same feeling of the personality of Plato shining in every detail. The other and shorter notes are almost uniformly dull to all who have not an expert interest. Nor does any reason, except a desire for completeness, warrant the inclusion of the three letters that are admitted forgeries.

The wide divergence in style between the genuine and spurious letters in Greek is, strangely enough, apparent in English. A more important alteration in style, and that can be traced between the great genuine letters and the seven less interesting ones, cannot be overlooked. In this connection only English style is considered, the various grammatical usages and prose rhythms of the Greek, which in Mr. Post's opinion are in the best platonic manner, have no bearing on the question raised. If the translation rises with the original, and this can be justly said, justice demands for its truth the statement that the translation sometimes sinks, and I should imagine rather lower than the original, because dullness

in Greek, when there is vocabulary to amuse and grammar to instruct cannot be as bad as dullness in English.

To be intelligible all letters demand a large amount of explanatory matter, and the *Platonic Epistles* are more than rigorous in this respect. Although the emotional portions speak clearly in their own behalf, there is an enormous residue of detailed and complicated historical and philosophical material which must be explained to all but the most highly trained reader. Since it can be assumed that this type of reader has used the originals, the space that is devoted to introductions and notes is no more than adequate. The historical details could not have been presented in a more easily understood manner, but those with an uncertain knowledge of the philosophical background would welcome a similarly full treatment of this aspect of the matter.

The notes too, seem weak in another respect. There is a tendency to repeat some notes, especially those dealing with proper names. The carefully prepared index should be more than adequate even for those whose memories will not run beyond a page. For those whose memories do, this is a continual irritant.

And, lastly, scattered through the introductions are a few short sentences whose combined effect is to weaken the book as a whole. These are most often dogmatic statements of a sort that cannot be readily accepted, such as the rhetorical question. "Where, though, shall we look for the quintessence of platonism if not in the old age of Plato himself?" The reader is far too much inclined to answer, "In almost any place." And there are remarks which seem too perfect copies of oracular utterances, where the obscurity defies logical analysis, "His purpose knows no recantation." These things, though they do not disturb the argument and power of the translation, have a cumulative effect that is bad rather than merely indifferent.

W. A. R.

The Autobiography of an Attitude

THE inclusion of the word "attitude" in the title of George Jean Nathan's latest book is most disarming. Just as one prepares to discharge the usual critical fusillade of "poseur," "attitudinizer," and so forth, one finds the guns completely spiked. It was a neat idea.

As for the content of the book, there is only this to be said: that it is exactly what one would expect from the given title and the given author; and there has been so much hullabaloo raised about Nathan in recent years that everyone ought to know what that means. Much of the material has been reprinted from his *Clinical Notes* and *Theatre* departments in the *American Mercury*, and as it covers diverse topics from patriotism to the "dear, damned, inconstant sex," it has the appearance of a *réchauffé* confection of what Nathan believes to be his brightest and most characteristic dicta.

The quality of these dicta is not even. His first entry under his "Attitude Toward Theology," for example, is a cheap wise-crack: "Jesus Christ was born in 6 B. C. The Right Rev. William T. Manning, S.T.D., D.D., LL.D., was born in 1866 A. D. How time flies!" The obviousness of some of his remarks is ill-concealed: "The cornerstone of successful American daily journalism is scandal . . ." And the truth of others is sometimes dubious. But in spite of the reader's occasional feelings of disrelish and disappointment, there is adequate repayment in the acuteness and sophisticated quality of such observations as: "It is seldom that the beauty of a woman's face can survive her laughter;" and: "Married women whom one has known and been fond of in their single years seem always to be bent upon proving laboriously to one how happy they are."

I. L. H.

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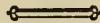
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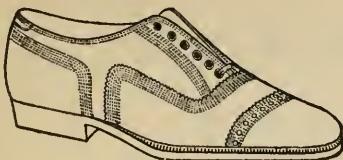
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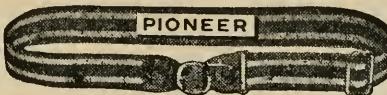
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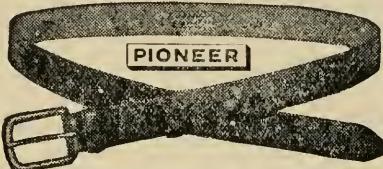
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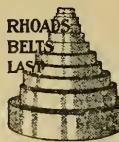
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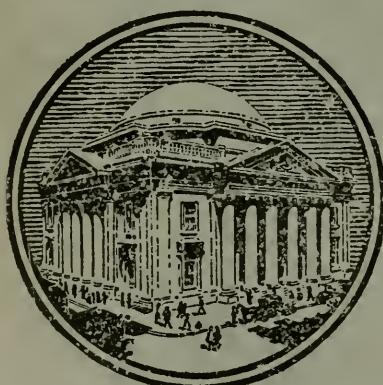
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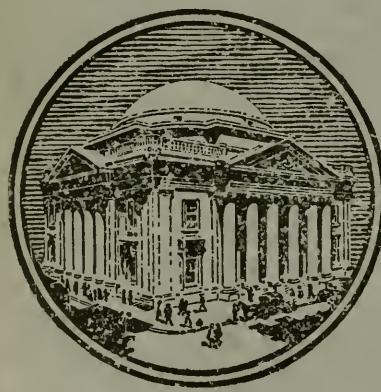
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The ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙
AVERFORDIAN
published ☙ monthly ☙ at
Haverford ☙ College

FEBRUARY, 1926

SHALLOW SOIL

ADDISON JACKSON ALLEN

DUST

BRAMWELL LINN

A CELESTIAL FLIRTATION

CHARLES H. DARLINGTON

NORTHWARD!

WILLIAM K. ALSOP, JR.

MADAME

AND

TO A MEMORY

ROBERT BARRY

THE MIRROR OF POT LUCK

RICHARD C. BULL

WHAT LIES BEYOND

ALBERT V. FOWLER

REVIEWS



"It's a Tough World,"

remarked one disappointed Freshman to a sympathetic Senior.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1926 No. 5

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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“Gretta was slender loveliness.”

Madame.

Shallow Soil

“‘PA SAYS he’s going to take a look at Jenny’s hoof an’ not to wait supper.” Jim slid into his chair and started a vigorous offensive against the corn-pone and gravy his mother set before him.

“What’s wrong with Jenny’s hoof? She was all right when your Pa took her out to the field this morning.”

“Guess she’s got a stone in her shoe or something. She was limping when we stopped plowing. You know the upper field’s an awful place to plow what with the hill and rocks and everything. This country wasn’t made for farming anyway. Pa works like the devil was after him, and what’s he got out of it? Just enough to keep body and soul together and what’s the use of body and soul if you put it right back in the land?”

Elda Fischer could well understand Jim’s bitterness. Her mind leaped back to that cold, gray day when her father, gnarled and broken by his life-long struggle with the shallow, rocky soil, had finally been defeated. She could still hear the triumphant clods and stones dropping heavily on the coffin, counting out the hard useless years of his life. By that grave she had resolved that her life would not be wasted in the mountains, that she would never come under the power of the land. But she had left one very important thing out of her calculations. Young Adam Fischer had swept her off her feet before she could escape; love had triumphed over her dread. And now, she thought bitterly, she would see the tragedy enacted once more. Adam drove himself and his family with an iron hand in the desperate struggle to wrench existence from the soil. But life, to Elda, meant more than existence and, though she had ceased to hope for herself, her cold, impassive exterior covered

a rosy castle of dreams for Jim. Two tragedies are enough in any woman's life, she thought.

Elda had a dignity of bearing and regal simplicity unusual in the women of the Ozark region. She was tall and gaunt and her long, straight nose and pointed chin seemed chiseled out of rock. Her face was wrinkled, specially about the eyes, where little crow's feet of worry had early developed, and her hair was drawn straight back and done up in a tight knot at the back of her head. Though Elda's shell of reserve cracked only under the greatest strain, it covered a shrine where, in secret, she allowed herself the luxury of worshipping an idol. Jim had been the one thing that made her life in the mountains bearable and he had made up, in part, for the things Elda had sacrificed for love. He was an attractive youth of eighteen. His face was open and friendly and with his thick, chestnut hair and deep, blue eyes, Elda thought that he marked the high-water point of masculine charm.

She could see that he was discouraged and longed to say something hopeful. She wanted to ruffle his hair and comfort him, but, of course one didn't do such things. And besides, what was there hopeful to be said? The hill farms were nothing but patches. Patches of potatoes and patches of corn and then scrub oak and scrub oak and more scrub oak.

"Turn down the lamp, Jim, it's smoking." A silent pause, then, "You'd better get in some more wood for the stove."

He rose gloomily, "If I could go to the city, you can bet I wouldn't waste all my life like Pa has. There'd be something more there than crops and crops and crops."

Elda went to the window and gazed out over the hills toward the glow left by the setting sun. The dank mist was beginning to rise from Turkey Creek. She

turned sharply. "Such nonsense I never did hear. Your Pa wouldn't think of letting you go. He's looking to you to keep this farm going after he's dead and gone. There's always been Fischers in these hills and he thinks there always will be. Go along and get that wood in and don't be getting ideas into your head."

The boy's shoulders drooped a little as he went out of the room. Elda followed him with her gaze. She felt the years that she had toiled and seen men toil in those hills pressing her down like a heavy weight. Would he be bowed by the same weight? She had had love, that is, what was left of love after the bitter struggle with the soil had sapped it of its vitality. But it wasn't worth the price. She went to the cupboard and took out a little old bean-pot. Pouring the coins that it contained out into her hand, she counted them, then slowly shook her head. Jim came in followed by his father. Elda replaced the pot and started to dish up Adam's supper.

"Fix Jenny's hoof?"

"No. Too dark. It's a mean three-cornered stone. I'll fix it in the morning."

"Don't forget to see Hartley about Emeline tomorrow. He took that cow away a month ago and hasn't paid a cent yet."

"He'll be around one of these nights. No use worrying."

"Somebody's got to worry. More corn-pone?"

There was the sound of wheels on the rough ledges outside the cabin.

"Jim, go out and see who it is." Jim sauntered out to greet the passing neighbor.

"Adam," Elda's voice vibrated, "can't we let Jim go to the city? He'll never make a good farmer and the land'll just take all the spirit out of him."

"What rot has he been putting into your head. I'll make him into a farmer. He's a Fischer and he belongs

in these mountains. The land never took the spirit out of me."

"You're talking nonsense, Adam Fischer, damned nonsense," she laughed harshly. "Your spirit's broken and you don't know it. You're a slave, Adam, a slave to the soil and you want to chain him to it. Let him go. Oh, I've seen it all too often. Let him go before it's too late."

"No! Elda," sternly, "you're all wrought up and don't know what you're saying. Me—a slave?" He burst into laughter that didn't sound real. She had never seen his face look so old, and as he reached for a glass of water his hand trembled. "Jim will stay in the mountains. What's good enough for other Fischers is good enough for him."

Jim came in with an envelope.

"More corn-pone?" Elda's lips made a hard, straight line.

"No, I've finished." A tremor ran through Adam's great frame.

"That was Hartley," said Jim, "brought over the money for Emeline. He just came from the city." The boy tried to appear casual, but the word trembled a little. "He was telling me about it."

"Humph! Lot he knows about it," said Adam. "Put the money in the tea-pot and come to bed. We got to finish the plowing tomorrow."

Jim took the bills from the envelope and stuck them in the old, cracked tea-pot that served as a family bank. "Cows cost right smart, don't they?" His mother was washing the supper dishes. "Guess I'll take a look at the weather."

With both of the men gone, Elda finished the dishes and sat down in a rocker with some of Adam's socks to darn. She stuck her finger through a big hole, then sat rocking to and fro, staring straight ahead of her. She

gritted her teeth. Men are so like mules. They get an idea into their heads and will never give it up. Adam knew that she was right, that was why he had stormed so, yet his crazy pride was going to ruin Jim. She knew how fast the light of young ambition would die from Jim's eyes if he stayed in the hills. It had happened to all the Taney County farmers. They were moles—moles that grubbed and grubbed in the earth until they couldn't see anything but earth. Why couldn't she be blind? Why couldn't she forget her youthful dream of something else? Perhaps she could, if Jim got away. The tea-pot caught her eye, but she winced at the thought that came, unbidden, to her mind. Elda had a sense of honor as cold and hard as steel. Jim would get his chance, but not that way.

"Looks like rain," Jim said, and as he spoke the first drops began to patter on the roof, "but it won't last." Elda rolled up the untouched socks. "Better go to bed, Jim. Your Pa's snoring already." She started to set the table for breakfast. Jim moved about restlessly.

"Jenny was on edge. I guess that stone makes her nervous." He took a cracker from a bag in the cupboard and, munching it, climbed up the ladder to the loft.

What an infernal creaking that ladder makes, thought Elda, sounds like a wagon that needs greasing. She lit a candle, blew out the lamp, and went into the next room.

When she awoke, clouds were scudding across the sky like wisps of smoke. It had stopped raining, but the wind was still blowing in gusts. The east was just beginning to brighten. Elda felt her nerves strung like harp strings. She had been dreaming and felt tense as though she had been listening with all her body. What was it? Oh, yes, she had been dreaming about her father and his old farm wagon. How it used to creak. What a foolish dream!

She dressed hurriedly and started to get breakfast. "Jim, you'd better get up." No response. "Jim!" She turned from the stove and started for the ladder, but stopped suddenly, staring at it. "Sounds like a wagon that needs greasing." The color drained from her cheeks, leaving them an ashy gray. Every muscle in her body seemed turned to stone. She could hardly catch her breath, but with a tremendous effort she went to the cupboard and with shaking hands took down the cracked tea-pot. It was empty.

When her husband came into the room she was leaning over the stove. She turned sharply. "Adam, I took the money you got last night and gave it to Jim."

"You—"

"Keep still!" She transfixed him with a look so stern and harsh that he could almost feel it knifing through him. "I told him it was money the summer campers gave me and sent him to Cole Camp to get the morning train for the city."

Elda thought the veins in Adam's forehead would burst. "You—stole! Stole!" His voice trembled with rage. "Hell-cat, blood-sucker, leech. The mother of a Fischer steal? I married to a thief?" His lips curled in a sardonic smile, "and you mountain-bred too." He whirled and flung out of the house, slamming the door after him.

A little tune she had heard as a child came to Elda. She hummed it. It was pretty. She went about the room picking things up and laying them down again. Her eyes looked like hard agate and the lines in her face were deep and dark. There was a dull pounding in her head. Jim wouldn't do that. She had taught him what honor meant. He wouldn't do that.

There was the sound of subdued voices outside the cabin. Hartley, the Fischers' nearest neighbor, opened the door. "Elda, I'm mighty sorry to have to tell you,

but Jim's dead." She swayed. "His horse shied at a piece of tar paper just this side of Turkey Creek Ford and threw Jim on the ledges. From the tracks it seems the boy was riding fast toward the farm here—like he forgot something."

"Riding fast toward the farm here." Elda caught her breath and tears welled in her eyes. "Yes, he did forget something," and her face shone with an ethereal light, "but thank God he remembered."

Addison J. Allen.

Dust

*Dust? Call me the dust,
I, that was life.
Ye who live—
And what are ye?
Life, strife, then dust.
Dust? Call me the dust,
I that was life.*

Bramwell Linn.

A Celestial Flirtation

WONDERFULLY true to detail, a travesty on humanity is being enacted at present by an all-star cast, on a scale beyond anything any movie producer ever dared attempt, in the western sky at nightfall. It is in three acts, and the first is played—ended November twenty-sixth. The second is now “on the boards” and will be until February seventeenth. The third will follow at once, culminating March seventh. The actors are Jupiter and Venus, and the scenario runs like this—

ACT I

Last summer Venus, who had been playing around with Mercury, for lack of better, in the bright-light district near the sun, despaired, coming out of the far East, surrounded by his busy body-guard of moons, a dignified and stately presence.

“Ah-h!” cried Venus, “here’s something really worth while;” and she started with a rush to meet Jupiter and give him his chance for a flirtation.

But too lively an interest was never an element of feminine tactics, and she took hold of herself and slowed down, confident of the power of glowing beauty on masculine temperament. By November, as they neared each other, she was a mere loiterer by the wayside. On Thanksgiving Day they met, and Jupiter passed by, unnoticed.

The meek, downcast look vanished from eyes that flashed fire as she turned and gazed at the retreating back.

“Well!” And again, “well!”

ACT II

Two days later Dione's daughter started again on the warpath, bright in refulgence of glowing beauty; slowly at first, but ever quickening her pace as she realized the start that Jupiter had. This is the act that is now on, and it will be a long chase, well worth watching.

On January second Venus had done her utmost in personal adornment. On the twenty-fifth Jupiter passes into the mooning sky. Venus follows on February seventh. Meanwhile, throughout these months, discarded Mercury has been playing in and out, but getting no more notice than the cat. Jupiter shows signs of slowing up for her coming. But this time it is she who has no time to waste on trifling. On February seventh, with smiling face and rankling heart, she sails by him.

"I'll show him!" Her bolt is shot.

And Jupiter wipes his worried brow and thinks.
"Darned if I understand women, I'm done."

February twenty-seventh Venus has slowed down and stopped. Did the shot tell?

ACT III

Venus starts back to see about it and meets Jupiter, still bewildered, on March twenty-second. They saunter by each other and the play ends. Henceforth their paths lie apart—his west, hers east.

Cold-blooded astronomers will explain all this with orbits and retrogrades and diagrams. But we know we are looking into two human hearts—one high with a fixed purpose that weakens, one with the blood of impulsive emotion. Creation would be incomplete if either were lost out of it.

Wait!

Copernicus told his astronomer contemporaries that the eccentricities of the stars were really due to the eccentricity of the observer—that in fact they lived simple, regular, orderly lives. Is it possible that in human affairs we need another Copernicus?

Charles H. Darlington.

Northward!

*The ice-cold winds rage fierce across the north;
See where the buckling ice and driving snows
Await with greed th'explorer, setting forth
With grim intent. To grasp him in their throes
Seems their sole purpose: look!—when treacherous night
In fearful strain with groan and creak has fled,
And cold, grey morn supplants, behold the plight
Of yon four-master; towering overhead
A wall of ice, a child of frost and gloom,
Now creaks again; then with a mighty hum
It falls to crush the ice-bound ship; the doom
Of an hundred men is sealed. Yet still they come
To brave the cold, the snow, and even more,
To tread the path no man has trod before.*

William K. Alsop, Jr.

Madame

“**M**ADAME is . . . oh! so very clever, you see,” Gretta confided in her throaty voice. “In many ways, too. Has she not made Herr Weismann what he is? has she not made the café the finest in Vienna?”

Gretta was slender loveliness. She tapped an imaginary ash from her cigarette. Then, smiling, “. . . and furthermore, my friend, has she not kept this husband of hers thinking that it was *his* cleverness?” And I, who had been away for a fortnight, was even more than usual aware of her charm. She laid a slim hand on my arm. “And that is why, my friend, Gretta may need you this evening;” and she slipped away to her dressing-room.

Herr Weismann passed near my table, his excellent spirits for once forced, it seemed. Perhaps I imagined it after my talk with Gretta. As was his custom, he stopped a moment.

“Good evening, Sir,” his voice showed sign of tremor. “Did you have a pleasant trip to London,” he asked, for I was one of his best customers—I being one of those whose poor wit shines at its zenith over a table.

“Very,” I replied.

“And where will be my lord’s next trip?”

“Warsaw, within a few days,” I said. “But after that I’m to remain at the Legation.”

“Ah, then we will be indeed fortunate in hav—”

“But pardon me,” I murmured, “. . . a friend.”

And I insisted that Raol should sit at my table. Rare though the species may be, Raol was a Turkish gentleman. We had been together at Harrow and now, by good fortune, we were both stationed in Vienna. We talked and smoked a while, then . . .

"But I know nothing of Madame Weismann," he told me, "nothing more than the fact that I saw her once, by the dressing-rooms. She seemed quite capable," he said, ". . . of anything."

"True," I encouraged him.

"And when you say," he continued, "that she may harm Gretta, I must say that, while such a thing had not entered my mind, I think it not at all impossible, especially since she, as you say . . ."

"Since she," I paused.

". . . is in love with Gretta, unnaturally . . . or is it so unnatural? She is by far the most lovely . . ."

"But when I said love," I explained, "I, pardon, meant that I think Madame is a bit queer. Precisely that."

Raol started slightly. "But then it is quite clear," he said, and for one who loved Gretta and who was, in turn, loved by her, his manner seemed, I thought, quite carefully controlled. Still Raol had always been that way, and this reserve stood both him and his government good stead.

"You see I love Gretta. I want to marry her and take her away from here. She tells me she loves me, and I flatter myself in the belief that some day she will accept me. While I have never asked her about her life, she is . . ."

"Obviously of good birth," I finished.

". . . of good birth and manner, too," Raol continued. "Old Weismann is worried because Gretta's dancing is incomparable, and so far he has been just lucky enough to keep her."

"She's had plenty of quite brilliant offers," I added. Raol seemed not to hear me. He talked on.

"Madame is the one who has been keeping her here. Seems to hold some sort of spell over Gretta . . . and now that . . . now that you have hinted it, perhaps Madame

is seeing to it that Gretta is being very well paid for her dancing. Madame evidently," he drew himself up a bit, "evidently believes my attentions are not honourable . . ."

I interrupted. "Why should she believe otherwise?"

"No reason, except that they are. And furthermore, Madame knows what is, and what is not, good for a young dancer."

We paused as the orchestra finished an excellent bit of American dance music and fell to tuning up again. The after-theatre crowd cut its babble to a whisper. They, too, loved Gretta. A second of silence, then the orchestra crashed into the mad rhythm of that Hungarian music-hall song whose gypsy-like melody still haunts me. Gretta and her partner Lucien were dancing. Apache dancing in those days was not so common as now; there was a real thrill to it. They were across the floor from us . . . Lucien's fingers ran through her yellow hair and cupped the back of her head. Cat-like his hand slid down her arm . . . down to her slender wrist.

"Be careful, Raol," I warned, "your cigarette will burn your coat."

Lucien crushed his lithsome partner to him and they circled the floor in a fast waltz step. The music seemed to sneer into a crescendo as Gretta was flung across the floor, a heap, before our table. Slowly Lucien sauntered across after her . . . slowly Gretta threw back her lovely head. Her eyes were dark, yet shining . . . enigmatic. Raol sat stiff as death.

"Both of you," she whispered, "later . . . Madame will . . ." A tear dropped to her black silk blouse.

Raol was nervous, restless. He was cool. He was cold. As if in a dream he sat through the remainder of the evening's programme, sipping occasionally his thick black coffee, and, as I thought at the time, trying to envelop himself in a smoke screen. Meanwhile I ex-

pressed opinions and doubtful criticism on everything from the way they were staging the "Merry Widow" to the foreign policy of King Edward's ministers. And I asked questions and answered them. Gretta appeared for her second and last dance. Raol spoke to a German under-secretary, then returned to silence.

But the instant the curtain closed for the last time on Gretta and Lucien, Raol was starting back through the café toward the small door that leads to the dressing-rooms. His voice was a growl. "Are you coming with me or not?" I mumbled something to the effect that it was not at all unlikely, since I was the one who was really expected.

As we passed Lucien's little cell we heard Gretta's voice—talking about costumes.

"In Gretta's room," I reminded Raol, "is a tiny alcove. We can easily as not slip in there. When Madame . . ."

"I, hide in an alcove!" Raol objected.

"Oh, don't be so damned silly, my boy. Good Lord! This is necessary—it's not as though you were peeping through the keyhole in a girls' boarding-school." And I pushed him through the small room and into the recess.

Soon we heard quick, short footsteps coming along the dark hallway. They paused before the door. It was Gretta. Her head bowed; hair—soft yellow hair that I loved—fell about her face. She . . . very slowly . . . closed the door and fell back against it. Then, half lurching, half falling, Gretta slumped into the chair before her dressing-table and buried her head in her arms, sobbing.

The tiny Swiss clock on the wall of the room ticked the seconds with disgusting regularity. It had started to rain, and a damp wind blew through the half-opened window.

"Raol . . . my Raol!" she sobbed. "Oh, Raol, my darling!"

A distant door closed audibly, and footsteps again sounded along the dark hallway,—firm, resolute footsteps . . . the step of one who was used to commanding. A figure of middle stature stood in the door. Her profile was good—her chin did not sag. Burning coldly, those eyes. It was Madame.

"Child," her voice was, strangely enough, pleasant. "Child, you're crying. Which is bad . . . a very bad thing indeed. For what I have to say is for a calm and collected person." Then, suddenly, "smoke a cigarette, and dry your eyes. You have lovely dark eyes, but crying makes them red."

Matter-of-fact Madame was, as we had expected. But altogether different in every other way. Raol and I exchanged glances. Was this the sort of woman we had feared? Just how Raol's thoughts were turning I have never yet found out, but mine were bridging and leaping about in a surprising fashion. It was my business to know and judge people of all sorts, and I had usually been right, but . . .

"Dear," a small voice began. "Dear Aunty . . ."

Aunty! Raol's jaw dropped slightly. I looked at him in amazement. Aunty! What sort of a rôle was Madame playing?

"I love Raol with all my heart, Aunty. But you see he loves me, too."

"He says he does," said the crisp voice.

"But he does, he does . . . he loves me, too, Aunty. You see, he wants me to marry him."

"Marry! Him . . . you!" Madame laughed a moment, then grew stern again. "I should think, Gretta, that you should know enough about men in general and Turks in particular to. . . . Why child, have you learned nothing at all? These . . . these beasts will seem to love

you, take the best you can give, then throw you back again. It might not be so bad if you were just a common dancer, although it would ruin your career. But you're better than just a *café* girl, you're . . . And this Turk . . ."

"What am I then, Aunty, if I'm not just . . ."

But I could no longer hold Raol back. He leaped from my grip, tore the curtains aside, and placed himself between Madame and Gretta.

"Woman," he cried, "you . . . you insinuating, low . . ." he gulped, "... creature! I mean to marry Gretta. She loves me—I love her. Why, you . . . you filth! What are you to Gretta?"

But Gretta went to his arms, quieting him.

"Wait, Raol," she persuaded. "Aunty has just now hinted . . . said something that . . . Aunty, if I'm not just a *café* dancer, as you said just then, what am I?"

A sudden change had come over Madame. No longer was she the strong, willful commander. No longer did her eyes burn. She sank into Gretta's chair and gazed past Raol and Gretta, past me, as I stood there neither aiding nor abetting either side, her eyes fixed on some object that lay out in the drizzling night. Her dark, sad eyes welled with tears.

"What am I then, Aunty," the throaty voice asked. For a moment Madame seemed not to hear the question —then she raised her head.

"Ma'mselle will forgive me," she began slowly, "she will know that I have always loved her as though she were my own child."

She paused to touch her eyes and lips with her handkerchief—a very fine one, I thought, evidently from Holland.

"Oh, Aunty," cried Gretta, "I always knew you were not my mother, but . . ."

"Eighteen years ago," Madame continued, "I was Ma'mselle's nurse. Your mother was the young daughter

of the Archduchess Neda. She died when you were born. Her husband, your father, was the Colonel Nicholas Tsodoievski. He, too, died when he was thrown from his horse in a May Day riot. I loved my little Gretta from the day she was born, and when I saw a chance, I fled to Budapest, carrying her in my arms the whole way. . . . Oh, *Mater Dolorosa!* forgive me," and Madame, her hands folded on her lap, her head bowed and her eyes closed, wept silently.

"Come Gretta," Raol whispered, and the lovers passed beyond the door. Madame sat silent, crushed. The little Swiss clock on the wall ticked with disgusting regularity—the rain pattered on the window and through onto the battered trunk in the alcove. I touched Madame on the shoulder.

"He is wealthy," I said. "Lucky, too. The café will miss Gretta, certainly, but arrangements can be made . . ."

"Besides," I pointed out, "could not the café be sold at a handsome profit before Gretta's leaving is known?"

And Madame's features melted into a knowing smile.

Robert Barry.

To a Memory

*We lay along a low lagoon,
Beside a saffron sea,
And the lulling lap of the moonlit waves
Awoke two spirits in twin grey graves;
And one was she whose heart was in tune
With a heart that belonged to me.*

*We lay along a lone lagoon
And loved by the saffron sea;
And I kissed the lips that were rhythmic as rime
And we loved again, never thinking of time—
Again, as we loved when we both were free
And could laugh with the yellow moon.*

*But a storm tore through the long lagoon
Churning the saffron sea:
I drew away from her lovely lips
And I bade her a sad farewell, the tips
Of my fingers caressing her hair; while she
Was as sad as a night in June.*

*I go no more by the lone lagoon;
No more does the saffron sea
Bewitch my eyes with enchantment rare
And turn the moonlight into her hair
And waft the perfume of her to me—
But I shall be with her soon!*

Robert Barry.

The Mirror of Pot Luck

WHEN Pot Luck was young and the lights of the massive candelabrum shone hospitably through the great rose window, of all its rare and beautiful possessions the great mirror was the rarest and most beautiful. When the guests had left their carriages at the *porte-cochère*, and had ascended the marble stairs leading up the hill on either side of the fountain, and had turned and crossed the rose-covered bridge over the carriage entrance, and had entered the shimmering silver portals, and had crossed the lobby, it was the first thing that met their eyes on passing through the archway into the main hall. What a sight! Between the curving stairs it towered a full story and a half to a point where they met in a landing. It lay embedded in the loveliest of mother-of-pearl, and above it glowed a deep red ruby, the size of a pigeon's egg, which had been the eye of an Indian god. Above it, letters of the bluest of lapis-lazuli, nestling in the mother-of-pearl, spelled out the words *Château d'Amour*—for so Pot Luck was called. Rarest of all was the mirror itself, for so soft and clear was it—so exquisite—that it seemed to send back each image a thousandfold more beautiful so that none dare gaze too long lest, like Narcissus, enchanted, they remain there forever. Only at dawn, when the first rays of the sun rose out of the ocean, over the bay and the countryside to the green of the hills beyond, and entered through the great rose window, did its softness fade and the tainted rays paint it an ominous and awful red. Mine host had found it in the tomb of an Egyptian princess, and his guide—an old hermit—had assured him that it was in its reflection that Antony had first gazed upon Cleopatra's charms.

Save for the mirror, the rose window was his dearest

possession. Directly across from the mirror it towered to the height of the hall—a full hundred feet. In form it was a bay window. The center panel had been brought from a ruined monastery far up in the Albanian mountains. It was the masterpiece of the glassblowers of regal Venice and so lovely was it that an old story tells that the heart of one who had seen its sunrise glory reflected and magnified in the mirror, had burst of its sheer beauty. The side panels—skillful modern imitations—could be thrown open to let the sunlight enter untransformed and through them, on very clear days, one could see over the valley, over Newark, over the blue of the bay, to the green hills of Staten Island and even to the deeper blue of the sea beyond.

It was here, by the window, that the host Chamlée stood greeting his guests on the night of the first ball at Pot Luck. This was *his* night—the climax of his life. For years he had been looking forward to it; for years, God willing, he would look back upon it. It was Pot Luck's housewarming, and it was to be the night of its only son's return. As the guests gathered slowly, still bearing the mud of the unfinished drive, and mingled their exclamations of praise and wonder with the distant blows of the workmen hastening by torchlight to finish the roof and towers of the château, he began to question himself. Into this night he had poured his whole fortune, his whole heart, his whole life. Was it worth it?

As through a glass, darkly he saw his life behind him. He saw himself a penniless young man in love with his employer's daughter. He saw their marriage, the anger of her father, their few blissful months together—then the birth of Danise and her death. He saw the poverty of his early life slowly giving way before increased prosperity. He saw himself finally well-to-do, yes—rich. Then Danise had been sent off to school and he had gone

abroad where he had conceived the idea of founding a home for his descendants—a home to be beautiful above all other homes and to descend from generation to generation. He saw long weary years of toil and travel and the gradual formation of a collection of priceless treasures—a chair from an old English castle, a door from France, a mantel from Italy, a table from Nepal, a rug from Afghanistan. No corner of the earth was left untouched and each object in itself was perfect. Often he had risked his very life for some thing he had chosen to possess, but each time the thought that it was to be his son's and his son's son's after him—a Chamlée heirloom—had given him courage. Then had come years of searching for the proper site for the château and finally the selection of this spot on the mountainside. And then the plans! They were all his own work. He had trained himself as an architect for this purpose alone. Every nook, every corner, every tower, every window he had planned with loving care. Into the house and its furnishings he had put his life, his heart, his soul, yes—it was truly a "*Château d'Amour*." The long endless years of building! Stone by stone, block by block, the mighty castle left the lowly earth and towered high, high toward the blue heavens. Still Danise did not know of it. This was to be the great surprise for him when he came home from Heidelberg.

It had been four years since Chamlée had seen his son, and then, only a month ago, he had sent word that he was coming home. The father had been distracted. It had been his plan that the castle should be finished before his son's return and that at the first ball upon his arrival, his engagement to Janet Marley should be announced. Chamlée had long ago chosen Janet as his future daughter-in-law. There had been a tacit understanding for years. She was here tonight, waiting . . .

The work had been hastened. The priceless furnish-

ings had been installed bit by bit, and now, upon the night of nights, there remained only the uppermost floor and the tops of the towers to be completed. Through the wilderness which began to show the work of the landscape gardener's hand, a roadway for the guests had been hastily constructed and here they were, admiring, praising, awaiting his son's arrival. How he would enjoy seeing him back! He had given old John, the coachman, orders to drive him here with the carriage blinds drawn so that he should not see his future home until he had entered it and its glory should burst upon him all at once. How his face would glow! Yes, it was worth it.

Danise was late. Why didn't he come? It was one o'clock and he could see that Janet was getting nervous. Poor girl! It was as much of a strain for her as for him. The boat must have been late.

Two o'clock. The merriment had reached its height but the guests were beginning to wonder. He could see that. He felt frightened himself. Had the train been wrecked? With forced gaiety he went from group to group laughing, talking . . . talking . . . Would Danise never come? What was he saying? What was he doing? He telephoned to the Cunard company. The boat had arrived on time. Well! There was one train left. If he didn't come on that . . . Why wasn't John back? "What did you say, Mrs. Gray? I'm afraid my mind has been wandering. Please pardon me. . . . Yes. It has been charming weather." . . . And so on, and on, and on. . . .

Three o'clock. Old John was back alone. The last train had come and gone. Well! He'd have to tell Janet and send the guests away. Something terrible must have happened. It was the uncertainty that was torturing him. If he only knew . . . If he only knew . . .

The guests were leaving. Janet was saying good-bye. He could see how worn she was. Poor girl! He kissed

her. The candles were beginning to flicker. One or two had burnt out.

Suddenly the door from the lobby burst open and on the threshold stood a girl—her hair disheveled, her eyes bright. Blood was streaming from a gash in her forehead. For an instant she hesitated as if searching for someone in the crowd. Her eyes fell upon Chamlée and she rushed toward him. "*Monsieur Chamlée, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes."

She was nearly fainting. "*Vite! Vite! Mon mari—votre fils. L'automobile est démolie, sur la route là-bas.*" She pointed out of the window, her voice failing. "*Vite! Vite! Il meurt.*"

It was a moment before Chamlée's bewildered mind could grasp the situation, then, as Janet took the girl's arm, he became himself once more. "Go!" he said. "And see if you can find him."

Some of the guests turned to obey but there was no need. In the doorway Danise stood unsteadily, caked with mud and blood. Reeling, he tottered toward Chamlée, who stood petrified a moment and then ran forward and clasped him in his arms.

"My poor boy!" he cried. But it took only a moment to realize that Danise was not staggering because he was hurt. Janet must never know. No one must ever know. Why must it have happened on this night of all nights?

He turned toward his guests. "Excuse us please," he said. "There is nothing you can do and we must get Danise to bed."

"Does that mean me, too?" whispered Janet in his ear.

"Yes dear," he said. "For tonight."

As the clock struck four Chamlée raised his head

from the table on which he had been leaning since the guests had departed. He seemed suddenly tired, old, discouraged. Had he been there for days—or was it weeks? He'd better go to bed—not that he'd sleep but, well—servants will talk. Slowly he blew out the candles. Only eight were left. Seven. Six. Five. Four. The door opened. It was the girl.

"*Monsieur*," she said. "I must speak to you. I am your daughter-in-law—Danise's wife."

"Danise's wife?" All his plans faded before him. Poor Janet! How could he ever face her? "Forgive my surprise, of course I am very happy—"

She interrupted him. "Wait, *Monsieur*, please, until I have finished. We—that is my father and I—first met your son at a ball at the American embassy in Paris. My father, le Comte de Parotue, took an instant liking to him. He was invited to our home and soon became one of our dearest friends. I—I fell in love with him and we were to be married. Then my father suddenly died, of a stroke they said. My mother was already dead, and when the will was read everything was left to me, and Danise was named as executor. A week later we were quietly married and for a short time I was very, very happy. I was soon undeceived. Danise not only drank continually, but I discovered that he was unfaithful."

"Madam!"

"Please. I'm sorry to hurt you, but I must tell you everything. Naturally he had charge of all our business affairs, but money became scarcer and scarcer. One day I discovered—no matter how—that he had been stealing from my father's estate. I threatened to expose him but he told me that I was to have a child and begged me to keep silent for its sake. He promised to pay the money all back. I, well—I still loved him and I said

nothing. I hoped that when he got to America he would settle down.

"For a time he really was much better and I had begun to think my troubles were all over. Then to-night, tonight, *Monsieur*, he got drunk and insisted on driving here instead of taking the train. He was very reckless and I finally asked him to stop and let me out. He was furious and pressed down on the accelerator. In a moment there was a terrible crash and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground, groaning. He was bending over me and thought that I was dying. It was then, that I might die happily, that in a fiendish mood he told me the truth—he had murdered my father that he might have his money when he married me."

Chamlée was ashen. There was a touch of pity in the girl's eyes as she looked at him. "I'm sorry," she said, "for your sake. But," her eyes hardened, "I shall have him hanged for murder."

"No, Helen, no. Remember the child." It was Danise who spoke. He had entered unnoticed.

The girl laughed rather bitterly. "There will never be a child and you know it."

"What? Don't you believe me?"

"No. You know yourself that it is a physical impossibility for you ever to have a child."

Chamlée winced. In his son's eyes he could see that the dart had struck true. All his work had been in vain. There would never be any descendants to make the great château their home. There would never be any portrait gallery of the Chamlées with a little girl proudly pointing out, "My great-great-grandfather, René Chamlée. The one who built this house and collected all the furnishings, you know." Something inside him seemed to snap.

Danise had seized the girl, who was fighting like a wild cat. "Let me go, you murderer, let me go. I'll have you hung."

"Oh no you won't! Not if I have to kill you first. Damn you!" The girl had sunk her teeth in his hand and the instant his grip loosened she was free and started for the door.

From his pocket Danise drew a revolver and leveled it at the girl. Chamlée jumped forward. There was a scuffle. A shot! The last candle flickered out. From the lobby there was a sound as if of a slamming door.

Chamlée searched for a match and struck it. His son was dead. His own revolver had killed him. The girl was gone. His first thought was to stop her. His son might be dead but his name must never be sullied. He started to the lobby but when he opened the door he saw that there was no need of haste. The girl lay on the floor. In her hand was a smoking revolver. Slowly he went back to the hall and sat down by the table. How red the mirror was! The sun must be rising. Yes. It was almost five. Why hadn't the shot gotten him instead of his son. He had nothing to live for now. The house—his life work—had grown suddenly hateful. The table he was leaning on he had chosen for his son. The chair he had hoped would be a Chamlée heirloom. The rose window brought bitter memories. The mirror—how red the mirror was! After all his son was better dead. Even if he had lived there would never have been any children. It was better thus than that any should know that he was a murderer. He was the only living being that knew of the secret, and he would die rather than tell. He wondered what he would say to the police when they came. How red the mirror was! He might as well stop the workmen. Their distant pounding bothered him and there was no need to finish the castle now. How would he ever be able to face Janet in the morning. Poor girl! It would ruin her life. How red the mirror was! How red . . . red . . . red . . . He could stand it no longer. Seizing the empty revolver, he hurled

it at the crimson blotch. There was a sound of crashing glass; a tinkle; then silence. He felt an irresistible desire to laugh . . . laugh . . . laugh . . .

In the morning they found Pot Luck in the possession of two dead bodies and a madman.

Today the crumbling walls of the unfinished château are deserted. Vandals have long since robbed it of its every treasure and even the most hardy picnickers fear to brave its tottering turrets. The floors have fallen, the doors are torn away, and only a bit of broken glass remains to tell of the glory that was the rose window. Should some one adventurer, however, harder than the rest, dare to climb the weed-cracked stairs up the hillside, to cross the tottering bridge across the carriage entrance, and to pass through the deserted lobby, the first thing that would meet his eye on entering the main hall would be the remnants of the mirror of Pot Luck. Long since the great ruby was torn away, but in the tarnished mother-of-pearl, where the lapis-lazuli once shone, crude, gaping holes, like the hollow eyesockets of a skull, still grin forth their hideous welcome, "Château d'Amour."

Richard C. Bull.

What Lies Beyond

IMAGINE, if you will, the closing hours of day in the untouched forests that in olden times clothed the northern portion of this country. Two or three hunters, inspired by the golden stories of their Indian guides of the great things that lay far to the west, were making their way through the undergrowth with weary determination. Like many others, they thought they had been deceived by the enthusiastic talk of the natives, but the thirst for adventure still urged them on. Just as the sun was setting over the dark, blue waters, its beams like trains of golden particles sifting through the branches of the trees, these hunters emerged upon the edge of the falls of Niagara. A flood of joy and admiration overtook them, but in a moment it was gone and they stood silent, with questioning glance. They were beginning to understand the deep meaning of discovery. The sight of this great waterfall as evening was approaching made them believe all things were possible; it burned into their memories so that nothing could efface it. After such an experience skeptics might argue the impossibility of other men's dreams and projects, but these hunters would see again Niagara and feel that nothing was impossible.

Over the untrodden wilderness of ice in all its weird arctic forms the searching spirit of discovery led Peary to the North Pole, and still urges men to risk everything to satisfy a longing to find what lies beyond. When the last arctic expedition set out with its great seaplanes, there was talk of a lost race living in a temperate portion of the northern regions. This, no doubt, seems absurd to us as we sit in our comfortable homes, but to the man who knows the repressed expectancy that is always pres-

ent among a group of explorers no such idea can seem worthless or absurd.

We are often tempted to view a map of the world with an amusing degree of sadness, and complacently remark that it is too bad the adventurous days of discovery are over. Dr. Lowell, however, did not experience this regret when he discovered, or thought he discovered, the existence of life on the planet Mars, nor M. and Mme. Curie, as they completed their researches and gave to the world the new element radium. The majority of people in any age seem content to think that only a few things remain to be discovered; yet if they would look abroad carefully, they would see how much is brought to light each year. To many, this constantly growing progress shows how little our accumulated knowledge must be when compared with the almost limitless amount that still lies beyond our grasp.

Imagination is entirely inadequate to do more than hint at the wonders that lie hidden in the rocks, in plants, and in the space encircling our planet. Caverns loaded with treasures more precious than diamonds and gold, filled with the keys to many secrets of force and power, stored with untold marvels of beauty, await the keen, penetrating power of a master to fling wide their doors. Tiny microscopic particles lie dormant in the soil, ready at the touch of a trained hand to unfold their great mysteries and to transform the comparatively sterile earth into a garden of fruit and blossom far surpassing our wildest fancies. Strange and wondrous airy castles, like those half-pictured in fairy tales, replete with undreamed of pleasures and luxuries, swing above us unseen by our veiled eyes, anxious for the key, which, deftly turned, will open their chambers to men. Enormous powers crawl at ease through ocean and river, unconscious that one day they will be harnessed and compelled to work for skillful masters. The infinite

space, in which we shine as a dim reddish point, has secrets the very whisper of which would inspire us with terrible wonder and awe. The bright stars that twinkle silent and sphinxlike as we strive to penetrate their mysteries, even these stars will at length make plain their enigmas. Other and greater worlds may rise into view, peopled with new beings, strange and different to us. Great unknown avenues of expansion and expression lie unrealized in the human brain, each one ready to be called into play as it is needed in the course of development, until finally man rises to his full maturity, in all respects like a God.

Albert Vann Fowler.

Notes

Charles H. Darlington, '67, whose article, "A Celestial Flirtation," appears in this issue, entered Haverford in his sophomore year. He was Curator of the Haverford Loganian Society, and after graduating he received his Master's degree in 1870. He has had a long career as teacher, editor, printer, and farmer, and resides in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

Reviews

American Silhouettes

IN PLEASING contrast with the style of his other volumes, Arthur Crew Inman has ventured into the field of vigorous verse, painting, with swift strokes and sure, snatches of life as he sees it in a great metropolis. The little volume contains the thoughts, the hopes, the dreams of men in varying stages of life, the surge of the masses, and the humour of it all. He is the impartial observer who smiles as he watches each scene shift.

*"Ah!" he exclaimed, "but I admire your frankness!
Hence,—I like you!" And so I told him what
I thought of him. My lord! how he hates me!"*

At times Mr. Inman has fallen into well-known Whitmanesque forms of verse, perhaps most noticeably in his *Song of the Ego*, a song of power and depth. Yet in this same volume are poems written in the most free of free verse, and one or two sonnets, all with easy and graceful flow. Occasionally, however, the stark cynicism displayed in some of the longer poems approaches being an *idée fixe*.

R. H. F. B.

[AMERICAN SILHOUETTES, by Arthur Crew
Inman. Dutton. \$2.00.]

Thunder on the Left

More and more the tendency in modern artistic writing, both poetry and fiction, has come to lie in the direction of the capture of the momentary; more and more recent writers have set for themselves the tremendously

difficult and delicate task of seizing upon the instantaneous, the transitory, the eternally changing. If this is not done truly, the product is worthless. And if it is, however startling and beautiful the effect may be, it is its fate, from the very nature of things, that its poignancy must soon be lost to the reader. In other words, in a book like Mr. Morley's, it is the ecstatic series of discoveries that creates its charm. And if we seek for more, there is the danger of the structure's crumbling even while we seek to make it more rigid.

Thunder on the Left, then, is a book which we must take as we find it; footnotes, directions, or an explanatory résumé of a novel that holds much that is puzzling to the casual reader, would be both irksome and disillusioning. There are, of course, things that lie on the surface—the tremendous chasm, for example, between the child and the adult mind.

And then there is always the delight of Mr. Morley's style—a style that puts charm even into the juxtaposition of wisdom and whimsicality. Joyous beyond words are the unnumbered close-ups on the thoughts of the characters, such as, for instance, this imaginary announcement:

*Mr. and Mrs. George Granville, Jr.
have the honour to announce
the betrothal of Mr. Granville's mind
to that of Miss Joyce Clyde
Nothing Carnal
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments."*

These are things that everyone can find pleasure in.

F. P.

[THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley.
Doubleday Page. \$2.00.]

An American Tragedy

A ten years' silence in the realms of fiction had tended more or less to place Theodore Dreiser aside with the title of "The Grand Old Man of Realism," when last month, after many delays, *An American Tragedy* was released. This clumsy two-volume juggernaut has the effect of making the work of most of his contemporaries and disciples seem insignificant and trivial.

As his central theme Mr. Dreiser has utilized the famous murder of Grace Brown at Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks, on July 8, 1906. Names and locality alone have changed. During the long trial which occupies the greater part of the second volume, the testimony of the witnesses, the addresses of the lawyers, even the charge of the judge to the jury, are copied almost verbatim from contemporary newspaper reports.

Mr. Dreiser's theme is somewhat more bearable, if no less depressing. Whether his philosophy has changed, time—and the critics—alone will tell. He is as hopeless as ever before the almighty sentence, but this fact is now taken as a matter of course—one enthusiastic critic has even gone so far as to consider it a virtue. On the other hand, he has mastered the technique of novel structure.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Dreiser is one of our greatest realists—if not the greatest. His ability to note details is almost uncanny. In *An American Tragedy*, however, he has accomplished a far greater miracle—in spite of a style quite devoid of charm—he has written a three-hundred-thousand-word psychological novel which the average American may read with a fair degree of interest and even with tension. When we have said this we consider that we have paid him the highest possible compliment.

R. C. B.

[AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Theodore Dreiser.
Boni and Liveright. \$5.00.]

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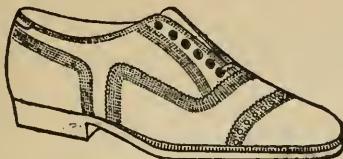
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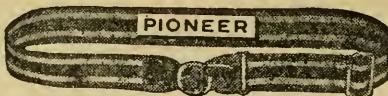


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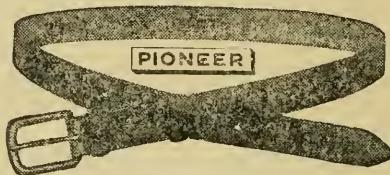
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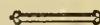
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1926 No. 6

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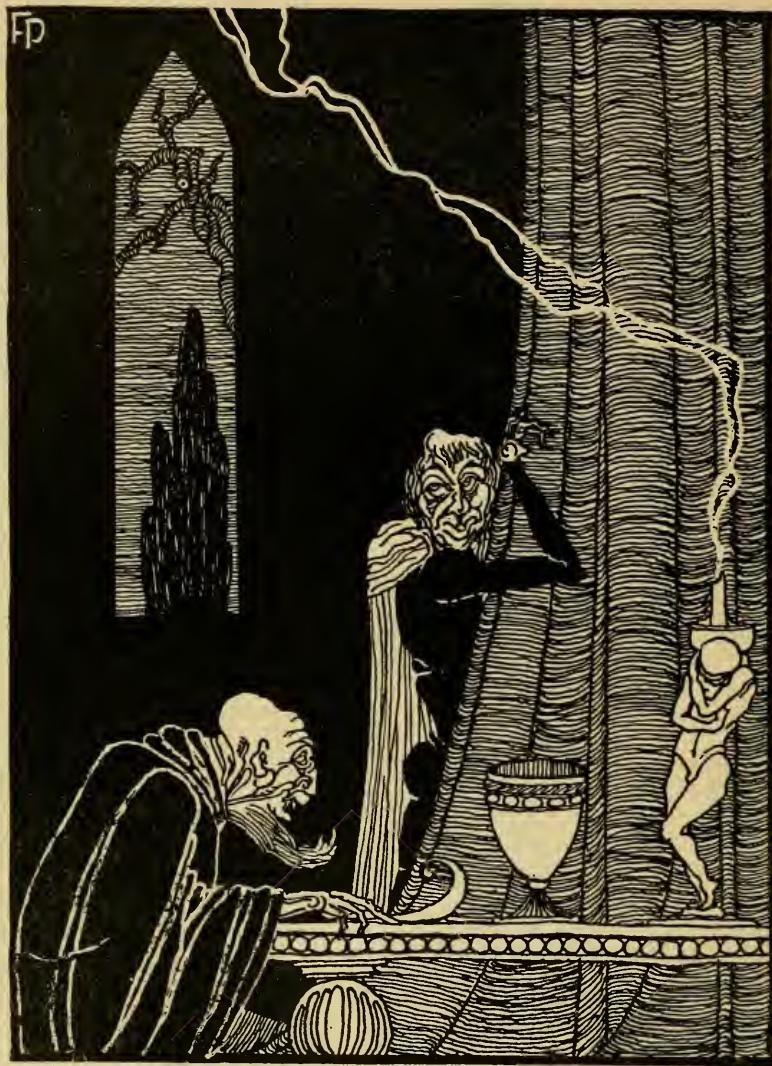
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*“Von Arnheim did not look up . . .”
As Drink the Dead.*

Belzebub's Bath

WHEN the fashion of public baths did come into this country in our fathers' time, many people gat much pleasure and benefit therefrom; for cleanliness is nigh to godliness, as the proverb saith. But it was only a very short space indeed ere these places became the haunts of lechery and all manner of wickedness between men and women. Thus it may be seen how Satan doth cunningly contrive that his deviltries shall come into the world in the guise of good things.

There is a pretty fable, told by Brother Rolof, the preaching friar, of how this business of washing the whole body did have its beginning and how it did come into the world. At the time of the great battle (saith he) when the angels of darkness and evil did league themselves together under Lucifer for to saute and war upon the angels of light, this same Lucifer, as is well known, was hurled by the hand of God into the black hole of Hell. There was he blackened and burned from head to foot, besmeared with foul soot and greasy vermin; and there was not a one of his company but was served semblably, for they were all as filthy as toads. Therefore he gave order that they should prepare a great bath, with water both hot and cold, and with many oils and ointments; when he himself was well cleansed, his court might likewise seek comfort. Even such a great bath did they prepare with infinite labor, and it hardly needs saying, that the hot water was easier to find than the cold. Oils and ointments they brought, and they did filch away perfumes from Paradise, and scented the great bath therewith.

When it was ready, along came Master Satan, black with dirt and in great pain from the sores that the

vermin had eaten into his skin; bit by bit, he entered therein, splashing a little with his toes at first, while all his court looked on, for there is no more shame in Hell than there are three legs to your grandmother's gander.

"How doth Your Worship find the water?" asked they, when he was in to his neck.

"Well enough," said he, "save that this filth leaveth me not."

Then they pluckt him forth, and brought the ointments and cloths, brushes and knives, and did rub, scrub, and scrape upon the scorched hide of their lord, giving him much discomfort the while. But all this, as Brother Rolof put it, did as much good as to eat the holy wafer with evil thoughts in one's mind. Then tried they divers other expedients, and laid him in the water and beat him with sticks like an old shirt; and did swaddle him about with steaming hot cloths, and a right winsome young suckling he made, I may tell you. All this, until they were too weak to stand and fell down in great heaps, and were dragged aside with hardly breath enough to curse the Trinity, while others came to take their turn at scrubbing Master Belzebub. Bye and bye, all the devils of Hell were piled up about the great bath, unable to move, while Satan himself was in dire agony from the hard usage he had received.

"This bath," said he, "is plainly of no use in devildom, and as I have learned right well that it may be a great source of misery and woe, I do decree that the thing shall be sent up into God's earth, at such time and place as it may be most needed in our sundry evil endeavors."

For this they waited until after the coming of Christ, and even until the age just before us, for then were many good folk to be corrupted, and things were better than they are now.

Accordingly, the great bath was carried unto the earth, and set up at the river down yonder, where you

may see it any day. And Satan himself stood outside in the guise of an honest citizen, inviting the people to enter.

"Come all ye unto this new and luxurious house of comfort!" cried he, "and there enjoy the goodly pleasure of lying naked in the water, warm or cool as your desire may be; and ye shall be anointed with rare oils and perfumes from the East; and ye shall go forth free from all uncleanliness, full of vigor and merry withal, smelling very sweetly and fit to stand in the bower of the Queen. Yea, it is a great pleasure to be fresh and cleanly as a young babe," and this, indeed, was a thing which Master Belzebub had good reason to believe.

Thereafter, people began to come regularly to the bath-house, and the devils within saw to it that they were one and all well contented with their washings. Such was the number of them that came that more devils were called out of Hell and more bath-houses built, and the thing spread like the great pest from one city to another; and like the pest, it did slowly breed rottenness within, which leadeth to the ultimate destruction of the soul.

Right cunningly did the devils take hold of the men and women in the bath-houses and lead them into sin. Even today, there are few who know in what wise this was done and by whom; but one of those to whom it is known is Brother Rolof, the preaching friar, who chargeth all honest folk that they leave such matters alone, and try rather to get into Heaven, where washing is unnecessary, since there can be nothing unclean in the neighborhood of God.

The Learned Doctour

*It was noon, and I was idle,
Dreaming fondly of a seidel
Of the foaming amber fluid which the law had made no more,
Gone, and ne'er to be recovered!
When I suddenly discovered
That a tall and lanky stranger stood within my chamber
door.*

*“Let’s exchange a little chatter
On a most important matter
Of a very private nature. Are you sure you are discreet?
I am Donald P. MacPherson,”
Said this long and lanky person,
Standing just within the threshold with galoshes on his feet.*

*“I’m a Doctor of Zymology
And Social Fermentology,
A graduate of Pilsen, and Milwaukee gave me birth.
I was born upon a schooner
'Neath an iridescence lunar,
And I know the proper formula for any drink on earth.*

*“I control a small appliance
Which is known as the Defiance,
Of a seven-quart capacity, and fits upon a shelf.
In the case of my retention
I will lease you my invention
At a trifling honorarium, and run the thing myself.”*

*I replied upon reflection:
"I am forced to a rejection
Of your generous proposition, which I fear will cost too
much.
Can a doc of your description
Give a fellow a prescription?
As a law-abiding citizen I like to act as such."*

*He answered me with dignity,
Though tempered with benignity:
"It's really most unethical; you ought to be ashamed.
You owe me an apology;
No Doctor of Zymology
Would prostitute his calling in the manner you have named."*

*But he saw that I repented,
So he handsomely relented
And produced a bottled sample of his marvelous device.
After due investigations
We renewed negotiations,
And he sold me half a dozen at a very decent price.*

“As Drink The Dead . . . ”

“**I** AM doing,” said von Arnheim, “a novel about the Borgias. And that is why I have come. I should like to see your *della Trebbia* cup.”

They sat in a deep room where there were candles on the table, so that their faces hung in a golden glow. People called von Arnheim the old German gnome; he looked more than unpleasant now—his shaggy beard drooping from an outthrust face—a beard that should have been on a heavy, spreading body, and went badly with von Arnheim’s little bony one. But the other man’s face softened the picture, for it stood out from the space like a saint’s on a lighted church window. It was white, and white-haired, and the eyes were gentle. Merely those old faces in an Italian room, with Italy out beyond the long windows—portrait-frames on a sky which showed the dark spires of poplars along whose top clung a cluster of stars.

“You, my friend,” von Arnheim continued, “are an expert. You have a house crammed with the Middle Ages. There was once blood on your floors, I dare say. I know the worth of your treasures, because I also am an expert—in my line. Here I have come to write my novel, which will be a supreme effort. . . .”

“Wait,” said the older man. “You wanted to see my *della Trebbia* cup. Why?”

“Pardon me. There were two,” von Arnheim told him, screwing up his face in folds. “*Garcini della Trebbia* made two such cups, each of which he called ‘The Devil’s Grail’.”

“Blasphemy!”

“Well, blasphemy, if you like. But a picturesque touch. He was a blasphemous man, was *della Trebbia*, and he said that his grail should contain blood of the devil, just as the other—ah, then, we shan’t speak of it! It deserves to be forgotten. But he made those

cups, as I have reason to believe, to poison Pope Alexander VI and his son, Cesare Borgia."

"Other blasphemers!" cried the white-haired man.

"I agree! . . . The accepted story is that in 1503 these poisoning prelates were not content with all the wealth and power they had amassed through murder, and so they set about the destruction of some luckless wretch. . . May I smoke, signore?"

It was a sharply false note to see a cigarette lighted there, among the swarthy magnificence of old Italy. But von Arnheim lighted one, and the smoke lay like incense. He went on:

"They were to feast with their victim at this very villa, signore, and they had already prepared the deadly wine. On their way here, as the story goes, they grew thirsty. By mistake, attendants brought them their own poison . . ." He shrugged. "That would have been poetic justice, my friend, if it had occurred. If it had occurred! Of course, I am not sure that the legend is wrong. That is why I want to see your *della Trebbia* cup."

The tall Italian got up, white and stately.

"You are a very great man, Herr von Arnheim, and your visit flatters me. Naturally I shall let you see the cup. But these matters—these Borgias—God help them! In His mercy He removed the pope who mocked him—"

"Listen, my friend," interrupted his guest, speaking fiercely out of the shaggy beard, and with a kind of ascetic eagerness, "do you care to hear of the affair as I have written it? You must understand my own version before you show me the cup, for they say that never in history has one drunk from it and lived. Now I have here a bit of manuscript, which I must finish when I see the cup. What is its secret, signore? They have

scoured it, and found no poison. Yet one drinks, and then one dies."

"The will of God—" said his host.

"The will of God," agreed von Arnheim, "if you wish it. Only listen to me a while, and I will read you a few paragraphs. I believe they set forth the truth; perhaps I shall finish this book entirely before I leave the villa di Cornetto."

"One delights in the productions of a von Arnheim. . . . Your pardon if I sit by the window. There are voices," said the man vaguely, and went to one of the high slits in the darkness. He sat down, enthroned, and the bluish light brought out the side of his face and body.

Von Arnheim opened a portfolio at his feet. He was very eager, but there was something deeper than that in his manner. When he began to read in his thin vigorous voice, it gathered up the scene into old Italy. Lanterns crept out of the garden in a breath of melody.

Von Arnheim read:

"Now Mistress Lucrezia Borgia was very fair to look upon, for her eyes were calm, and her hair was bright yellow as candle-shine, and there was red beauty in her lips. About her was the lure of dim rooms, warm with kisses. Yet Mistress Lucrezia had been made all ice and fire, with hatred in her heart as a gift from her father, His Holiness Pope Alexander VI. Many husbands had she been given also, but only with Alonzo of Aragon, fierce as the Sahara, had she been even friendly. And there are those who whisper that she loved, once, the youth Garcini della Trebbia."

"You must remember that Mistress Lucrezia was then in the most serene republic of Venice, and that it was summer of the year 1505. Strange dragons of boats swam the canals, which by night were a far shimmer of torches on water. But in distant avenues, where came no swish of

singing oar, lived Mistress Lucrezia, and only the moon sought her. Only the moon sought her, until up over a balcony reached by gondola would come young Garcini della Trebbia. And he would lounge before her, with his dark handsome head flung back and the moonlight shining on the strings of his guitar. Stars were flung up against the sky, with his body silhouetted stark and black against them. She would rest on cushioned dimness with her long cloak lying loose about her, so that the gleam of her white body showed through it. . . .

"They say that this Garcini della Trebbia was a student, working far into the night with books and metals. They say that in the yellow dawn he held up tubes of chemistry, where bright liquids seethed like his eyes. He loved Lucrezia as one loves in Venice.

"And while he played she would tell him wondrous tales of her father's cruelty; of how his unyielding will held her prisoner from the arms of men. Then would the guitar sing and tremble with a wilder note as the dark melody throbbed in hatred. . . ."

Von Arnheim had paused, but the enchantment clung like an echo of laughter. The German leafed through his manuscript; he went on:

"There was a smash and roar of trumpet-blasts, like a world of sound to rock Rome. And the long shout was taken up and flung in a clashing of hoofs through the Piazzi di Rusticucci to the square of St. Peter's, for Cesare Borgia rode to the Vatican. All black-clad he sat among the swaying spears, all black-clad amid the rich hues of his retinue. This man could swagger in the saddle. You saw first of all the gleam of teeth through the brown beard. . . .

"It was an opportune homecoming for the Duke of Romagna. Now might he share the estate of a cardinal, whom his father had recently done away with. Besides,

there were plans with His Holiness for making new cardinals, who paid well for the post and who could afterwards be quietly poisoned to make fresh ones. Ah, this Duke of Romagna was clever!

"The lance-butts thumped and jangled, and rows of steel came flaring back the sunlight, and a great square opened as Cesare dismounted. They were cheering him in hoarse masses; in he strode for the audience with his father, where the white wolf-faced pope blessed him when he knelt. Then they walked in sun-flecked halls while His Holiness told how soon they should set out for the villa di Cornetto, where another cardinal was to be done to death. Even as he spoke the lines of halberds flashed beneath their windows, and trumpets sang a mighty tune for the beginning of the journey."

Through the whole of the reading the poplars wore dark cloaks, and mourned the dying stars. Von Arnheim's voice kept the same level tone. It was a Borgia room now, and even the German felt it as he continued:

"Being of excessive thirst, His Holiness and Cesare, when they arrived at the villa di Cornetto, called for wine. On the terrace above a shallow fountain, blacked with water, they stood among hawkish peering faces and men clothed in doublets which were poisonous with jewels. Cesare's doublet was sable, and his father's long robe white, but the pope's face, pinched with craving, seemed to belong upon the other man's body, and Cesare's silken beard upon His Holiness. One would have been startled, as though by something devilish they wore wrong heads. . . .

"Goblets were handed them upon a salver, twin silver goblets wondrously wrought, with wide chalices and small stems curving into handles. And in the background lounged Garcini della Trebbia, watching them, stroking a guitar.

"Lifting these cups, the two Borgias drank to some better

future. They did not finish the wine, but set the goblets upon the balustrade. Then into the villa through the long windows went the entire company, for it was growing dark.

"On the terrace the light was fading, and the poplars were black as sorrowing ghosts, but atop that crumbled balustrade the twin goblets flashed fiery. A light shape beside them, a shadow on the sky with eyes of poetry, sat Garcini della Trebbia, flicking the guitar. They tell that as the last glow died on the cups, before the candle-shine from the rooms had crept to the feet of Garcini, there came a cry. . . .

"It was moments later that the glaring cardinal rushed to the terrace, sword in hand. Pope Alexander VI, inside, was still screaming, and Cesare was choking ugly words.

"Through the half-opened doors in the candlelight, Garcini thought he could see the pope writhing on the floor, with oyster eyeballs that stared horribly. But he thought also that the room was filled with a vast throng of people who had not been there before. He thought that all these people were dead, and that Alexander saw them beckoning, smiling, stroking him with hands whose veins were poison-puffed. . . .

"'They are dying!' the cardinal cried; 'they are dying!—and they have taken nothing but the wine in the cups you prepared, della Trebbia!' He snarled at Garcini, who only smiled. Then he put the point of his sword against the young man's breast.

"'There is wine still in them. Drink!'

"'It was the hand of God,' Garcini made answer. 'I will show you,' and he took up one of the cups by its edges and drained it. The sword-point did not waver even after he had emptied the second.

"The tale runs that the terrace faded into darkness, but still those two were motionless beyond the clamor of the villa, and the long blade did not waver at Garcini's breast. Finally the doors behind were crowded with faces, so that a

burst of candlelight fell upon the black statues of the two men.

“It is God’s way;” Garcini said, ‘behold that it is God’s way! I live, though he hath struck down the mockers. I live, because there is no poison in the cups!”

“The cardinal’s sword fell ringing at his feet.”

Von Arnheim got up and shrugged. He laughed, throwing off the spell.

“Now, signore,” he said, “the answer! What is the answer?”

“It is in your own irony, Herr von Arnheim,” the Italian answered. “Be fair with me: were you sincere in what you wrote about God’s way?”

His guest made a gesture of disgust, and the bony face fumed under his beard.

“Ach, the surest test of bad writing! . . . Signore, I have lost it!” he exclaimed. “My touch . . . yes, it has gone, as I feared!—How does an outsider react to this?” He tapped the sheets. “Why, coldly, as you have done, and analytically. Well, well, we shall try to improve it!”

He looked acutely miserable as he gathered up the manuscript. But his companion knew that he was afraid, because he kept opening and closing one hand, staring at it as though some lost magic had been there.

“Wait!” the former protested, rising, “you misunderstand, my friend. See, I am affected! Look at me, von Arnheim, and see my eyes. You see my eyes?”

Von Arnheim studied him.

“Savonarola might have looked as you look——”

“That is idle. It is yourself again; you, who are so great a cynic that you can afford to pose as a true believer. In your irony you indicate some secret means, some hidden poison by which these men were killed . . . are there not pages you refused to read me?

But," said the white-haired man, "you have overstepped so far that you were right in your irony. Whose hand killed the Borgias—thieves, blasphemers, despoilers of the sacred office? I say, God's."

"I respect you, signore. Well?"

"You intimate that some preparation——"

"I wish only to see the cup. Seeing it, conceiving of an explanation for my final chapters . . . ah, that might help me. I tell you I have no longer my touch!"

There was nothing more helpless and baffled than his mood. He kept clenching his hands wearily.

"Come!" said the Italian. "I will show you." He struck on a bell, while von Arnheim lay back in his chair, eyes closed.

There were ghostly steps in the house, moving along the passages, passing through the door of the room where old days were present. When the servitor appeared it was well that only his face was visible, showing monk-like and pale, for the man might have been trembling. He was frightened.

"Monsignore—rang? It was you?"

The older Italian did not notice it. But von Arnheim did. His eyes flashed open as the servitor asked insistently:

"Has monsignore been upstairs?"

"No, no . . . I have not stirred from the room. Go quickly, if you please, and bring me that della Trebbia cup."

"It was not you I saw—lying on the bed in your room? Please, monsignore, it was not you, a few moments ago? Very white, with four candles burning around you—sleeping?"

His employer's eyes were on distant things, and so there was only a shake of the head in reply. But the servant bumped against the door in leaving the room.

"Oh, the devil!" muttered von Arnheim. . . .

It was only a few moments until the door opened again, but they were moments of uneasiness. The two men waited on either side of the table—a vast, narrow oblong with four candles burning at its corners. Returning, the servant noted von Arnheim leaning forward, chin in hand, with his eyes fixed on the light. Upon the table he placed a dull twisted cup, struck with bright flecks from all the candles, but old with ugliness.

“Go,” said monsignore.

Again came the steps, with the turn of scared face over shoulder.

“There was,” the servitor stammered, “an indentation of a head on the pillow . . .”

Alone again, von Arnheim put out his hand to the cup. But monsignore restrained him, crying in a sudden harsh voice:

“Look, my friend! It is the same as when they drank from it that day! Its mate has been lost, but a Borgia drank from this one. Monster! . . . No alchemy kills men in the way you indicate, and spares others. Only God does that—”

He did not realize that to the German he was very theatrical, and would have been absurd but for his eyes. The blood of Dominican friars was beating in his temples, transforming his face to a living crucifix.

And then it was that he took a decanter of wine from a table and poured some of it into the cup.

“See! I can drink from this devil’s grail of yours, Meinherr! There are no chemist’s tricks to it for me!”

Von Arnheim did not move, held by the instinctive drama of the Italian. He saw the long hands curve over the handle of the cup, and its dull gleam swept up to hide the eyes. In mockery now the old man set it down.

“You are a fanatic,” von Arnheim said quite suddenly, “but so am I.”

"Can you write your conclusion now?" asked monsignore, growing calmer; "can you say that whatever the story may be, accidental or intended killing——"

"Yes," said von Arnheim thoughtfully, "yes. Your emotions are a stimulant, whether they convince me of God or not. . . ."

The bearded face was ugly now, but brilliant with thought. He ran his fingers lightly over the cup; they trembled.

"Yes," he continued, "and I am going to do a strange thing. I am going to write one scene here—now—and I shall read it to you, because I think I have the explanation. Listen, signore; your Italian emotionalism has made me—upset—but I can write. Ah, I can write!"

The other man sank into a chair. His splendor was gone now, and only the ruined tomb of it remained.

"Yes," he responded, "we are both fanatics. . . ."

Von Arnheim was smiling with the set vacant smile of the creator. He reversed a sheet of his manuscript and drew out a pen. There was a recklessness about him when he began to set down phrases, a dash and verve that are tokens of something beheld for the first time.

"Listen! It is night in Venice, you see; it is night, jewelled with fire, caressed in star-shine. A night to stir drowsy blood and set questionings in breathless eyes. . . .

"Up over the white balustrade he swung, with a whirl of cloak like wings against the sky. Beside the lounge, under soaring arches, he dropped on his knees. There was a white arm about his neck now, and a breath stirred in the shadows where Mistress Lucrezia waited. His lips trembled with fear when they found hers, but hers did not tremble with fear alone."

"Night in Venice under the moon. . . .

"I rode by swiftest horse," he muttered, "to tell you—ah, it is done!"

Von Arnheim did not look up, but he felt monsignore's shadow cross him, for the man had risen. It may have been that he tried to speak. Wrote the German:

". . . and her voice was drowsy when she spoke.

"Done, my Garcini? Riddles. . . . What mean you?"

"They are dead! I tell you your father at least is dead!"

"Horror now, seeping through dulled brain, more sickening in physical languor than among judges. For Mistress Lucrezia had reckoned only to dallying with this madcap boy. . . ."

Monsignore did not cry out. He was incapable of it. He dropped limply over the table. The white back of his head shone in the light of the four candles, and the table-wood reflected part of his face. Von Arnheim swept on:

"Yes, it was the cups, Lucrezia—was it not clever?" he cried; "it was in the handles of the cups! They are heavy. To drink one is led to take them up by the handles, unless one knows. They are sharp metal, they are ponderous—one does not realize that hidden there is a spring. Pressure on the handles releases it . . . one tiny flick in the fleshy part of the palm by the fingers . . . that is not felt! But in a few moments, Lucrezia, a very few moments, one feels the dull dizziness of a poison that is eternal. . . ."

The cluster of stars over monsignore's head had faded, and the room grew wan, but the man across the table did not stir. Nor did von Arnheim move, even though his voice droned on, fashioning the syllables as he wrote. Hysteria and power were now in his pen. Pages

followed the paling stars into immortality. At length the German threw down his pen. He rose, shaking his head.

“I have regained it,” he said, glancing at his watch; “yes, I have regained the old touch. . . .”

Then his face was expressionless as he strode forward and struck the bell.

“Down here, fools! Down here!—the last of the Borgias may be dying!—Will someone fetch a doctor? The signore has poisoned himself!”

Jewels

*My lover was nude, and, knowing my heart,
Wore naught but those jewels of passionate lure
Whose colour enhanced her voluptuous art
With the splendour and pride of the slaves of a Moor.*

* * *

*—Then the light of the lamp fell slowly low,
And only a light from the hall lit the room—
The flickering flame flung out a red glow,
And it seemed that blood stained her breast in the gloom.*

A Portrait in Deep Red and Black

DON RICARDO MORENA Y HADRIL, of Segovia, Segovia, Spain, having tried this, that, and the *other* thing to drown the sorrows that not infrequently accompany disappointed love, had taken to travel; and the ship *Katy*, to which he had entrusted himself at Marseilles, having docked safely after a prolonged voyage at the little commercial town of Pippi on the coast of the Black Sea, he was now engaged in crossing, as best he could, the unpleasant and smelly district along the river Phasus (famed in ancient times, but now, however, usually called "Rioni"). He was following the course of the river northward, on foot—accompanied by two *schyrkoa*, with the intention of arriving at Tifliss, via Kutaïs . . . eventually.

There are scattered huts along the Phasus, and in them (at *certain* times), one finds people of a tribe that deserves considerably greater interest on the part of historians than it is receiving—people known in Transcaucasia as "Solanghians." The thing about the Solanghians that first strikes one is their great physical beauty. All the things that have been sung and written and said (formerly) concerning the bodily perfections of the people along the Phasus are literally true: perfections that even the most hostile critic could not deny—unless, indeed, at the risk of being positively *untruthful*. . . . The Solanghians largely belong to that religious sect known commonly as the "Duchoboretz" or "Enemies of the Ghost"—whose precise beliefs it is unnecessary to formulate at this time (and in this place); but it is generally admitted among authorities that the

one-hundred-per-cent Duchoboretz in his habits, usages, and ambitions has left the Mormons of Utah very far behind him indeed.

In his vagaries among these people—remembering, of course, the kind of people they were—Don Ricardo came upon (although perhaps under rather “informal circumstances”) a young Solanghian, Esyl by name; a man of the greatest physical advantages, though under certain concomitant mental and other disadvantages. Or are they, after all, *dis*-advantages? In short, Esyl decided to accompany Ricardo in his travels through Transcaucasia until such a time as one of them, lying on the bed of idleness would say to the other—well, never mind what he *would* say—the point is that one of them undoubtedly would say it. . . .

Having spent the night in the city of Kutaïs (with a population of thirty thousand and a really *very* inadequate sewerage system), they traveled the next morning and early afternoon through that sandy region so notorious for its unpleasant habits at nights, until they arrived in Tiflis late in the afternoon just as the Ommyads* were getting ready to do their daily *heghier-zhiks*.

II

“And you will, I feel sure, find the servants at your entire disposal—very satisfactorily, as Voltaire says, that *great* man, whose works I find rarely equaled and *ne-er* excelled, unless perhaps by the novels of Paul de Kock and certain passages in *Paris Nights*† which have fallen into my hands.”

Léonie Hammernagel (senior), landlady of the Grand Hotel Hammernagel-de Baatz, of Tiflis, prided herself on her ability to talk in a both lively and cultured manner

* Not to be confused with the Ommyads of history.

† Probably the *Nuits de Paris*, by Rétif de la Bretonne (q. v.)

to her clientele; her speech was made quite especial by the wealth of artist's terms that she had at her command while the colloquialisms of Charlottenburg added to it a certain fillip to be obtained nowhere else in quite that way. Even her somewhat advanced years found Madame Hammernagel (*senior*) still on a path which, though perhaps not uncompromisingly predatory toward males, nevertheless had a distinct touch of the *Gaudeamus Igitur* about it.

She had been awarding the enjoyment of her accomplishments along this line to none other than Don Ricardo Morena, who had newly arrived at the establishment and who, to her jaded sensibilities, seemed to give fair promise of being worth attention—certainly in one way if not in another.

"The passages, that is. *Accidentally*, of course," she added, absently pushing the hot-water bottle under the bed.

And with this final tantalizing peek into her private life, which was accorded to privileged visitors only, she departed with that peculiar and refined undulation of the hips which daily filled her numberless admirers with ineffable delight.

Esyl entered just as she was leaving; and being, possibly, less susceptible than most to the highly specialized charms of ladies like Léonie (an appreciation of which, indeed, requires a background of centuries of civilization), gave only a far-away mumble in reply to her very courteous greeting; handed a little orange-dyed slip of paper to Ricardo; moved to the window and finally to a couch from which he watched his friend's movements intently and sulkily; and remained moody for the rest of the day.

III

Shems-Aga-Bey, the foreign commandant of the police at Tiflis, was a Rotarian in the innermost depths

of his heart. He probably didn't even suspect it (poor soul!) but it *may* have had something to do with his little fortnightly assemblages—*Klubs*, an unpardonable weakness, but interesting in, say, Tiflis.

Some hired musicians were playing softly—it was as yet early in the evening—behind a large sheaf of mauve malmaisons: one held a simple guittarre, *Târ* by name; another a three-sided violin with a long handle—called *Kemant-Schekh*; a third had another string-instrument, the *Rebab*; while the fourth was pawing over the inevitable tambourine.

Behind some Amorra curtains the dancers of the evening had removed their corsets and were *talking* . . . primitively, somewhat.

“Talking of bloaters,” murmured Amm-Djemyleh (Pearl-of-Magnificence), fingering lightly the golden threads of her bandelette, “have you heard of the new babet-depository? It makes you *feel*. . . .”

“*Distressingly?*” demurred Gâmbler-Ally (Gem-of-the-Ocean).

“Well, now that they have invented these ‘consolateurs,’ that sort of thing isn’t really necessary, is it?” protested Talhemeh (Ten Thousand Kisses) languidly. “Or is it? I know *so* little about consolateurs. . . .” And receiving no answer, she turned her back on the Pearl, while waving nonchalantly in the air some Guelder-roses; and the Pearl, being experienced in such matters and having furthermore the gift of diplomacy to a degree unusual in one of her age, discreetly moved in the direction of the open window.

Gâmbler, a fragile, exquisite thing, watched appreciatively the majestic tread of her companion. Indeed, Djemy was looking rather well in her clinging dress of deep red crêpe-de-chine, splendidly contrasting with the gold-embroidered cloth of Bulgarian tricolette which was drawn through her straight black hair. In her ears

she had some earrings of émaillé gold, with a necklace to match. Djemy was not beautiful: a cool critic would under no circumstances have said that she was beautiful; one would have said, "She is a rare thing, but beautiful, hardly." What critic, though, could in her presence have remained cool?

"O Amm-Djemyleh, thou splendid creature . . ."
whispered hoarsely Gâmbler.

But the Pearl was intently following with her eyes a large "Spuck" that was making its glittering devious way down to the alley below.

IV

And in the half-blue shadow of the cypress tree facing the shingle-façade entrance of Shem-Aga-Bey's domicile stood Esyl the Solanghian, whispering to Don Ricardo, who had just come from the building. The last swift sounds of the *naid-zhiks* of the Ommyads were singing through the allées, and the last guests of the commandant were rapidly dispersing.

"My soul has given me *Eyes*, Cardo; and you know now I cannot find rest from the thought of you—in any place."

". . . ?"

"Are you, then, taking the *Pearl*?"

". . . Have you read Gogol? An admirable writer on this subject, Gogol. You must read Gogol."

"O Cardo, Cardo—and after having come to the earwigs and Hamman Baths of Kutaïs and Baku, for you!"

And as Amm-Djemyleh herself came sedately moving toward the cypress, Esyl slipped into the *demi-brune* harbor of the neighboring ilex.

"Ssh . . . in this age of green chasubles and Chiselhurst minds, one can't be too careful," sighed

Djemy, looking faintly Venus Anadyomenish.

“Tu es une âme exquisite!”

“Alors tu as tout arrangé?”

“Terribly.”

And as the contented couple wandered off, a fourth figure emerged from the shadows which shivered up and down underneath the colonnades. It was Gâmbler, smelling faintly of musk-rose. She walked directly to the ilex tree where Esyl was still hidden.

“You long for a fine, courageous, capable husband—have been for some time?” hesitantly.

“Perhaps—”

“. . . ?”

“Mais oui”—a trifle unsteadily, with a long tugging sigh.

And so two negatives once more, by a simple mathematical (or biological?) formula, were made to produce a positive; though with but slight effect on the next census report.

Little foreign-born gamins were already appearing on the street: it was rapidly growing early.

“Donnez de l’argent, mousiou! Bandaloun!”—they rasped, though perhaps, all things considered, the latter request was somewhat unreasonable. But even they regained their peace of mind with the hours.

V

In the inconsequentially quivering shades of a corner of the room—that following night—a woman was reclining in a heap of deep red and black, whispering intermittently to herself.

“Esyl, Esyl . . . light of my life, light of my life . . . jamais, jamais.”

And outside the acacias faintly rustled, as acacias do.

Horrible Horace, or The Great Perambulator Mystery of the '90's

SUDDENLY, and without any warning, Dr. Herlock Holmes ceased his ceaseless pacing. "Aha!" cried he, placing his hypodermic needle back into its case and very methodically rolling down his sleeve. "Aha, Whatsen! I have an Idea."

No answer. A slap with the open hand or a dash of cold water in the face of the great sleuth would have been as effective and much less insulting. Not a sound applauded his dramatic statement save a certain and very unmusical carolling which emanated from some nether recess in close proximity to the bathroom. The great sleuth took a step or two thitherwise.

"AHA, WHATSEN! I have AN IDEA!" This time the voice which had struck mortal terror into the hearts of hundreds of evil-doers did penetrate into the nether recesses.

"No," teased Professor Whatsen, as he peered around the bathroom door, his face bubbling over with lather. "This is amazing, my dear Herlock. Really I . . ."

"Come, Whatsen, come along," commanded Holmes. "Quickly, before I lose my Idea. And bring along that needle—put it in your pocket." So saying and in less time than you think the great Holmes had replaced his brogues with a comfortable pair of sloppy slippers, slid into his dressing gown, pocketed four revolvers (they were really old pipes), and a pair of binoculars. Gravely he grabbed the half-shaven Whatsen by the middle of a lengthy stream of protest, quitted the over-heated apartment, and stalked out to the elevator.

The elevator boy was black. His teeth were white.

Very. His brain was null and void. Quite. They entered.

"Dr. Sholmes, sah," mouthed the boy, "is yo' all gwine out on dishere purr . . . purrh . . . purrah"

"My worthy friend," replied the great man, "you sound like a cat. I shall not tell you what that signifies. However, should you be in the throes of asking me am I going out to unravel the perambulator mystery, I should say that" A thought had entered Sholmes' mind. Whatsen and the Ethiopian remained respectfully silent, the latter wiping off his broad smile, the former wiping the lather from the left side of his face with the tail of the great sleuth's dressing gown. The elevator slushed down through its air chamber and stopped before the main-and-street-floor door.

". . . so's your old man," finished Herlock, still juggling with his Thought.

In fact he was so engrossed with this Thought that he whirled six and one-half times around in the revolving door, landing in a suspiciously befuddled state in the arms of the waiting Whatsen. Very slowly and very cautiously, after first making sure that no one recognized them, the famous detective placed the little finger of his right hand into his mouth, wet it therein, then held it up in the air. Whatsen was spellbound.

"My dear Sholmes," queried Whatsen. "Have you gone mad? What in the world are you doing that for?"

"North," replied Sholmes. "Or rather northeast by north-northwest. The wind, my dear Whatsen, the wind . . . the wind. I must always ascertain which way, if at all, the wind is blowing, so that I may adjust the fore and aft peaks of my cap accordingly. I see you are very unobservant of my habits. You seem to know very little of them. For that matter, my dear

Whatsen, I doubt very much that you know anything of this perambulator case."

They dashed south at a breathless pace, Dr. Sholmes talking, observing, jotting down unintelligible notes on his cuff, and talking the while. Occasionally they would cross the street, then re-cross it for the same reason. Dr. Sholmes talked on.

"Whatsen, it's like this," the great Herlock elucidated. "At ten twenty-nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third, Oliver Wendell Burbank, the two-year-old son of Burbank, the millionaire bean importer and owner of Boston's most extensive library, disappeared from his pram in the park. It is quite probable that at the time of his disappearance his nurse was entertaining a policeman. The infant has not been seen or heard of since. The nurse was baffled. She informed the policeman. He was baffled. He reported the case to his superiors. They were baffled. The detective bureau, which you know as well as I do, was baffled. And so, my dear Whatsen, what do you think the frantic father did?"

"Herlock, my friend," replied the professor, "I should imagine he called on you."

"My dear Whatsen, your perspicacity is most gratifying." Dr. Sholmes continued to talk and observe as he lead the way through the tortuous labyrinth of Boston streets, only slowing up his pace now and then to pluck the cap from the head of a newsboy and to sling it over a fence. But suddenly he stopped and leveled his binoculars, the larger lenses to his eyes, at some distant object.

"Migod! Migod, Whatsen," he exclaimed. "It's much further away than I thought, and I only have one shot left in that needle." Herlock lay the forefinger of his right hand beside his nose. "Whatsen," said he, "we'll have to call a cab."

And Whatsen, knowing full well that his friend should always be humoured, and knowing, too, that his own fat and bowed legs were somewhat the worse for their mad dash in the wake of the great sleuth, signaled to a passing hansom: one of the nice old kind.

No sooner were they nicely ensconced in the hansom when Herlock began to ferret out the needle in Whatsen's greatcoat pocket. He drained the last drop of inspiration into his left arm, blinked twice very rapidly, then spoke in a low voice to his companion.

"Hist, my dear Whatsen," he whispered. "I have an Impulse."

"Obey it then," advised Whatsen, but only too late, for the great sleuth had already turned to the man on the box.

"Where," Herlock began, "where were you on the morning of the twenty-third at ten twenty-nine o'clock?"

"Answer yes or no," cautioned the sly Whatsen. Neither the cabby nor Holmes accorded him with the slightest attention.

"And if so," continued Dr. Holmes, "What did you see that was extraordinary?"

The cabby was a florid man. He had an air about him—horses, naturally, *et cetera*. He was once a bartender, and his whiskers were something beautiful: something to be beheld with an "ah-h!" His topper reflected the rays of the sun with candour. It was easy, it was child's play, to see that he had never done any wrong—at least not lately.

"Sir," replied the cabby, "had I not at that moment been labouring under a temporary financial embarrassment—and my poor horses hungry. . ." Here he broke down and cried a little, then more, then most, until the saline tears began to drip down through the trap in the roof of the hansom.

The great sleuth became all tenderness. He cried a little, too, then:

"There, there, my good man, brace up and tell me."

"Well, Sir," continued the cabby, "had I not been financially embarrassed at the moment, at the time you specify, I should have been led to believe myself intoxicated, which, if you must know, I did later become, remaining in that state of inebriation for approximately four days."

Herlock's face was flooded with sudden comprehension. He turned and beamed on the luckless Whatsen. He beamed eloquently. Then he turned back to the man on the box.

"Because you saw, did you not, a two-year-old babe who hailed you, got into your hansom, corrected your English, then gave you a five-dollar bill to get drunk on. Am I right?"

The man on the box nearly fell off. "Yes, Sir," he faltered, "but how . . . how did you know?"

Dr. Sholmes, however, had already turned to Whatsen again. "You see," he cried. "I am never wrong—or at least, hardly ever. Very simple. Very simple indeed! Bleary eyes and excellent English. He was so astounded at the whole thing that he immediately became thoroughly intoxicated, remained so for four days, and therefore the police never knew that he knew. As a matter of fact it's highly improbable that he knew that the police didn't know that he knew. In my opinion, which he substantiated, he didn't even know that what he knew was something the police didn't but wanted to know. You undoubtedly do not follow me, my dear Whatsen, but that is of little import."

Herlock presented the man on the box with his compliments in the form of legal tender.

"One more question, my good man," said the great sleuth. "What did the babe say to you?"

The cabby ran the butt of his whip meditatively up and down the back of his neck. He thought profoundly for several moments. The process seemed painful. His face was enigmatic. His thoughts, if any, were enigmatic. And his reply presented the greatest enigma of all.

"Well, Sir," answered the cabby, "the babe informed me, if I remember correctly, that he wanted to see the 'marvellous mechanical masticate-masticates.' Now just what that means, Sir. . . ."

But Holmes had already jumped to his feet, and, heedless of the lump that was swelling on his head from its impact with the roof of the hansom, was giving orders in his best Napoleonic manner.

"Go," he barked, "to my apartment, my dear Whatsen, and see to it that an excellent dinner is ordered. And be so good as to inform the bank on your way, that they may well expect a large deposit today."

II

As they sat over the admirable port sent to Holmes from the private cellar of Mr. Burbank, Whatsen knew, from long experience, that it was now permissible to ask about the recovery of the lost heir to the Burbank millions. Holmes had changed again from his dressing gown and slippers, had exchanged his awkward pipe for a cigarette, and was at his ease.

"Very simple," laughed Holmes, "very simple, my dear Whatsen. Knowing the excellent education that the babe has had, I immediately knew his 'masticate-masticate' meant choo-choo. So then the infant must have ordered the cabby to stop at the Blitzbaum store, where they are having an exhibition of mechanical trains in one of the windows.

"Now, you see, there is that cheap hash-house called the Silver Sow directly across the street from Blitz-

baum's, and it is there, as we both know well, that our friend Horrible Horace hangs out."

"Do you mean that Horrible Horace kidnap—" interrupted the professor.

"Don't be impatient, Whatsen," drawled the famous sleuth. "It never is a good thing. Horrible Horace, you may remember, burgled the Burbank mansion a few months ago, but got off by pleading Momentary Hunger. It would seem that whilst burgling the Burbank mansion he had some conversation with the infant, through whose room he entered. They fell, for a while, to discussing how much Coleridge owed to the German metaphysicians. They found each other quite entertaining. And so when Horace saw young Oliver Wendell standing before the store window across the street, he thought he'd invite Oliver to stay a while with him. And when I entered Horrible Horace's rooms I found the two playing chess."

"Marvellous, my dear Herlock," exclaimed Whatsen. "Astounding! But tell me, how did you happen to think of Horrible Horace as the man with whom the babe would become clubby?"

"My dear Whatsen," laughed Holmes, "it was really too simple. Have you forgotten already what the cabby told us? The babe is inordinately fond of alliteration." And the master sleuth picked up a detective story, settling himself for a comfortable evening.

The Difficulty of Being Royal

THE Palace at Outopolis was more than busy these days. Palaces are generally busy enough too, goodness knows. As King Charles said to Queen Annie one night in the Boudoir long after the rest of the palace was asleep, "Something had to be done." It was difficult being a king because you had to see to it that there were some future kings to come after you. Not that this royal pair had no Crown Prince. They did, and a very pleasant young man he was. His name was Prince Cicisbeo and he lived at home in the Palace with his mother and father. So did his wife, the Princess Amenia, who was small and pretty, with dark eyes and a very white skin—*too* white, some people said. They all seemed very happy together, which is not often the way with royal families, I have been told.

But it is too true that happiness is only relative and never quite perfect and that, to be specific, there was a very large Senegambian (figurative) in this palatial woodpile. This Senegambian (figurative) was the absence of a grandson to the good old King and Queen; for although Prince Cicisbeo and his small white princess had been married for upwards of a dozen years—in fact ever since his eighteenth birthday—there was no sign of what Parliaments call "issue." Everybody was concerned about it, "issue" being very necessary to kings and queens and princes and princesses. The young couple had been brought up in the Best Tradition and had been surrounded with the most powerful charms and amulets, and Count Auff and his beautiful Countess Hemoglobin had been selected as Constant Companions for them. This estimable pair was raising twenty-two

lovely children (eleven of each); they had come in pairs—the dears—and were given the run of the Palace as it was hoped their presence *might* be an encouragement. Altogether you never saw two handsomer young couples, and except for time taken out in bowing to The People, they passed time very pleasantly with the diversions customarily employed by princes and their intimates, which were gay enough but were very well-bred as far as anyone could see. Even Lady Bella Bartock, Mistress of the Royal Stays, who had as naughty a tongue as ever wagged, remarked that she “thought the youngsters (she was ninety-four and they were just that to her) *seemed* to be behaving very sweetly.”

But all this, nice as it undoubtedly was, was not producing the biological results for which the Ducky Old King and the Dear Old Queen were quite naturally eager. So one day there was a Serious Conversation.

“Annie, my chick,” said Charles one morning as he stooped down during breakfast to wipe up some egg which he had spilled on *her* favorite dog “Widdle”—his hand was not so steady now as it had been—“things have come to a pass.”

The Queen agreed, but what was there to be done about it?

The King was not sure, but drastic and not altogether delicate suggestions were being made in the Council.

“Amenia is a splendid girl and a great help to me,” said the royal Annie. “In fact she has become invaluable about the Palace ever since our own Louisa married the Big Butter-and-Egg Man. I don’t really know what I should do without her, but of course there *is* the succession, and after all the dear French are so right about Noblesse Oblige.”

This Serious Conversation was followed a few days later—the King had foreseen it for sometime—by an Ultimatum from the Council. The Ultimatum was

delivered at Tea by the ominous Premier Facere, who was suave and businesslike about it as he was suave and businesslike about all matters. Which did not preclude his being ominous just the same. I shall not bother you with a full transcription of the document for let me assure you it was very dull. What it proposed was, briefly, this: That attractive and popular as the fair Amenia was (and kind to her aged parents, too), she was unfortunately lax in the performance of certain aspects of her duties—much the most important aspects, in fact—and that she could scarcely expect (the exigencies of government being what they were) to occupy indefinitely the whole of the Prince's attentions. It was further proposed that since it had been *remarked* that Prince Cicisbeo found the society of the Countess Hemoglobin quite charming, and since her qualifications were admirably attested, perhaps it might not be inadvisable. . . . And in case everyone was *quite* wrong, and the dear Amenia was *not* at fault perhaps the Count Auff could be persuaded without its being too much talked about. . . . In any case there would surely be an heir, which would make the old King and Queen and the public all so happy and would rescue the throne from the hands of the pimpled and altogether objectionable Boojum of Buk.

Now it is easy to imagine that this suggestion was unfortunate, even incriminating, for Prince Cicisbeo and his pretty princess, who, as far as any one could see, were almost devoted to each other. The graver suspicion naturally fell on Amenia (she looked a little "washed-out," they said) who was, after all, a foreigner and, as Nasty Bella said, "not quite one of us."

The King accepted the proposal and so did the Queen, who left off her jewels on that particular day out of modesty. In spite of their tender feelings toward the girl they thoroughly believed in that stern French motto

—and besides, the people felt a little strongly.

The announcement was made separately to each of the quartet, by the King to the two gentlemen first. The Count was flattered and quite amenable although he cherished the Countess properly enough. On the other hand Cicisbeo made every *manifestation* of annoyance: "I cannot see," he would repeat at intervals of eight seconds, "I cannot see why we couldn't borrow a couple of the Countess' own. There's little Ugfeld, for instance, who could, I am sure, be taught to look like me." The able Facere after a session of forty-three hours finally brought him round. . . . The Prince *was* a little dense in some ways.

With the ladies it was a more delicate affair. The Queen undertook it—which was much to her credit for it was not the sort of thing she liked. When Annie informed the Countess the latter threw a becoming blush and expressed the customary surprise; so *that* was all right. What was real dirty work was telling poor Amenia—she was frail, you know, and *might* lose her mind. The Queen actually brought herself to it only by repeating inwardly twice with each step, as she lumbered toward Amenia's suite, "Noblesse Oblige, Noblesse Oblige."

When the Princess heard what was proposed she became hysterical and not at all herself—but everyone had expected that. Nevertheless she was carted out of the Palace and was constrained to go back to her Aunt Lizzie, a really dreadful old duchess with a penchant for Etruscan Pottery and Bamboo Curtains.

* * *

Several months after the domestic rearrangements Lady Bartock *swore* she had heard the Countess mutter one day in an absent moment (she had them), "Well, it was long enough coming to me." But the Bartock woman, as everyone remarked, talked far too much.

Appassionata

THE publisher's blurb says the usual fine things about Miss Fannie Hurst's latest achievement.

The fact remains that the book will not be read by anyone two years hence, except for the purpose of having a good hearty laugh at the expense of the authoress. It is one of those books which is all tricks and capers. In the first place, it is written in the second person—"Jones was born when you were six years old," "You looked out of the window and you saw Smith," etc. etc. This is not even an original idea, it has been done often enough before, and could Miss Fannie Hurst mention a single work written in the "you-you" style which has survived? Her own book is not so violently interesting or so wise that it can hope to survive this silly outworn trick any better than "Lady Constance Tremayne" or any other novels of that type. Then, Miss Hurst's sublime disregard for the meanings of words! The word *flatulence* is applied by most people to the chronic breaking of wind in polite society and, by extension, to the prose-style of certain novelists. In *Appassionata*, however, beautiful young ladies suffer from "flatulence of the hips," surely a most distressing malady. Or, again, a *peak*, for anyone with eyes to see anything besides a mere conglomeration of letters in a given word, denotes something sharp and pointed. A *knoll*, on the other hand, any fool can see is a low smooth-topped hill. However, in *Appassionata*, *knolls* have *peaks*, and either the *knoll* or the *peak* both look like a fat man's stomach (O priceless simile!).

In short, let us say that Miss Hurst's stylistic antics are a horrid bore. At first, they irritate by appearing to stand between the reader and the story, and then,

when you realize that the story is as flatulent as the heroine's hips, you are more irritated than ever by realizing that this style stands between you and sheer vacuity. If this is literature, as Lady Adela said, Oh Hell! give *me* a book to read!

(APPASSIONATA, by Fannie Hurst. Alfred Knopf.)

Contributors

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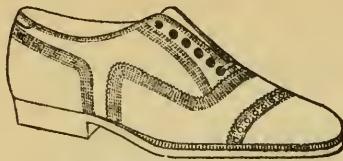
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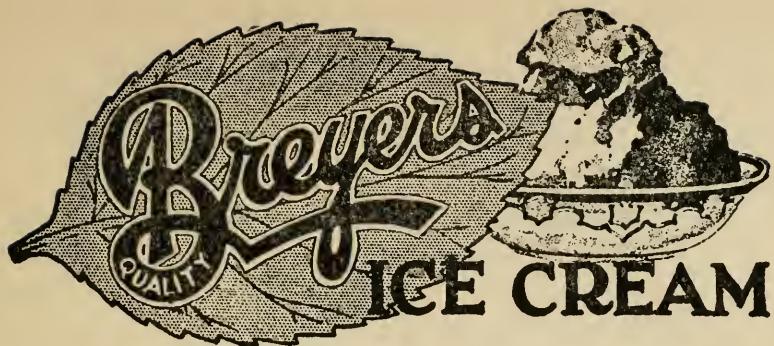
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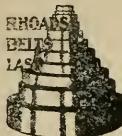
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1926

No. 7

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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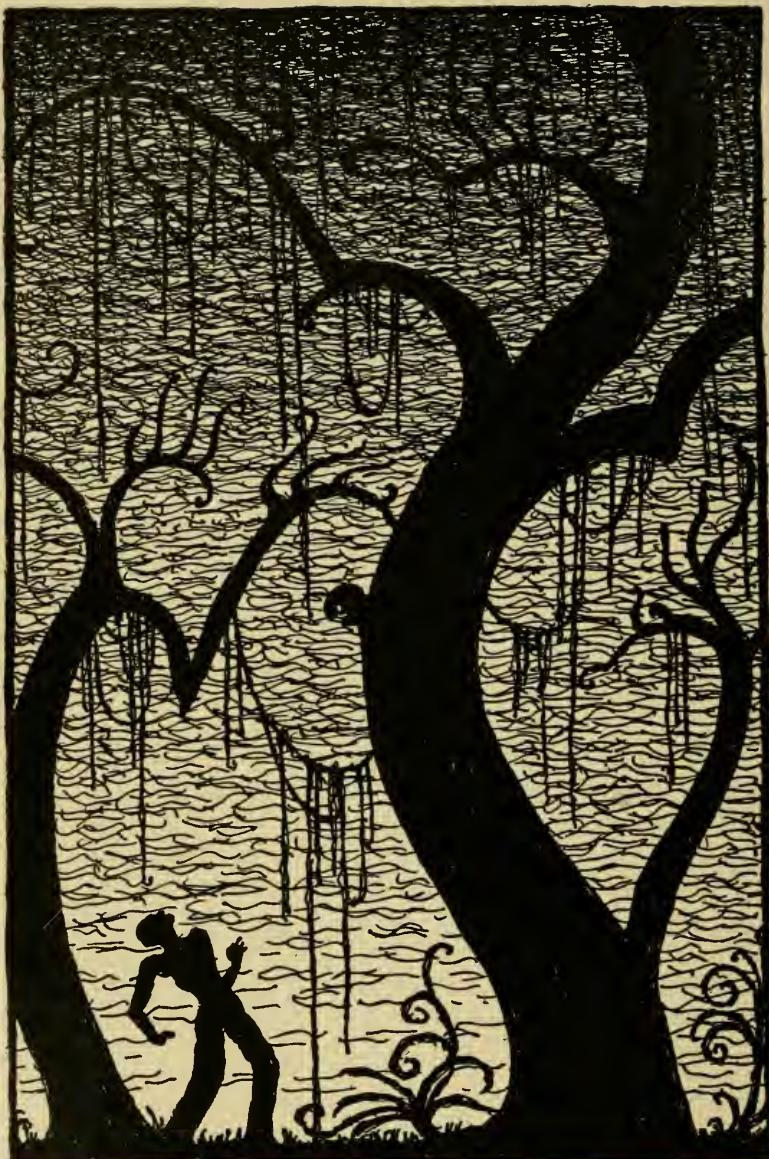
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“He ran around in big circles.”
The Dark Trees.

The Dark Trees

SOFTLY the rain began falling, tiny thin raindrops falling in front of dark, enormous trees. Things grew darker everywhere, even the little bit of seashell sky way up above the dark pointed trees.

This was what it was like. How strange, and a little horrible and disproportionate, too.

The man was lying on the porch, watching the raindrops falling. *He* thought it was strange, because it was new. It wasn't often that things seemed strange to him, because so few things were new. That was it; he had been slowly dying of a sort of emotional anemia. And now this. The dark, enormous trees.

Things were growing darker everywhere. He grew tense, and his muscles tightened involuntarily.

Slowly, stealthily, everything began to move. He could see the trees grow bigger and blacker. And the sky grew gray, as if it were closing its eyes and turning its head away and didn't want to see. Bigger and blacker the trees grew. The rain made the grass seem a bit shiny and quivering and horrid. Like a fat man's green lascivious belly.

The trees seemed to come nearer now. The bushes and shrubs shrank away and became smaller, as if they were trying to keep from laughing. Choking with a shrill suppressed laughter, they were. Now he knew what the sound was. Piercing, shrill, ceaseless, now louder, now less loud, now almost hushed, then again frighteningly shrill. Like a shriek almost. A faun's shriek. *That.*

Smaller the bushes grew and smaller. But the trees became bigger. *They* were the worst. Worse than the grass and the rain and the sky and the bushes. Worse than the suppressed shrieking, even. They pointed up into the sky, like the fat distorted fingers of a negro. Only sharp at the top, like pointy fingernails. One tree especially was strange. A big one, the nearest one. It seemed to be getting a face, with eyes and terrible stiff upright hair. All very dark.

Everything seemed to be creeping up on him. He wanted to run. Not into the house, though; they would catch him there and leer in through the window at him, and all he would be able to do would be roll about on the floor, or sit in a corner inside some blankets. No. He would go outside.

Down the stairs he ran, on to the little clearing before the house. There were the trees in front of him, physical, indubitable. He turned his back to them and looked at the house. That was worse yet, he felt them running up behind him.

There was something loathsome about them too. They seemed to be panting and shaking and sweating with some strange unnatural passion.

He wondered if they would follow him. He ran around in big circles, to see if they would move. Not even that. . . .

He held his face in his hands. He was tired, and almost prostrate with terror. Different parts of his body were shaking spasmodically.

Then came the thunder. Louder and louder, and then one great crash. And the rain began to fall heavily.

He ran straight through the trees to where the hill went down. Down the hill.

It stopped raining. The air looked very green and transparent. The sun came back, and green smells rose from the ground.

Down the hill he ran with his eyes wide open. Without fear. Down the hill. Then he stumbled on a sharp stone and fell headlong into some small blue flowers on the hillside.

There he lay, sobbing, sobbing. With his face pressed into the harebells. So hard. . . .

Frederic Prokosch.

Rain

*Like a flail in the arm of a thundering god
The bitter rain,
Cruel rain,
Whipped the trees from their afternoon nod
Lashing—stinging,
Stinging—ringing,
And called me away from my book to plod
Away and across the windy hills—
The low grey hills,
Blowsey hills—
And away to the spot where a whistle shrills
His haunting call,
Hollow call,
In an eerie voice that charms—that chills
And a sob is come from an unknown part—
A primitive cry,
Plaintive sigh—
Is come unbid from a part of my heart
That is old as the hills,
The wind-swept hills
The sun shone out. I awoke with a start.*

Robert Barry.

The Lone Tent

"In The Lone Tent, waiting for victory, she stands eyes marred by the mists."

1

AT SIX Avory ate worms. Afterward he would shudder alone in horrid recollection of boneless twistings and flabby non-resistances. During the operation itself he stood, stomach outthrust, forehead high, in his eye the indomitable flash. It was good to see less adventuresome members of one's own sex snatch at behinds to jump like so many picked young turkeys on a barn fence, jealous, of course, but very, very much excited. "That's nothin'," Avory would say. "I kin eat a caterpillar!" Shrieks, jumps, closer gatherings. "Avory's gonna' eat a *caterpillar*—Avory says he'll eat a caterpillar." And down it would go, fur, green guts, and everything.

Later, Avory organized a neighborhood theatrical group. There were condensed versions of William Tell, and again more sophisticated fare, gleaned, no doubt, from clandestine movie attendance. Avory soon found that were the presentations inspired by himself, more suitable roles might be had. Then too, mothers would exclaim, "You don't mean to tell me Avory is writing!" or even, "Goodness how I wish my Willy were as clever as your Avory!"

One thing bothered him. He saw it this way. If one is so exciting now, one should be just so exciting always, particularly in games. Take a baseball game. One should step up to bat, spit upon hard but beautiful hands, swing awesomely—and a home run. However, Avory didn't hit home runs. Neither could he jack-

knife, like Willy, or tag Sarah Mary—something was wrong, decidedly wrong.

So Avory never played games. He gave you to understand how far more significant, even mysterious matters concerned him at such intervals. The Hazel Dike gang must never observe a nose flattened against grimy windowpanes, angry tears settling about injured eyes. Why did people play baseball games anyway? People actually preferred rushing madly through some weedy alley lot to interpreting butlers or court followers, in Avory's new play. Stupid, silly people!

Treading close upon his thirteenth birthday, Avory discovered an efficient literary manner. You perused the opening two chapters, skimmed descriptive elaboration unless sexually valuable, and after hasty study of the interior, carefully wound up with the closing incident. That way you could talk about the book, save undue boredom, and best, read a great many works which appreciative elders had missed. People now said: "I don't think it is good for the child to read so much. And the things he reads! Really Madge—" Mother answered with a pleased laugh, "Oh I guess it's all right. He always has been fond of books—an uncommonly sophisticated child. I only wish I'd read half my own child has." Avory snickered. If they but knew how he despised books! That last was nice, though. Sophisticated. It was in the dictionary, "knowing, worldly wise"—in the same dictionary with "spermmary" and "adulterous." Avory found the dictionary quite fascinating. His mother thought that very nice.

Avory painted too, mostly disproportionate naked ladies, but naked for all of that. He cherished ambitions. The cinema foremost, second choice some diplomatic service provided such service required sufficient newspaper comment. He had, by this time, waived ideas of being another Jim Sullivan. Took too long, you know.

Fifteen found Avory kissing. The fellows at school boasted about the girls they had conquered—some embellished further. Avory, however, was content to see how many faces could be kissed. He told about it all later amidst you-and-I chuckles and high pitched "Atta boy Avorys." Cigarettes caused him a dull headache, but what matter that? He had even tried some corn liquor with the fellows—quite simple if you stopped the bottle's neck with your tongue.

At Yardley Avory was voted the best dressed under-former, played on the banjola club, and had had a poem in the "Quill." Colorful socks were his most lavish dissipation. He would hike his trouser leg in class, or sit cross-kneed in trolley cars. The faculty cordially hated him, perhaps the one thing upon which they would ever wholly agree. Many of his classmates muttered behind his back, and Avory considered himself far and away the most popular boy about Yardley.

One morning Avory hurled the Yardly school hymnal (compiled by Mr. Hotchkiss, the school musical director, who in turn owed valued assistance to Professor Dietz, Professor J. W. Havens and Dr. Boyd Pomfret) across the chapel. The head master, an august personage who embodied untold virtues blending an expansively indignant knowledge of all vice, might never have ferreted the culprit. But Avory staged nothing in veiled setting. The exit was delightful. He was the hour's hero, then oblivion. On the train behind a widespread copy of the current "College Humor," he wept, long and silently.

II

Beryl was eighteen, Avory twenty when they met. She had corn silk hair, "sport hair" he called it, a jaunty body which made her clothes seem somehow merry, and

a fertile stock of mildly risqué stories. She was the best liked girl at Point of Pines. Avory wanted her,—not that he was in love. He—well he just wanted her.

Beryl saw a thin, starey-eyed boy, oddly amusing somehow—and then without asking why, she gave herself over to him completely. His the first, the last dance, his the good-night kiss, his the empty evenings upon the hammock. Fortunately, other boys were jealous.

To-night Beryl and Avory were silent. Quite suddenly—"I love you, Avory. Heaven alone knows what it's all about. I've never been such an ass before—never was in love with anyone but myself. But I love you." Avory smiled. He watched the tiny cigarette stab, and, an instant, as she puffed, the quavering outline of her lips.

"You don't suppose I believe you, do you?"

"You got to, Avory. You hear me?"

"O I guess—"

"I do, I tell you! I love you like—like—hell."

"Yes?"

"Don't you laugh. I do—I do—"

"Well I didn't say no."

She leaned quickly forward. Her hysteria tempered the hoarse whisper of her voice. "I'm gonna' prove it. You see!" Avory leaped to his feet. He could smell the singed flesh, faintly discern the dab of fire held deliberately against her cheek. She was crying now, hideous, muffled sobs.

The next day, Avory told the story the length and breadth of Point of Pines. "And what did the little fool do, etc." He had forgotten Beryl's significance as the most popular girl.

That evening, near the old tennis courts, two darkened figures leaped upon the dashboard of his car, and it was not until several hours had passed that Avory realized

the reasons for the punishment he took. The beating never remained uppermost within his mind. Long after the viscous blues and reds had withered upon his body, he still visioned a sudden rush of silent shadow, the grim silhouetted brushwood whirling black beside him through a heady pound of dramatized horror. Avory wondered whether life wasn't something like that—a frantic blend of the real with the abstract. He noted the figure in his diary. Perhaps someone would find it.

Sure enough someone did. Her name was Edith, but Avory suggested Edyth, and Edythe she became. She knew that he was cut for the finer aspect, and was glad that he thought so too. They held much in common.

"Her eyes are mine, her lips are mine—she is lovely," considered Avory. Edythe said "life is difficult," and Avory sighed, ran delicate finger tips through his hair.

"You know sometimes I feel as though nothing really mattered."

Edythe gasped. "Oh Avory, you mustn't think such things."

"How can I help myself?"

She took his hand. "You don't believe strongly enough in yourself, dear. But I do. I'm proud of you right this minute. Some day I'll be prouder." The rhythmic whisper of a muted cornet sighed through to them, and she swayed closer on the off beat. Avory kissed her. "In love," he cried then, "I'm in love." And Edythe clung to him whimpering.

Afterwards he felt that Edythe had tricked him. She should have told about her family. Just imagine marrying into such a family! Avory shuddered. Yes, surely she had tricked. Edythe—with her pretty eyes, and the way she had of fitting her vagaries into his own moods. God, if he hadn't found out in time! "Life is difficult," he murmured dully and presently remembered whence those words had sprung.

Sometimes he wondered what had become of her. Then he would be wronged, and hurt, and all sorts of things. He would try not thinking too much about it. Might prey on his mind, make him cynical or morbid. "Poor Avory." He liked that, and said it softly again.

Avory was a woman-hater now. His diary read, "Man understands man, but woman is merely capable of using him."

"We've gotta stick together now, George fellow," he would say. "I need you, man. I'm through with that stuff." This evening George knocked his pipe against the table leg. He did it, in order that he might lean down away from the light. Avory embarrassed him, made him feel somehow undressed, though George would scarcely have thought that way. Indeed George never thought at all. People liked him, had always liked him, for he harbored no discriminations. Discrimination required too much thought. George was—and that seemed sufficient. So George knocked his pipe against the table leg. "Sure," he replied, "I'm with you." Avory smoked quietly for a time. Now George seemed to puzzle. "You didn't mean what you said this afternoon, did you Avory?"

"What?" Avory bit his lip. He must be getting stupid losing lines this way.

"About—oh about going to Europe and not coming back."

Avory wished George wouldn't keep remembering things. He had no right. "Yes, I did, George. This afternoon I was feeling pretty low. Feel better now. I'd still like to do it though, only that's the coward's way."

"Yea," said George, "Yea." He wasn't quite sure whether he understood or not. Avory was kind of funny sometimes. Hadn't known him long enough, he guessed.

The evening paper caught his eye, and he whistled his

admiration. "Gosh—that guy Paddock is some boy—look at this!" Avory took the paper annoyedly. George was playing his part badly—extremely badly. Perhaps he was a bit stupid after all, although this afternoon when they were talking about Avory's—"There!" George stuck two stubby fingers between Avory's eye and the newspaper. "I can see it." George peered bewilderedly and withdrew his hand. What was the matter now?

The lamplight flickered impatiently. Outside a new moon partially hidden behind restless cloud-strips appeared slightly soiled. Avory tried it over. He began, "even the moon seems ashamed of the ugly old world tonight." And George knocked his pipe against the table leg once more and hummed embarrassedly.

When Avory told her about George, not long afterwards, Llora laughed and jiggled her feet. "If he hadn't tagged along all the time, I might have been able to stand him," Avory said. "It was kind of mean to drop him too, when he admired me like that I guess."

Llora laughed again. "The Hell you were. He must of been pretty dumb." She pushed the chair back from the table, rising to her feet. "Come on. Let's dance."

Avory liked Llora—her sleek auburn hair, her jazz clothes, her tossing legs as they moved across the crowded floor. People turned to stare after her. He was conscious of their talk as he and Llora picked a congested way back to the table.

Llora of the syncopated eyes, and the over-painted lips. Avory chuckled as she snatched away the ginger ale bottle. "None of that young fellow—let's make this a regular party. Out west where men are men and there's only two kind of women, they do it this way!" She raised the half emptied flask to her lips. Avory applauded and kissed the splash of rouge left upon the edge. The man near them laughed. Llora turned to stare boldly into his eyes. "Listen at Christmas," she

shrieked. "Just listen at him! Pour, baby, *pour!*"

Fifteen minutes later the head waiter appeared. His indignation seemed somehow to overlap the starched breast of his shirt front. "If you have no respect for your own lady you will have to have some for others," he told Avory.

Llora rose grandly to the occasion.

"I ain't no lady." And Avory barely caught her as she swayed. "Scratch your eyes out," she yelled shrilly. They left amid general confusion.

On the pavement Avory hailed a taxi. There were countless taxis dancing about, and Avory harbored a sudden feeling that the buildings so straight above them, might lean out too far, and come crashing down upon them. "Jitney," Llora murmured dreamily. "Why don't we get in a jitney, honey?" Avory slumped down against the curb. He didn't care whether there were any taxicabs or not. His eyes shut heavily. Nothing now, pleasant nothing, like a room completely filled with, with what?

Suddenly Avory sensed a mad rush of people all about him. His eyes shot open. In the middle of the street lay a struggling crumple of scarlet silk, and kicking legs. Llora had made no outcry. Then, little by little, the legs became quiet. People were gathering up the crumple, people were bringing it over to Avory. An instant he watched them, then he was running, running madly from a sickening, scarlet crumple and legs that no longer kicked.

III

Avory kept more and more to himself. Somehow people had grown less cordial. Once he caught himself actually wishing for George. Days passed, too, over

which loomed nameless troubles. Perhaps the arts were his place after all. He had no doubt, but he would have met success. As things stood, the newspaper game was not what it should have been—through no fault of his. Came the morning when his position was no longer open to him. He saw himself on the street, penniless, broken by life. Edythe or Beryl would come along then, and remember the man in whose ruin each had had some share. For the first time in years, he approached his mother. He found no sympathy. As he stood before her, he saw more than his own reflection within her glance. He knew how silly his words sounded. "Well, Mother, I've left the office." It was rather comical, and a little pitiful to watch her gathering together all those outworn forces. She was going to be practical. Sure enough—"And I suppose you expect your father and me to support you the rest of your life. Goodness knows how hard it was to get you any sort of thing—" and so on. Avory turned away sickened. His father said: "I'd certainly hoped, Avory. I never stopped hoping. Your mother and I were tremendously disappointed at times. I might say quite often. But we never lost faith, or we tried not to." Avory flounced from the room. At the door he glanced round, "If that's the way you feel about it, I suppose I'd better go." His father made no comment.

Avory realized that he had conducted his own funeral. So often, had he made threats, so often had his silly mother wept storm-ridden tears. They didn't intend to do it any more. There remained nothing for him but to go. He had made one threat too many, and the very salvation of pride required the consummation of his word. "Oh Hell," slobbered Avory, "Oh Hell," and walked blindly to his room.

A year crept slowly on, a year of park benches, of unsympathetic employment agencies, and lonesome

cravings. If only there were someone to see! God knew he'd been through enough. He had considered liquor, the usual gesture of destationed gentlemen, but there was no one, no one. Sometimes he imagined himself mad. Then he would stop before a store window, notice that his frayed tie was awry, and forget. Still no one discovered him. Certain nights he would visit the police station. At least people would talk to him there, such people, people who overlooked ruined lives to argue about the giants, or Dempsey's chances against—oh anyone. Mother wrote once. He wanted to burn the letter, but since no matches presented themselves he threw it from the window. There were times too, when he sat silent in his rocking chair, and cried. More often he talked aloud to himself about himself—then he would remember Beryl and Edythe until they had taken on legendary values.

Tonight Beryl was beside him. She was very lovely, he thought, lovelier than any woman in the land. And she plead with him, she, the most sought-after woman, plead with him. She was upon her knees now, tears stood about the tender beauty of her eyes. But even as he watched Beryl became Cleo, Cleo Burnaise—sinuous, terrible in her beauty. Like a panther she moved there, about his feet. And Avory clasped his hands behind his neck and rocked and rocked.

IV

The blonde tilted her pale nose, regarding it professionally. "I got a pair a shoes like that for eleven fifty at I. Miller's", she was saying. "Yea, tell me I got gyped. Pleasant conversation you sell—not." The second girl snorted disgustedly. The blonde clapped her vanity case shut.

"I was just tellin' you," she said, and fell to studying

her feet. Perhaps she was wondering whether there was time for lunch before the matinee.

"Bennie's griped as hell," she began.

The other girl snorted again. "Well, no wonder. Those guys haven't got the brains God gave a prop man."

"You gotta take what you can get, and that's the truth."

They nodded together in agreement.

Against the further wall stood a piano, and before it a pale young man whose weariness and pink silk shirt must have come with the piano, so perfectly did they blend. Bennie hopped up and down before them, but not in time to the *thump, thump* of the blasé keys. Bennie was exasperated. "Get this, get this," he screamed over and over. "Get this, I say. Not your heel—you can't balance on your heel you damned fool—Oh my God."

The pale young man thumped on. His face betrayed nothing, nothing save a dynamic weariness. Bennie perspired more and more freely. Now he wiped his red face with a beefy wrist, and his shirt cuffs became even dirtier. He tried persuasion.

"I want that you should listen to me. This is four eight time—You're too slow on your break, and you jump, not walk into that shuffle, like this. See?" Bennie moved his fat knees surprisingly. "Now—try it again. Wait for your introduction. One, two, three—now!" The pale young man banged harder.

In her corner, the blonde moved nervously. Bennie was a good teacher—she knew. "Who's that boy," she asked presently. "He's your partner in the sunshine number ain't he?" No reply developed. For a moment she watched him, then turned away. The boy was forgotten.

Morning wore on. Sun strips slipped off Broadway into the tiny window and filtered upon the littered stage.

The pale young man still worried at his piano. A cigarette hung from his bloodless lips now. Bennie still perspired freely, flinging his short legs here and there, yelling, cursing, ranting. The blonde with her cohorts sat back listlessly. Sometimes one or the other of them came to life to powder a blanched nose. The eight young men pranced on, regarding each other's feet fearfully. If the time should be lost again! One, two, three, four, *one . . .*

Suddenly the door back-stage opened. Immediately the atmosphere changed—Bennie no longer swore, he coaxed, then turning around he gave the woman standing in the entrance a bright nod. "Once more," he said, "and you're through." He might have been addressing a head of cattle. An instant the woman lingered there. Her eyes seemed to accuse vaguely—that was all. As a matter of fact she had scarcely seen the eight young men. She was the star. And the eight young men? But she no longer held even a spark of interest within her eyes. Bennie moved toward her with outspread palms. His shirt sleeves were rolled back, concealing the dirt.

Five minutes later Avory walked out upon Broadway—Broadway at the noon hour. People rushed past him, carrying bundles, leading children, rushing somewhere, anywhere. For a fleeting instant they saw a thin boy, his worn shoes heartlessly polished, a rakish jaunt to his shapeless hat. He stood just without the Band Box stage door, but they may not have noticed that. Avory rested there, five minutes gone from his lunch recess. At last he sauntered on. Perhaps—why no, they must, think him one of the cast. Avory stepped away blasély.

John Lineaweaver.

The Pagan

*“—And mark the sinful gleam that lights his eye,
And how he ogles every pretty maid—
Oh I’m disgusted, Brother John, dismayed!*

*“He says, and laughs about it, too, that try
I may, but that I never can descry
The god whose law he always has obeyed.*

*“I told him that ’twere best he kneeled and prayed
In expiation of his sin, but I
Was wasting every word. He asked me why!*

*“He questioned me! ‘Why should I be afraid,’
He asked, ‘to worship form and colour made
By your own God—could Beauty be a lie?’*

*“So, Brother John, let’s cross the way apace,
For if we speak to him we fall from Grace.”*

Robert Barry.

The Red Heels

MONSIEUR DE MA BELLE DAME, whom they called the ugliest man in France and its greatest lover, was drunk again that night. There were two other men in his room, and the candle-light lay on them like a veil of yellow gauze in which blue wreaths of smoke were tangled, but all three stood out sharp and distinct as painted dolls. Monsieur de ma Belle Dame himself resembled a clockwork man; he sat at the table with one thin arm across it, his eyes glassy as marbles. Hair strayed down over his long face, like straw pasted there. And he sat propped sideways, staring at Vandeliers.

Vandeliers—Pierre Vandeliers of the rue St. Antoine—was a kind of adviser who sat on Danton's shoulder. He was a great hulking schooner of a man, fat and broad-mouthed and complacent. In the firelight the rings on his fingers glittered against the white skin as he sat piled in the chimney corner. Vandeliers was not drunk, and he smiled upon the other two, the third of whom sat near the door with his head between his hands.

"I wonder," said Vandeliers, "I wonder to what I owe this invitation to your charming quarters, my friend."

When Monsieur replied he did not move from his sideways position, nor did his eyes move in their stare.

"Time enough. Oh, time enough. See!—We have the whole evening, and you with scarcely a drink in you—" Abruptly he drained his mug, and set it down with a thud.

"Monsieur must know that my time is valuable."

"Oh—to Danton?"

"To the republic." There was more than impatience

in Vandeliers' tone now. He moved with a little jingle of sword-belt, and his face shone and glistened in lumps of fat. "To the republic," he repeated. "We Mountainists are honored to count you among our number, are we not?"

"Name of God, yes! You are absurd, mignon. Does one keep one's head from thirsty Madame Guillotine otherwise? Now," cried Monsieur, beginning to laugh, "now, you damned spy, go back and tell *that* to your master! . . . No, no, I was joking. I am an extremist, yes. But I wonder how long it will last, this wholesale murder. Daily it grows worse. . . ."

"Well?"

"Well! Our party, my dear Vandeliers, cannot remain in supremacy forever. Robespierre is the most unpopular, and hence he will remain supreme longest. Danton—pah!"

"So long as Danton's oratory grips the people——"

Monsieur struck the table, making the candlelight jump and quiver. But he did not shift his lop-sided position, and his eyes were still glassily set.

"Oratory!" he cried. "Does oratory tame beasts, I would know? Oratory! Why, there now sits a greater orator than Danton!" He gestured toward the man by the door, but he did not turn. The man by the door lifted his head, so that the far beams of the candles fell on his face and showed that it was even more befuddled than Monsieur's own. It was a terrible face—terrible because it was so superbly handsome. Blond as a seraph, with the careless dash of a drunken god, and eyes that were netted in red. The eyes regarded Monsieur vaguely.

"Oh," Vandeliers grunted, "I had forgotten. The American! Yes, the American pariah, who could not even handle his own affairs. Men such as that must not handle whole nations. Has he, then, been sober one

moment since he has been in Paris? I ask you, Monsieur!"

The young man did not speak. Monsieur leaned forward with a sudden falling motion, like a toy.

"Vandeliers, you never fell from a great height. If you had, it would have broken every bone in your fat body. . . . You wanted to know the reason why I asked you here tonight; eh, is it not so? That is well. Now," he said deliberately, "is it you who has been causing agitation for the execution of our late queen, Marie Antoinette?"

"It is time," returned Vandeliers harshly, "to do away with these royal harlots."

"Ansmith," said Monsieur, "lock the door."

The words fell with terrific heaviness. Vandeliers surged to his feet. He laughed, but he could not quite control his voice.

"Your affairs of love are well known, my friend, but I confess that I scarcely thought——"

Monsieur shot to his feet, soaring to his great height that made him thin and awful—a skeleton in uniform. His body was balanced on his long arms, hands spread out on the table.

"Come, is it not a merry jest," he said, "is it not a merry jest that the guillotine will never dance for you? You will die in a much more artistic manner What! Have you no thanks?"

Vandeliers was clearing his throat, fumbling his cravat and scratching at the hilt of his sword.

"You madman!" he shrilled, groping in the chimney corner, "Oh, you madman! Danton shall hear of this, I warn you—you madman!——"

"Ansmith," said Monsieur, "lock the door."

The young man with the twisted beauty got up and half fell against the door, pawing at the key. Monsieur wrenched the table to one side, so that it toppled with a

crash, spilling the candles and leaving only one dim light on the mantel. Vandeliers was under that light, a fat mountain blundering backwards in a blotch of shadow. Then Monsieur drew his rapier.

"For not being able to distinguish between a real affair of love and something obscene," he said; "for that, pray le bon Dieu, Vandeliers. Pray to Him!"

Vandeliers had twitched off his hat and whipped his sword from its sheath. The candlelight ran along the blades like fire; it touched the lace at the men's wrists as their shadows whirled and bobbed on the ceiling. In the fireplace the wood was crumbling to red embers; by its glow Vandeliers could see Monsieur's long legs in their white stockings go flashing about with a kind of awkward grace. He could see, too, the face of his opponent, with its painted wrinkles and the eyes that never moved from the tips of the swords. But he saw that, he heard the stamp of feet, the tiny terrible *ring*, and the sob of his own breath only a moment more.

Monsieur lunged just once, under the guard and up cleanly through the heart. On the wall his adversary's shadow shrivelled up, tumbling sideways against that wall. Then Vandeliers, all in a lump like a piece of clay in uniform, slipped to the floor. One hand, thrown out into the fire-glow, kept sprawling and picking at the boards. . .

In the corner Ansmith raised his head. When Vandeliers fell he had been leaning against the door, and laughing a little. Monsieur was kicking at the wounded man, whose hand writhed and clutched at his leg like a trodden worm, and he was muttering things that made Ansmith feel a jab of pity.

"Poor devil!" the American said, "poor devil. . . ." and added querulously: "Give him some water, can't you? . . . Stop it, do you hear? Stop it!"

Monsieur was still cuffing him. Vandeliers began to

cough horribly and noisily, as though there were water in his throat. Though the American was very drunk, he felt a wave of sickness; vaguely he tried to motion Monsieur away—then he lurched out of the door. The picture of the scene in his head was a distortion of shadow and glare, with Monsieur's great shape blocking out the fire over the twisting body; nevertheless he could still hear Vandeliers coughing. . . .

II

Those were mad times. When life is so short, when la Guillotine's bright blade may sever its thread in an instant, when each glass of wine may be one's last—who will care then? Drink the wine in the old rook's city, lurch in the gutters that are stickily damp, kiss the prostitute who reels against you and pats your cheek with hands that have been in dead men's pockets a while ago!—Drink the wine under the leering red eyes of the torches, kick at the bodies lying all headless before la Guillotine's feet! Who will care ere the clock ticks once? Who will care?

They were singing "La Marseillaise." The song marched in splendor through the streets, like a great dead army whose feet beat time in thunder. You could see the soldiers stalking, phantoms in the crowd, and the spurs of the old horsemen went flashing past, for all the ghosts were out of their tombs now. Here was a world gone mad, spectre-filled, as when the lances of Burgundy's cavalry drove in spurts of steel through the ancient lanes. For Paris had tasted the terror.

"Behold," said Mademoiselle Aubley, who was standing by the window, "behold, they make very merry, Monsieur le Dictateur."

She stood there, with a dim ghost of her reflected in

the windowpane, one white arm motionless on the shutter. The elfin glow of the candles was reflected in the pane, too, crowning her hair—hair that was startlingly, incredibly black. You noticed the profile above the sweep of crimson gown, but you could not have described it.

“Is it not strange,” she added, “that such a man as Danton, a leader of the people, should withdraw to the very outskirts of his city when down there . . . those madmen! Is it not strange?”

Georges Jacques Danton was out of place in this apartment he had obtained, for his swaggering, bullying dash smashed in on the delicate tone of it. He stood there, a mountain with a great pock-marked face, carrying his hair like a banner, an untidy figure that was full of power. He stared at her, framed in the opposite side of the room. Then he walked to a table in the center and drained a glass of wine.

“Denise Aubley,” he told her, “you are either a very clever woman or a most empty-headed fool . . .” He set the glass down idly. “No, Denise Aubley, you are not a fool. One does not so easily bestow favors, even on Danton. You want something. What is it?”

She turned, white and scarlet against the dark sheen of the glass. She was very intense when she spoke. And she was as brilliantly alive as a flame.

“Why, yes, there is something I would have; is it not natural? For what purpose do we women exist, if not for wanting something? You die, finally, because you cannot give us our last wish. But you can grant me a favor—one small favor, which is nothing to Danton?”

“Eh bien!” muttered the big Frenchman, staring at her.

“Monsieur, you are King. You are Herod, you are Tetrarch. And all I ask is a head.”

“Hein?” said Danton, and repeated: “Eh bien! Whose head?”

"Once," she answered, very persuasive, "a woman flogged me. Because I was very young, and very beautiful—yes, that is true—I was taken from my mother, whom my father had deserted. They made me—ah, they made me a fine lady! They feasted me, and gave me silks. To have me near him, a kind king put me in attendante on his wife. Gracious Marie Antoinette!" cried Mademoiselle Aubley, and laughed; "angel's face, and pig's soul! Slothful, you may see, and uncertain of temper. . . All this is well. I have been successful in this life. But she flogged me, monsieur, from jealousy of an Englishman. That I do not bear. No, that I cannot bear. . ."

Danton's big laughter boomed.

"The head of our queen! Why, freely, mademoiselle! I give you that which must be your due in any event! Listen, then: tonight she goes before a secret tribunal, to be faced with all her crimes. Had you not captivated me, and made me bring you here, I should have been there. She will be convicted, rest assured. . . Bien, mademoiselle, you interest me! I swear you interest me. Nor had I conceived that such was your history. Pardon me—you are French?"

For the first time Denise Aubley smiled. The tension faded from her.

"Corsican, if it matters. I was born there; my father was French."

"So? He must indeed have been fortunate to be the father—"

"M. Danton," she said, and was very impatient, "come, you do it quite badly!—But you are right; I am singularly graced in the matter of a father. A royalist fool and philanderer; his name does not matter since even living people are of so little value now. You know him as Monsieur de ma Belle Dame. He is called the ugliest man in France and its greatest lover. . ."

Abruptly she paused, meeting the stare of the man in whose eyes there was fire. There was an uneasiness of silence, tense as an indrawn breath. Then she said coldly: "Well, M. Danton? You don't fancy, eh, that I shall go back on the bargain?—or is it just possible that you are afraid?"

She laughed like a ring of glasses, and there was witchcraft in her face. Danton's shadow rose, and moved forward across the candlelight.

III

When Denise Aubley left the house and entered the coach that awaited her, it was very late. A low moon distorted all Paris to white imagery; she adjusted her attire with composure and held up a mirror to catch the dead white of her face in the moonlight. Then she settled back with composure. . . .

It was the sound of the rain drumming on the roof of the coach that roused her from a doze. Gusts of it blew through the curtains, and on the roof she could hear the driver's maledictions swept past by the wind. Hollow thrummed the wheels, as though the coach were in a great box, but when she looked out she saw that it was the Place de la Révolution. All deserted now, in the hush before dawn. . . .

There was a leap of lightning, whitening the sky and slashing across it the black profile of La Guillotine, standing up against the Tuileries with its blade new-washed. Mademoiselle cried out—it was no bit of imagination, nor did she drop her eyes when she saw a man on the platform before the knife, arms outstretched and motionless, weird with face upturned. Then it was dark.

But Mademoiselle did feel alarm when the coach

bumped something soft. The horses clattered and plunged in a burst of abuse from the driver. Denise Aubley was not prepared for the arm that was thrust through the window of the coach; even less was she prepared for the voice that came to her.

"Your coach is well known to me, Mademoiselle. I have watched it often. For the sake of an old acquaintanceship, will you receive a drunken child into it?"

There was tinder-box inside. Denise Aubley thought she recognized the man who stood there, head framed in the window, but she was not certain until the spark caught the candle. Through the curtains a strange face shone up at her, dripping water and with stringy black hair plastered against its leanness. It was pale, like a student's, and the eyes were very brilliant.

"Come, come, my dear," the stranger said impatiently, "the greatest man in France lies just out here, racked with coughing. He will take his death if you do not assist him."

"So," Mademoiselle observed idly, "you are here—in Paris——"

"Yes, yes! An artillery officer once upon a time; not the world conqueror we pictured in our dreams. Come now; will you help him?"

"This is very strange," went on Mademoiselle, still idly. "You have no word for me, then——"

For answer he pulled open the door. Then he trundled a slim and twisted figure over the step. The face fell back, white against the scarlet of the cushions. Rain made it shiny, like wax; the eyes were closed. Mademoiselle twitched away.

"Name of God! You expect me to carry—this?"

"Why not, Denise? See," cried the man, and laughed, "he is very handsome! . . . Listen, Denise, you were pleased to say you loved me once. For the sake of that, carry him. It is Ansmith, the greatest orator

these ears have ever heard. Drunk—bien! What of it? We may need him. He can be very useful in this hub-bub, very useful. We cannot afford to have him die."

"Yes," the woman agreed, "he is of great beauty . . . Well, then, what of yourself? Really, you treat me vilely! What of yourself?"

Her companion pushed back his dripping hair.

"Oh, no condolences, if you please! Quiet, do you hear? You never, if I remember, cared particularly to hear about me in Corsica, eh? No, you did not."

"You will ride——"

"No, I will not ride! You irritate me more every moment!"

"Well, go, then!" she snapped. "You are much of a spoiled child, I see, who is too precocious and ought to be whipped. No, I shall not throw your friend into the street. . . ."

"As you did me?"

"As I did you! Why, ohé, Monsieur, I had my way to make in the world as well as you! If I were to become a fine lady, could I idle my time with one who was to be nameless? For you will ever be nameless. Good-night, Monsieur. The rain is cold."

The man turned his face from the window. Very slowly the wet fingers dropped from the window ledge.

"He lives at Les Trois Coquins, rue Royale. I am very grateful. . . . Yes, I suppose I shall be nameless. . . ."

The woman blew out the candle with an air of finality.

"Good-night, M. Bonaparte. . . . Cocher, en avant!"

The hand was wrenched from the window-ledge as the coach moved away. And the lightning showed Mademoiselle's late companion motionless, looking into the rain.

IV

They found Monsieur de ma Belle Dame in the morning across the table, delirious and fever-flushed. Rain smeared the windows, so that the figures of men moved dusky against gray light when Vandeliers' body was taken downstairs. Nobody spoke then. Nobody ever saw him again.

Monsieur they put into the big bed, where he lay ugly and stupid and with no strength to his sword-arm. The aubergiste, of course, would have taken his money, but an officious lieutenant of artillery, quick-tempered little man who looked as though he were responsible for the world, had appeared that day to take charge of affairs. Mine host remembered having seen him before at *Les Trois Coquins*. So mine host did not dare.

All day, while the rain swelled Paris' sewers, the little man with the pale, brilliant face stood at the window. This man was hating France. More, he was hating Mademoiselle Aubley.

A candle burned at the bedside, and by its light the physician was cleaning his blood-letting instruments. He wore a battered cocked hat, which shaded his face. The shadow did not move as he spoke to the man by the window.

"Come, is it not a pity, Monsieur?—Look at him! I knew him once, when he was the beau gallant everyone wanted to know. He was fascinating then, and loved by all the ladies."

"I knew him too," said the Corsican. "Well! His condition is dangerous?"

"Dangerous? He is dying, Monsieur."

The room was naked, except for death. But death was sitting quietly, and had not yet lain upon the bed.

"—yes, he is dying," pursued the medical man. "You knew him, you say. Has he relatives?"

"He once had a wife and a daughter. The wife is dead; the daughter——"

"Voilà! I understand." Thoughtfully the doctor wiped his hands on a handkerchief. "Yet he was kind; he was the kindest man alive. You know the young American who lives here?—eh, and who has not appeared today? . . . And what is this man's name, Monsieur, his real name?"

"You will need it," said the other, "on the death certificate, I suppose. Well, it is Jean Aubley."

"Oh, the devil! . . . Why, this is news indeed! He is, perhaps—the father of L'Aubley? . . . What! You have not heard of L'Aubley?"

"I have been away many months. Bien—speak up!" cried the Corsican, turning. "Who is she?"

"They connect her name with the names of dukes. She was an aristocrat, they say, once upon a time. But now she is a good citizeness; too good, my friend, for they mention her name now with Vandeliers, even with Danton, though she is the mistress of M. Fouquier-Tinville. Yes, it is best gossip now. She has a motive. Listen, Monsieur, you know of the trial of this Austrian queen of ours?"

"Well," he went on, pointing with a lancet, "she has a hand in that. The evidence Fouquier-Tinville puts forward — secretly, her procuring! Witnesses — hers! Last night our queen went on trial. You must not repeat this, but we hear things! Because of L'Aubley, Marie Antoinette will go to the guillotine. . . ."

"Hush!" His companion stole over to the bed and looked down. "A shock, you said, would kill him. A shock would kill him——"

Out of distances, out of gray rain, there was a sound. Death sat in the corner listening. The sound danced far down the rue Royale, creeping up in noises of hurrying feet, in shouts behind which there was a baring of

teeth. And above it all they heard the rumble of wheels.

"It is the tumbrils," said M. Bonaparte; "yes, and there are drums. . . ."

Drums! They twirled and thrummed under nimble fingers, a mighty rolling that swept past the windows in time to the beat of a march. Drums! The steady chorus drowned out the rattle of wheels, for mad voices were singing "*La Marseillaise*."

"It has wakened him!" cried the doctor. "Damnation!—It has wakened him!"

The lieutenant went to the window. Yellow light in one corner, with the doctor's shaded face and Monsieur's limp arm trailing out of shadow over the side of the bed—but M. Bonaparte did not notice. The limp arm stiffened, fingers quivering.

Drums! Thunder of them, tapping steadily through the song, tapping through the lumbering jolt of wheels, thrumming the pulse of war. A song to make men seize weapons and die, a song to hurl white faces to the guillotine on its weird crash and power, a song of whistling javelins and old fierce armies in battle-chariots, a song to swell the roar of plunging cavalry and scream the defiance of bugles. Drums!

"See!" The Corsican cried, and his shout smote the room where there had been only whispers, "see! It is Marie Antoinette going to the scaffold!"

The white arm over the bed lifted convulsively, fingers groping. It jerked backwards and knocked over the candle as it fell. . . .

There was only darkness in the room now. M. Bonaparte stood motionless. Outside the drums beat time to "*La Marseillaise*."

V

Since Denise Aubley was M. Fouquier-Tinville's mistress, it was magnificently contrary to the etiquette

of such matters for her to bring Ansmith to the apartment M. Tinville maintained for her. But then it had been slightly unfair to be with M. Danton earlier in the evening, and, besides, her past might always crop up—in which case, to have the ruling power of France and such a man as Ansmith for her allies was no small reassurance. Ansmith could help her if he were properly handled; moreover, he was very handsome. Which reason had prompted her to carry him to her own rooms instead of to *Les Trois Coquins* she did not stop to decide.

M. Fouquier-Tinville unquestionably would have been annoyed had he known that Georges Jacques Danton possessed a key to the apartment. He would have been annoyed even more by the number of such keys which were carried next to hearts. One does not maintain such a handsome suite of rooms for the edification of one's friends. Even Danton was given to caution in visiting *Mademoiselle Aubley*. Besides, there was his wife, who was most strangely jealous.

In the rue Royale the doctor had not yet even arrived at the room of Monsieur de ma Belle Dame that afternoon when Danton let himself into M. Tinville's house on the rue Odéon. He had waded through swift water in the gutters, he had been plucked at by a nagging wind which buffeted and fought him, spitting rain. When he stepped through the door he closed it softly, for he was a bedraggled sight.

This was another Paris—the behind-door Paris where were worn the brocades and jewels that must not be seen on the streets. Here were stairs that held the echo of tapping red heels; the lacquered fans of Fragonard, behind which there are eyes. Danton stood in the hall, delicate as the spray of a fountain and lighted by great clusters of candles like fiery fruit. Then he perceived that a fleeting air, light as romance, was peopling the hall with a ghostly minuet. The song fluttered from somewhere before him.

Danton laughed. He had heard that song once before, when he had met Mademoiselle Aubley. Clearly it was a part of her *repertoire d'amour*, an allure like a perfume, with which she stimulated one. Mademoiselle was entertaining a newcomer. That annoyed M. Danton.

He went forward, this big lumbering dictator, and down the hall he paused. It was dusky back there, and full of spindly furniture, but a lighted door made a frame for a picture. In the room beyond were many shining mirrors, and reflected in one he saw the picture itself, caught an instant out of old tapestries. The glistening top of the spinet, with Mademoiselle's fingers lying idle on the keys as she sat with her back to him. Her head was thrown back, and one arm was curved about the body of a man, whose lips were on hers.

"Pretty!" murmured M. Danton. "Exquisite! . . ."

In the mirror the man raised his head. Face strikingly handsome, in a careless way, but tired with an awakening more than physical. And he spoke with great intensity.

"I must go," he said; "I must go . . . but I shall not forget."

"You would go so soon——"

"I tell you," he interrupted, "I love you; I love you so damned much that I should have to kill you to express it. I do not know how to react to it; it blinds me. Because, you see, I have been in love before, but I have never loved. . . ."

He stepped back and surveyed her steadily. "All last night I heard the heels of those red shoes go tapping up and down, and I saw your face. Do you know what it all said to me?—it said that there is still time to repair my life. Why, yes," he said, as though the idea bewildered him, "there is yet time to repair my life. I was killing myself, very slowly, up in a garret with the only friend I have ever had. Months I might have done great work. . . . Yes, I will fight this murder. . . ."

"Hush!—Your hands are feverish. Hush!"

"From now," he continued, rather wildly, "I will show them. Do you know the charge that exiled me? It was treason. But I will show them! For you, *Madeleine!*" He paused, and then said: "You have never told me your name."

"Nor shall I," she answered. "You might not care for that, my friend the American. After all, does it matter?"

In the hallway M. Danton mused:

"After all, does it matter?" And he withdrew into shadow.

Outside the afternoon deepened into a throb of drum-beats. The picture in the mirror had faded; the corridor lay empty and white under candle-shine. And this time the sound of "*La Marseillaise*" smothered out the opening of the street-door. Unfortunately M. Fouquier-Tinville was returning.

In the corridor he stopped, smiling. She was at the spinet, this woman; he could hear her playing. He tip-toed down toward the lighted door beyond which shone the many mirrors, all flashing gold and silver.

Then, quite suddenly, M. Fouquier-Tinville's smile vanished. Framed by the doorway, mirrored in splendid hues, he could see a picture.

"Danton," said M. Tinville, and twitched off his cloak. "Danton! . . ."

The picture did not move, held by the tensity of its own characters. Outside the drums beat time to "*La Marseillaise*."

VI

Again at night there were three men in the room of Monsieur de ma Belle Dame, and again one was dead. The place had the smothered hush and oppression of a

room filled with flowers, but there was only the naked bed over whose side trailed an arm. Under the candles at the center table Ansmith sat very dull-eyed and pale. He had been crying. He sat with one hand around a glass, slumped, and he was staring at death.

"He was kind to me," the American kept repeating until it grew ghastly. ". . . Oh, my friend, is it not a pity that he was kind to me?"

"Monsieur Ansmith must be a fearful coward," observed the lieutenant of artillery, who was standing by the window. He did not turn. "The man was murdered."

The glass rolled from Ansmith's grasp and shattered on the floor. . . .

"Murdered," repeated his companion, coming to the table and looking at him steadily, "killed this afternoon —by what a woman did to him. Is not Monsieur Ansmith a coward," he added with fine contempt, "to stand that?"

Ansmith looked very much like a child now, a spoiled, stricken child. Still he did not speak. His eyes met the lieutenant's with the mute appeal of a sick dog.

"In Paris there is a woman," went on M. Bonaparte. "She is possessed of some devil—stop! I know it is splendidly absurd to say that. But it is true. . . And you know why that poor shattered thing on the bed was dying, eh? Because they were hounding Marie Antoinette, because this woman was hounding her, though he never knew her name. Yesterday it was this woman who killed him. For when Marie Antoinette passed out there in the death-cart, he arose and followed her, though his body lay there on the bed."

M. Bonaparte went to the bedside, and in his theatrical way he made a military salute. When he spoke again his voice rang like a chord of music:

"The last of the gallants! The last of the old régime,

Monsieur Ansmith, who put a higher price on a dream than on a kingdom, who died for a love they could never win. Foolish—and splendid, monsieur!"

Ansmith was too befuddled to see the awkwardness of his acting, nor did Ansmith know that he was being hit in his most vital spot. M. Bonaparte continued:

"Dying, he was, and calling for you. And you never came. Do you remember him, my friend; how good he was?—how he used to care for you, and quiet you when you were insane?" He paused, and looked speculatively at his companion.

"Damned cheap sentiment!" cried Ansmith, but there were tears in his eyes again. "Well, was he not a friend to you also?"

"Pah! What am I, my friend? A sous-officer, waiting to be squashed out by a cannon-ball at any moment!—Why should one care for me? He loved you, Ansmith, but you were not here; you had forgotten when he cried out for you to avenge him——"

"Avenge him?"

"Against the woman! Do you know who she is? She is Denise Aubley!"

"Oh, do I care? No, no . . . I have never heard of her," said Ansmith wretchedly.

"What? You do not know her?" They were both silent; then the officer shrugged. "Eh, well . . . it does not matter; I had thought differently. She was once a companion of the aristocrats, who swore she hated these people on the streets. There is enough evidence to send her to the guillotine. Now, you are an orator; they will listen to you at the revolutionary tribunal. Remember that he wanted you to do this!—I? Why, I could not frame a decent sentence."

There was a kind of swaggering bravado to Ansmith now, thin and cheap, but very dangerous. He took another drink and went bullying round the room, tearing

off his phrases like an actor in an emotional scene. Between the two they both seemed painted things on an ugly stage. But the stiff arm over the bed was too real.

"Denounce her?" the American shouted; "yes, I will denounce her! I will take your evidence and go before the tribunal, and it shall be my supreme effort. Listen, Monsieur, this afternoon I was in love. I swore that I would make myself great—I promised her that France should ring with my name. *Bien, it shall!* For her, it shall!"

"In love?" M. Bonaparte asked oddly.

"Yes, it is not strange? She found me—well, I do not know where. But she too was kind to me. I do not know her name, for she refused to tell me. She wears red shoes, Monsieur; they are wonderful red shoes, and always when she is near I can hear them tapping. Red heels, the Lady of the Red Heels. I know her by that. Is it not a clever fancy? . . . Why are you laughing?"

The thin, pale figure, rather like a ghost as it stood erect with eyes very bright, had broken its illusion by bursting into laughter. M. Bonaparte, in a rollicking mood, caught up a glass from the table and flourished the bottle.

"Wonderful red shoes!" he said. "Why, then, I drink to your Lady of the Red Heels; may she approve your great resolves, say I. And I drink to the last of the gallants, since we grow symbolical. The last of the gallants!" He put the glass to his lips, and then said: "Yourself!"

VII

Drums! Rattle and skirl of drums, like a million tiny feet marching the streets. October, with great wild winds that go winging over Paris, carrying the drum-

beat. Shoutings during the morning—then in the rue Odéon, silence. Silence, where it does not belong, as though the whole world were congregated elsewhere. Silence terrific in its import.

And in the room of the mirrors, alive with candle-flames, Mademoiselle Aubley stood very nervous. It was horrible, because she did not know why. Outside was only silence, tossed by boisterous winds.

"Jeanne!" cried Mademoiselle Aubley, vivid in her scarlet gown by the marble of the fireplace. "Jeanne! Come here! . . . I am afraid! . . ."

The femme de chambre, a gray sullen girl, hesitated on the threshold. It was only that pale, black-haired statue by the fire, but it alarmed her. The fire did not heat the room. Mademoiselle's eyes were fixed.

"Jeanne," she demanded, "why is it so quiet?"

"They say the tribunal is meeting, Mademoiselle. . ."

"The tribunal? Yes, yes," answered Denise Aubley, smiling and adding hastily: "All our friends are there, Jeanne. That is why it is so lonely. Bring wine."

She moved around the staring room, so brilliantly lighted that the effect was disquieting, as when one kindles all the lamps at night to drive away darkness, knowing that darkness is nevertheless outside. Her red heels tapped on the parquetry as she went to the spinet. She sat down, and picked at the keys, but when she found that she was playing the old minuet she rose quickly. . . .

Was it the drums again? Or hoof-beats? Now a key rattling at the lock of the street-door, and then the slam of the door went booming up in echoes. Footsteps sounded in the hallway. She was standing there a bit terrified when Ansmith opened the door.

"Mademoiselle," he greeted, and there was a quick uneasiness to him also, "forgive my coming here. . . I rode hard. . . It scares me. I do not know whether I have done right."

"What ails you? What is wrong?" She was not yet reassured, and went to him.

"It was not glorious. It was horrible! All those faces tossing out there, screaming! I am afraid they will do her violence when they go to arrest her. My lady, your orator's glory is very empty."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"I denounced a woman! Well, it was a duty; my friend's dying wish. . . . I did not see the woman, but I could fancy her. Listen!—you can hear the noise now, if you strain your ears. They are going to arrest her."

She kissed him, meeting unresponsive lips.

"Who—who is this woman?"

In the hallway the femme de chambre, returning with wine, heard the drums again, and the tapping of heels. But suddenly she heard someone screaming. She had heard people screaming like that, and it had always been on the steps of the guillotine. When she entered the room Mademoiselle was standing with her back against the spinet. Her lips were drawn back, and her eyes were terrible as an army in battle.

"Yes," Mademoiselle was crying, "you see it—they are coming for me! They are coming for me, as you meant they should. Yes, I am Denise Aubley!"

"Well—" said Ansmith vaguely; "well—"

The woman was growing hysterical. But she spoke to Jeanne:

"In the next room—M. Tinville's duelling-pistols. They are in the escritoire. Bring me one, do you hear?"

"You are not—" Ansmith cried.

"Why, no! I am not a coward. . . . Don't you hear them now, your men? Outside in the street? I am going to fight them. Bien," she said, shaking free from his grasp, "why don't you go? Why don't you leave?"

"I swear to you—"

"Let me go! Did you not hear?—Tinville's pistols! This is his room, these are his possessions. I was not serious with you. . . . No, nor did I ever care. . . ."

"Jeanne," Ansmith commanded, and laughed. "The pistols—bring me the other."

He turned. A moment later she heard the bar fall across the street door. The thoroughfare was full of marching feet, bursting with sound. Somewhere upstairs the glass of a window spattered and crashed.

A terrified girl handed him the case of pistols as she returned. Carefully he locked the door of the mirror room. His throat throbbed, but he was smiling, turning the weapons over in his hands.

"Oh, what the devil, my dear! . . . Let me see, 'Foolish—and splendid, Monsieur!' those were his very words. . . . Look, the pistols are loaded. Is it not fortunate?"

She turned to him, and struck at the proffered handle. "You must not be found here! Stop this stage-play, I tell you! They will kill you too if they find you—"

"Take it!"

"—you must go by the back way. Then they will not molest you."

He pressed the pistol into her hand.

"Don't you see, Denise? I cannot save you now, but I can remain. I can remain!"

At the street door they were hammering with the butts of guns. A heavier crash followed. Ribald shouts buffeted the walls.

Each curiously subdued, the two in the mirror room looked at each other. This time it was Mademoiselle who laughed, clearing her throat.

"Do you think," she pondered, "that they will kill instantly. . . . I mean, shoot as soon as we shoot at them? I—can't stand torture; I can't! . . . I don't know what to do. . . ."

"Oh, my God!" said Ansmith, faltering suddenly. He twisted the firearm with aimless hands; then he stood upright. The street door had been smashed from its hinges, shattering over in a plunge of gun-stocks and falang men.

"You wanted me to go a while back—" Ansmith went on breathlessly.

"Who was the man?" she asked; "who was the friend; *please*, who was the friend?"

"They called him Monsieur de ma Belle Dame. Why did you want me to go? Why?"

Hands pawed at the door from outside, wrenching the knob. The dark steel of a bayonet ripped through the wood.

". . . Why did you want me to go?"

"Because," replied Mademoiselle, "I love you."

They stood with weapons levelled at the door as it burst in a gush of men. And the two pistol-shots came so nearly together that the flames of the candles flickered but once.

John Dickson Carr.

A Jest

"Life is a fool," said the jester,

And the king had a laugh with his court.

"Death is a jest," said the jester;

"Ho ho!" roared the king at such sport.

But the fool stole out by the window,

And the jest crept in by the door—

And the laughter was turned to weeping,

For the king, a fool, was no more.

Bramwell Linn.

The Romantic '90's

FOR those fond of periods in which a number of eminent names are contemporaneously intertwined that of the "romantic '90's" offers a choice bouquet; and Mr. Le Gallienne's book brightens, in recalling it, the fame of many figures, some of whom like Lionel Johnson have faded with the passage of a generation. The author himself was one of the very young participants in this gaudy era, and his book constitutes a pleasant and easy-going memoir. Besides a resurrection of geniuses such as John Davidson's, whose full flights were cut short by death, and a glimpse at the youthful promise of such men as Yeats, there are cut additional facets in the social sides of the great; the irascible Herbert Spencer and his absurd ear-clips, William Sharp and his "Fiona Macleod" hoax, and of course—Oscar Wilde.

Although this decade marked the close of Victoria's reign, its activity was not characterized by moribund Victorianism. The younger generation of England did not even wait for the expiration of the century and the death of its eponymist; the forces of reaction were already at work. "Pleasure," writes Mr. Le Gallienne, "was not longer being regarded as suspect, nor natural functions as evil; while all the social conventions founded on such arbitrary misinterpretations of human energy were under fire. All forms of authority, indeed, were challenged to stand and deliver." And, finally, in paying tribute to Wilde the author remarks that "*he* made dying Victorianism laugh at itself, and it may be said to have died of the laughter."

I. L. H.

(THE ROMANTIC '90's, by Richard Le Gallienne. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

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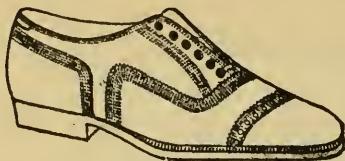
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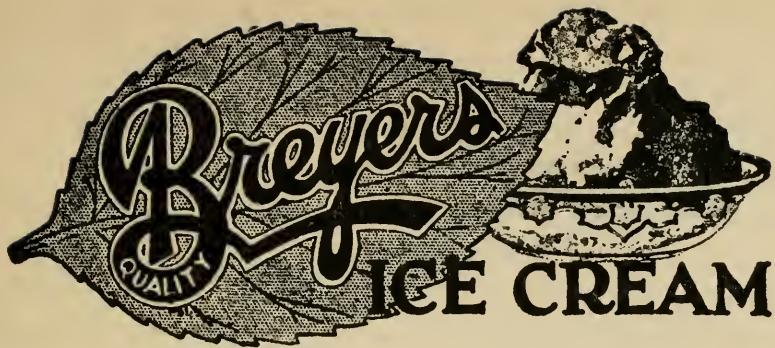
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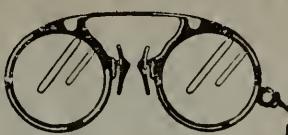
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MAY, 1926

TRENDS IN MODERN POETRY

WALTER S. HINCHMAN

SONNET TO MEMORY

BRAMWELL LINN

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLV

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1926

No. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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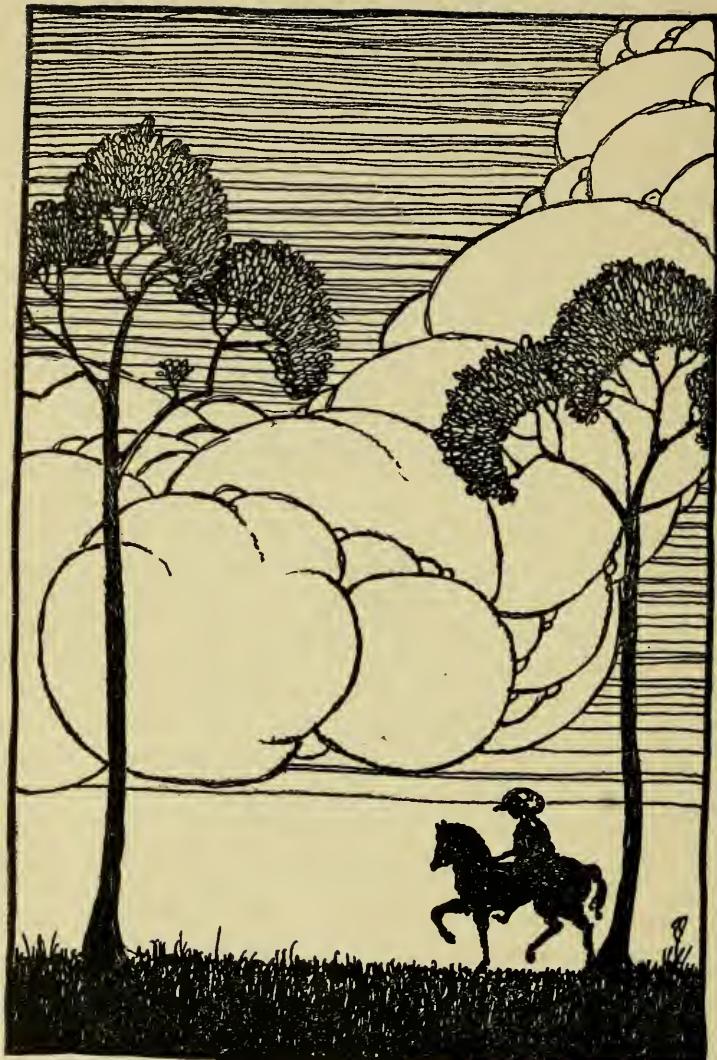
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"His black figure up against the sky was a symbol."

The Dim Queen

Trends of Modern Poetry

THE most noticeable thing about modern poetry is its quantity. That is not as bad as it sounds. For "quantity production" in poetry does not imply a diminution of quality or a surrender of individuality, as it does in the case of education and automobiles. It means, merely, that a great many people are writing poetry. When so many are writing, it is only the average, not the quality of the best, that is lowered. In course of time, paradoxical as it may seem, the quality may actually be raised.

For the great virtue of all this busy scribbling of verses is not that it in itself produces poetry. Poets are born, just as they used to be. It is true of course that among the many writing verse, there are some born poets who in other days might have remained mute and inglorious; the modern vogue of verse-writing does happily discover such. But the majority of writers, like the majority of art students, do not contribute by producing works of genius, but by constituting an increasingly intelligent public. They can't write, most of them, but they have learned a trick or two of the trade, and as readers they are not likely to put up with the vernal platitudes which formerly passed for poetry.

The foregoing is not theory. It describes not only what appears to be going on at the present time, but what has been going on for the past fifteen years. The result, in the perspective of a decade and a half, is the condition of poetry today. During the period in question, the Victorian ghost has been laid, the Georgian babe has been born and has become articulate, not always melodiously, and at last the youngling has gone to school and is at work in earnest. Little has con-

tributed more to this emergency of modern poetry than the improved reader of poetry, and he is an improved reader largely because he is a writer.

Of course there have been pioneers—Amy Lowell and Robert Frost conspicuous among them. Kipling had already shocked the traditional Victorians with a new, breezy realism, but he had stuck for the most part to the old forms. Amy Lowell was for new bottles as well as new wine. Robert Frost astonished us by pointing out that poetry was primarily meant to be spoken and heard, not seen—though now that he has said it, it seems obvious enough. We had been drugged by Tennyson's pictorial perfections, he said; we had forgotten how to speak and hear. Then, the crowd, great and small, followed these leaders, and up sprang poetry societies and "schools" and magazines of verse—till today poetry has become a fashion.

To characterize this modern poetry justly would be impossible—it is too fluid—but certain striking features may be noted as it flows past.

Like all new movements it was at first full of excesses. The most conspicuous of these, in subject, was an orgy of sex stuff; in form, of *vers libre*; but both of these have already run their course to a large extent. More enduring, fortunately, are some of the benefits. The fairly definite break with tradition has freed us pretty well from the writing of mere echoes and the mouthing of cosmic phrases. "A privacy of glorious light" is a splendid cosmic phrase, but "the glorious orb of day" and similar imitations, the vernal verbiage of the nineties, were dreadful substitutes. In killing them by insisting on "images that are hard and clear" the Imagists, recently rather discredited, did good service. Another benefit is an honesty in thought and expression which, though it as yet often means wilful crudities, should in course of time make for improved technique. Until

then, we may of course expect two defects which are just at the present time painfully conspicuous. One is the inability to realize in adequate form a really good idea or emotion. The idea, the feeling, is there, but it does not get transmuted. It is a defect in striking contrast to that of the nineties, when there was plenty of form but little content to vitalize it. Then poets put fine clothes on dead dummies; now they have living figures rather badly dressed. I have already pushed the analogy too far, though; for the idea, in good poetry, creates its own expression. The trouble today is often that the creative process threatens, but dies incomplete.

The other defect, closely allied to the first, is a lack of lyrical continuity in poems which without it are nothing,—the quality so obvious and so convincing in Shelley's *Cloud* or in Alan Seeger's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*. It is a rare quality in any age, and it is necessarily rare, if not quite absent, at a time when thought and feeling do not completely coalesce in the creative process.

Things are moving rapidly in modern poetry. Not only has the Victorian manner gone, but the Kipling vogue, recently so popular, seems to have passed. From Imagism, also past history, there is a residue of descriptive work; narrative and dramatic forms still seem to be popular; and recently there has been another revival of ballad and sonnet.

All this—the crude, unfinished, but striking developments, the rapid rise and fall of different cults and vogues, the conspicuous lack of a central motive,—would indicate, I suppose, a period of transition. We appear to be on the threshold of a new era in poetry, as well as in fiction. No one can prophesy very clearly about either, but the re-emergence of older forms, in poetry at least, forces on one's attention a practice perennial with Englishmen. I mean a disposition to do

old things in a new way and think that they are new things.

In the field of literature Englishmen seem unable to settle down to a tradition and to work contentedly for long periods with traditional forms. Unlike the French, they become banal as soon as they discover that they are not doing something new and fresh. All through the Eighteenth Century, for example, there ran an undercurrent of self-distrust; the Englishman was never quite at home with his urbanity. Similarly, Tennyson has gone out of fashion, not so much because he is not a good poet, as because we had got too familiar with the ways of his school. We must have the freshness, the lure of a new trail. So what do we do? After a few antics to indicate liberty, we revive the forms and the types of subjects which were popular a hundred years ago, the very forms and subjects, in point of fact, which led on to Tennyson, whom we so glibly repudiate!

Now this looks, at first blush, like fooling ourselves. We seem merely to change the label and to call the old article new. Nothing could be more false, however. For it *is* new; it is not just a revival of an apparently dead corpse; it is a sort of reincarnation. It is interesting, therefore, to speculate, even if it is hazardous to prophesy, concerning this new age. It looks, just now, as if older forms, instead of new and bizarre inventions, will be increasingly used, but no longer as the *media* for conventional phrases and conventional thinking.

The more emotional aspects of the content are also somewhat discernible. There promises to be, as there was a century and a quarter ago, a rather expansive, romantic flourish on the part of the poets; and a championship now, as then, of medieval beauties. But one very important element your pinchback prophet lacks. There is as yet hardly a hint as to dominant ideals. Towards the end of the Eighteenth Century there was

a voice of political prophecy upon the wind; the political world was to be born anew under the banner of "liberty, equality, fraternity." Just now there is to be sure plenty of idealistic verse, but in thought it is largely an echo, not a new contribution. Yet the modern world is tired of mere rehearsals of the past; there must soon come a new message, perhaps towards the solution of international problems; and new messages, hitherto, have been the spark to enkindle poets. What will the message be? Till it becomes more articulate than it now is, we may be sure that poetry is not quite yet in a new age, but rather still in a period of transition.

Walter S. Hinchman.

Sonnet To Memory

*Long year on year thou marchest ever on,
One stride behind thy ceaseless leader Time;
And though the years may die, thou art sublime,
When truth and reason would thy life had gone.*

*Thou stayest long, till death doth intervene
'Twixt man and thee, and he from time doth part.
Then thou must dwell within the death-cold heart
A shade of time, a life unheard, unseen.*

*Thou art the mirror hidden in the mind,
Now answering the dark and now the light:
A calm, or yet a storm, seems on thy shore,
So cruel art thou and yet again so kind:
A star of gold to shine through deepest night:
Man's second solace, now, and ever more.*

Bramwell Linn.

You See, It Was This Way—

I

MRS. HILL leaned back in her seat, preparatory to the *Pines of Rome*. She hated these modern composers with a quiet intensity—they rather frightened her because she could not understand them—and the only reason she was here now was that the *Scheherazade Suite* had preceded it, and a Händel Sonata was yet to come. Otherwise she would have come late or left early—no, on second thought that would have been impossible, for Mrs. Reid—Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Reid had adjoining seats and always came to the orchestra together—*would* get her money's worth. The orchestra began the first Movement, and Mrs. Hill tried to concentrate but finally gave it up. She reread the program and even glanced over the advertisements. The gentleman behind her asked her to stop rattling the leaves. How fussy some people are! The Nightingale's Song in the Second Movement recalled her attention to the music. She thought it a decidedly poor reproduction; not that she had ever heard a nightingale, but—well, that noise was just silly.

She focused her opera glasses on the boxes. Mrs. Landevan had on a stunning black gown and wore pearls. She wondered if they were real—probably not. Mrs. Marlowe's dress was quite unbecoming. But they did say that Mr. Marlowe had lost a great deal lately. Perhaps—the dress . . . Mrs. Conway was gowned in silver cloth. Her daughter, Eva, was also in the box. Even at sixteen she was strikingly beautiful. Whoever got her would have a snap—old Mr. Conway was rolling in wealth.

Her glass tilted upward to the balcony above—the top balcony—and roved comfortably over the down-

turned faces. It gave her a feeling of superiority to see these people who had to stand in line to get in, while she had a reserved seat. Suddenly she dropped her glasses, for her glance had fallen upon a boy's eager face. He was bent forward, eyes closed, drinking deeply of the liquid notes. It wasn't healthy for people to look that way—it was too—too indecently naked. One should at least keep one's soul to oneself, though that was about all they were keeping these days. It almost frightened her, that face.

After the performance she had another glimpse of the boy as he hurried southward. Most people who waited in line, she reflected, probably did live on the South Side. She felt distinctly superior as she and Mrs. Reid boarded the westbound trolley.

II

The third Monday before Easter in nineteen hundred and seventeen fell on March twenty-seventh, so it was still cold when Mrs. Hill went over to Mrs. Jennings' to plan her Easter wardrobe. It was tacitly agreed that the third Monday before Easter should always be reserved for Mrs. Hill, and she had only missed once—back in nineteen-fourteen, when Grace's oldest boy had had the measles, and she—Mrs. Hill—had been quarantined with him. Mrs. Jennings was not cheerful. Her husband, John, had some years ago died of pneumonia, contracted during vain efforts to remove some of the grime from the front porch, and she, dutiful wife, had always borne a heavy conscience as a result. If she had only made him wear his rubbers that fatal day! She had so much to worry about these days, anyhow, with the children growing up! Rosita was married now but Gwendolyn was a problem—out every night, and *she* couldn't do anything with her. Margie was an added worry, too. Never heard of Margie? Why, she was

her niece—her sister Anna's child. Anna had married Jacob Cass—his mother had been a Rosenkranz, or was it a Harkness? Anna lived there still in the old home-stead. Margie was an only child—a real bright girl. . . . Young people were getting lazy nowadays! When she had been a girl everyone walked to school, but nowadays—why, Gwendolyn even had to take a trolley to work every morning. And the children wouldn't mind her—if only poor dear John were living! What had she been saying? Oh, yes, about Margie. Well, Margie had finished in High School—some business course, and now she had come on to the City to work. She had a fine job as a stenographer in a big downtown office. Anna had wanted *her* to take the girl in to board, but there wasn't any room, even though the prospect of a paying boarder was alluring. Well, Margie had finally gotten rooms with a couple of other girls and seemed quite contented though a trifle strange and lonely, naturally, never having been out of the Munsee Valley before. The worst of it was there was a boy in the case—he worked in the same office, bookkeeper or something. Of course, she had insisted that Margie bring him over to see her—it was only her duty to watch out for her only sister's child. The trouble was that he was a poet on the side, so Margie said—not that he had ever had anything published. And some of the stuff he had written! Well, if that's poetry! "I think he's a fake," she concluded triumphantly, "I tried him out. He's never read Riley's *Songs of Cheer* or Edgar Guest." Her voice broke, "Poor dear John, he did love them so."

III

Mrs. Reid had dropped in to see Mrs. Hill a moment on her way to the Woman's Republican Club. A discussion on clothes in general, occasioned by the appearance of a pair of tweed knickers on a passing matron,

naturally led to a discussion of Mrs. Jennings. "She does have a hard time of it, poor thing," said Mrs. Reid, "now that John's dead. Of course Rosita's being safely married is a help, but Gwendolyn is a problem. You know she has been going around a lot with that Harkness fellow, and they say——" she raised her eyebrows significantly.

"Really?" Mrs. Hill's interest was aroused. "I'd never have thought it. Poor Mrs. Jennings! Gwendolyn seemed so—so refined."

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, why I saw her at the last Elks' Ball, and I'll swear she had a bit too much to drink. You'd be surprised! And then, on top of all that, Mrs. Jennings's got her niece to look after too now."

"Margie?"

"Yes. She's really a very nice girl, and quite pretty—but a fool. She's going steady with a poet—a poet, mind you, who never sold a thing. He's really quite good looking, so—"

"Oh, where did you see him? What does he look like?"

"I've seen him twice. The first time was in Linton's Chop House at lunch time last Thursday. He had her in there for lunch. They had ham and eggs, and coffee—well, anyway, they seemed quite devoted. He's a bookkeeper or something at the same office, I guess, though what kind of a bookkeeper *he'd* make! Then I saw them in Church last Sunday—up at the Cathedral. He had the funniest look in his eyes, sort of worshipful—not at all Christian-like. I spoke to them afterwards, and do you know, he couldn't remember a thing about the sermon; just said that wasn't the music beautiful and didn't the candles show up finely against the stained glass—sacrilege, I call it."

"I should say so. . . . "

IV

"That yellow dress will have to be let down, Mrs. Hill," said Mrs. Jennings. "The styles are longer this season."

"Well, they couldn't be much shorter, anyway."

"Just what I was saying to Rosita yesterday."

"How is Rosita?"

"Oh, she's fine. She's going to have her third in a couple of months."

"Really? How fine! And Gewndolyn?"

"Oh, she's well. It was awful to lose her, but she has a fine husband."

"I'm sure of it."

"You know Margie's engaged to that poet fellow, too. She had him down to her home last Christmas, and Anna has seen him, so I wash my hands on the whole affair, as I was telling Mrs. Reid only yesterday. I done my best to break it up—but—well, the Lord's will be done, says I. They say He takes care of fools and children, so maybe she'll be all right. He can't sell a thing, you know, and how they'll ever get along on his bookkeeper's salary, the Lord only knows. Anna did say they weren't going to be married for a long time yet—until they could buy a little house. All I can say is that it's going to be a long, long wait, and the longer the better, in my opinion. Poor dear John said to me only the night before he was taken ill—we were sitting right in this room and planning to clean on the next day. If I'd only—well, anyway, poor dear John said to me, he said, 'Anna, whatever you do, don't let the girls get friendly with a fellow who hasn't a good solid job.' Well, I've done my duty by my own children, and I've tried to help my sister's child, too, but the Lord ruled otherwise, and the Lord's will be done, says I. Now, about the black silk"

V

It was the next summer—the summer of nineteen-nineteen—that the Allen Jefferey craze swept the nation. *Wheat and Chaff*, his first volume of poetry, made its appearance in April, and had run through thirty editions by August. He was vaunted by rich and poor alike, as the country's foremost poet and budding genius. The nation lauded him, honored him, and made him rich. He was called upon to speak at dinners and benefits; he had more requests for autographed photos than the most popular male cinema star. Proud the hostess who could obtain him for her guest of honor, and Mrs. Jennings basked contentedly in the reflected sunlight of the man of the hour—her own niece's fiancé. "If only poor dear John were alive today," she was saying to Mrs. Hill—she had just dropped in to say hello—"how proud he would be of Allen. He and Margie can get married right away now, but you know I think there's something funny about the whole affair. He hasn't asked her to set a date yet, and you'd think—" her eyes fell on the evening paper. "Why, there's his picture now: 'Mr. Allen Jeffery, the poet, and Miss Eva Conway, as they appeared at the Radcliff ball last evening. By an odd coincidence, Mr. Jeffery (before he became famous) was employed by Miss Conway's father.' Right on the front page, too."

Mrs. Hill snatched the paper. She had never seen Allen's picture, and naturally she was curious. Suddenly she started. How familiar the face was— Where had she met him? . . .

"I don't like this Conway person at all," Mrs. Jennings was saying. "She's much too high-hat to suit me, and Allen's with her all the time. She met him once, before he became famous, in her father's office. Indecent for an engaged man, I call it, but Margie doesn't seem to mind. She says Eva can give him things she

can't, and can understand him better, so why shouldn't he see her. Now, in my day—"

But Mrs. Hill was not listening. She remembered now where she had seen that face before. Mrs. Jennings made her departure, still prophesying that there was no good coming from this Conway person, and shortly afterward the Rector and his wife appeared. Naturally, the conversation turned—as conversation did those days—to Allen Jeffery. "An excellent young man, excellent," pronounced the rector. "A budding genius."

Mrs. Hill's eyes brightened. "Yes," she said, "I'm glad you think so. You see, Allen and I are old friends."

"Really?" the Rector's wife was duly impressed.

Mrs. Hill ruthlessly ignored the interruption. "Yes indeed. I first saw him at the Orchestra a couple of years ago, and picked him for a genius immediately—he was so soulful."

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, do tell us about it."

"Well," she said, warming to her task, "you see, it was this way. . . ."

VI

Mrs. Reid returned from the country in September, and soon afterward brought her sewing over to Mrs. Hill's for the afternoon. The usual preliminaries having been concluded, she began to real business of the day. "My dear, what *do* you think? Margie has thrown Allen Jeffery over. I've just come from Mrs. Jennings, and she's terribly upset of course, it being in the family and all. She said Margie said he asked her to set the date for the wedding, and Margie said she said she had decided not to marry him after all—that she'd be embarrassed, being a celebrity's wife, and that she couldn't appreciate him anyway, and that neither of them could be happy under the circumstances. Of all the fool excuses, as Mrs. Jennings said, this *is* the limit.

Allen seemed hurt, too. She said Margie said he said it was up to her—that she knew he wanted her. Though I must say,” she added, “he waited long enough to ask her to set the date. Goodness knows what she’ll do now, having lost such a catch, with Eva Conway just waiting to snatch him up the minute she let go. It must be an awful blow to her parents.”

“Poor Allen! How he must feel—and him so soulful, too.”

“Why, Mrs. Hill, I thought you’d never seen him. I remember last year you said—”

“Well, you must have mistaken me. Why, I met him at the Orchestra a couple of years ago. You see—”

“But I was always with you at the Orchestra, and I don’t remember—”

“It must have been while Mr. Reid had the tonsilitis. Funny I never told you about it. You see, it was this way—”

VII

“Of all the fools,” said Mrs. Jennings, “she was the worst. If only poor dear John had been alive, he’d have told her a thing or two—she wouldn’t listen to me. Allen was so nice about it, too! He sent her an invitation to his wedding, you know.”

“No? What did she say?”

“She said she couldn’t go because she didn’t have a decent dress to wear, and what do you think? He offered to give her one, mind you, and him about to be married. Why if Eva Conway had heard that—but then, poets always are queer. Anyway, Margie said she said she couldn’t take it, and he was quite hurt. And, oh, Margie’s engaged again, now—to some country boy she’s always known up in the Munsee Valley. Well, I’ve done my duty, and it wasn’t my fault she wouldn’t listen to me. You know, Allen and Eva aren’t far from them now. They are honeymooning at Eva’s father’s

estate up on the hill only about twelve miles from Margie's. Did I tell you Eva's father gave them the place for a wedding present? And a car, and some silver, and—of course, the papers made a lot of it. Did you see the pictures in the *Sunday Times*? I'm in the one they took as they came out of the Church—I hope Allen doesn't notice me. You know, Margie hasn't felt well since then. I think she's beginning to realize what a fool she's been, but the young folk nowadays won't listen to their elders. As poor dear John always used to say, 'Times have changed.' What was I talking about? Oh, yes, the pictures in the paper. Just hold this pin a moment while I get them."

That was on the third Monday before Easter in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty.

VIII

It was on March twenty-seventh, nineteen twenty-six, that Mrs. Hill, having finished her daily chores, sat down to rest and to read the paper. A man in Chicago who had eaten forty-four raw eggs; John Smith had announced his candidacy for County Clerk of Marton County. Suddenly she started. Up in the left-hand corner she had seen the following:

"JEFFERYS TO SEPARATE

N. Y., Mar. 26—Mrs. Allen Jeffery, wife of the well-known poet, today filed suit for divorce in the Court of Common Pleas. The charge is desertion. The Jefferys have not been living together for three years, and it is understood that the suit will not be contested. Mrs. Jeffery could not be seen today at her father's home, where she has been staying since their separation. Mr. Jeffery, approached at his club, would make no statement, except that he and his wife had found that they were not suited to each other, and that there was no rancor on either side. No alimony is asked, and Mrs. Jeffery's guardianship of their only son, Earl Conway, is not disputed. Mrs. Jeffery was Miss Eva Conway. She is President of the Woman's Club, the Art Circle, and the Travellers' Club. She is also interested in welfare work."

"Well, it seems no one is ever satisfied," thought Mrs. Hill. "People never know when they are well off."

Mrs. Clannin was at the door. Mrs. Clannin was a newcomer across the street, and Mrs. Hill had taken her under her protecting wing. "My dear," said Mrs. Clannin, after they had settled down by the fire, "what do you think of the Jeffery divorce?"

"Oh, I think Allen is quite right, of course. He was such a sweet boy, and though I haven't seen him for ages—"

"Goodness, do you know him? How thrilling!"

"Why yes, intimately," Mrs. Hill's eyes brightened, her pulse beat faster, she leaned forward eagerly. "Didn't I ever tell you about it? I knew him even before he became famous. You see, it was this way—"

Richard C. Bull.

I Dreamed

*I dreamed of finding Beauty in the blend
Of colour sweeping through the evening sky;
I dreamed of finding Beauty in her eye
When lowered lashes momently would lend
A lovely deep enchantment; still the end
Of all my dreams was just the same, till I
Awoke one morning with a happy cry
To see that beauty in a new-found friend.
Ah! then it seemed the vaulted starlight gleamed
With brighter hope, and whispering willows told
Their lonely hushed secrets as of old—
The gentle light-lipped wind once more caressed
The world, and once again I faced the West
And found that life was even as I dreamed.*

Robert Barry.

The Dim Queen

HE LOST a fortune at the gaming-table and won the cross of honour at Austerlitz. The banners of France went flaring on, but he was left in the wake of the army where the men with the bandaged heads lie and do not move. Often they would see him, with his gait that stumbled from the musket-balls, go limping around to the stricken, and he would smile dimly like the somnambulist of a mighty dream and say, "La patrie." That is all.

The tramp of the army passed. There was no martial music for the women with the wild wet eyes. Napoleon had gone to Elba; a Bourbon ruled in France. And while Europe was furrowed with the track of cannon that had marked the conqueror's way, Retif of Picardy mounted his horse. When they saw him ride to the south they knew that he would return, and his black figure up against the sky was a symbol. It was in Spain that for the first time he laughed—Spain which is gray and old as the beards of kings, but splendid as the sunset is splendid. The amradas have gone into the twilight, and faint comes the ghostly drum of Moorish hoofs. But somewhere the dim queen is waiting, with the roses in her hair. . . .

Into Seville rode Retif, for Seville is the Paris of Andalusia. And atop the Giralda the bronze figure of Faith swings in every wind, and Don Juan whispers at the lattice, and the stars are the eyes of sultanas from Granada. There are men who smoke idle cigarettes, with their brown faces dreamy as the smoke. At the windows sing the nightingales to a sky that is bluer than the Mediterranean; at the windows hover the dusky ladies whose combs glitter above their heads.

For all Seville is a nightingale in a cage, singing the joy and dance of life. Retif of Picardy heard it as he rode into the streets that day.

"What, *señor*!" cried a rollicking blade, swinging his hat at Retif's horse, "what, *señor*, you are sad? Then you shall come with me for wine, and I will play you the song I have made for the fairest in Spain."

High on his horse like a character of old romance sat Retif, sombre and broken with battle. But at the words the warm melody went into him.

"I give you thanks," he said, and laughed as he dismounted; "your hand, my good friend. You give me the glow of life. I was thinking of wars and bloodshed—"

"Oh, then you were foolish! War is a child's game, and we are grown men. We shall have wine. I have no money; nor have you, I perceive by your ragged costume. Good, I will sell my sash."

"More fool I!" Retif exclaimed. "Yes, I am a ragged picture, I do not doubt. But I have money, much money, for in my country they call me *seigneur. See!*" he added, and flung a piece of gold to a beggar; "you behold it. I will buy the wine."

"*Señor*, beware! I am a swordsman; do not insult my hospitality. Why," said the Spaniard, whipping off his sash, "here is a merchant, sunning himself in his own door. How much for this?"

"Ten pistoles," replied the man, who wore a yellow robe and puffed out clouds of smoke like a catfish with a cigarette, leering at them. The owner of the sash tossed it to him. Then, tall and lazy-eyed and scarlet of mouth, he stood disdainfully while the money was counted out. Juggling the coins, he laughed and put an arm about Retif's shoulders. They sauntered down the street with the horse trailing behind—an ill-assorted pair out of a fantastic painting, the laughing cavalier and the foolish dreamer, such as one meets only in old Seville.

Music lighted the air now like bright lamps, whirling in a dance of crowds and color. Still the swashbuckling men, some wearing rapiers. The two roysterers turned in beneath a lattice. Beyond it was a patio with tables, and sweeping below the blue of the Guadalquivir, flaunting clouds that winged the sky like the sails of Philip's galleons when the armada was young. At one of the tables, across which lay a mandolin, sat Retif and his companion. A dark daring girl brought them wine. And through the white tracery of arches that framed river and clouds they watched the fleets of shadow come up out of the sunset until the arches swam in dimness. Retif sat entranced. And the white patio was a pool of dusk filled with trembling lights, and the great hush of starlight hung upon it, and faint forms began to move about it in the laughter that is the voice of Spain.

"Señor," murmured the young man, who was visible only by the flourishing red tip of his cigarette, "I have as much reason to be sad as yourself. But I am not sad, because no man who is in love is ever sad. Listen, adventurer of France, and you shall hear my story."

Retif was silent.

"Tonight you must meet her. Tonight when the ghosts are back in Seville. No one can be romantic by day. . . .

"In Seville there is a woman. She is old, old as the Alhambra, old as the art of poison. But there is in her the fiery, swirling beauty of Castille, the passion of the Moor, the cruelty of the Inquisition. She is a swordswoman. Yes, and she is the matador—conceive it, señor!—she is the matador whom all Spain cheers at the Corrida de Torros. At times she is languishing, under the moon, all softness and pretty words. But I, who have seen her in the arena, and seen her poised for the thrust of the blade that blocks the great bulls

and crushes them to their knees in blood—I know! Ah, she is magnificent! . . . ”

“Your pardon?” said Retif, startled, but the other did not notice. He went on:

“Once in Seville there were two men who loved her. They never saw each other, because one had gone out into the world before the other came to woo her. Rodrigo de Vega remained, and was laughed at; for though she loved him, she mocked him. The other man, Don Garcia Esteban, became a wanderer. He became a citizen of all lands. Because he had tattooed upon the back of his right hand the figure of a dove, they called him *La Paloma*; but ah, amigo!” cried the Spaniard, “his is the cunningest sword-arm in Europe. He has conquered *Dansart*, *Gallivan*, *D'Elville*, every living master of fence. In Spain all would recognize the dove upon his hand. But he never knew of this woman's love for him. . . . ”

The flick of fire was motionless. Then the young man said:

“You know me, *señor*?”

Retif laughed.

“I saw this Don Garcia Esteban once. He was tall, and wore a beard. You have no beard now, but—*Señor Esteban*, your hand!”

“Diable!” exclaimed his companion, “diabolical, but you flatter me! . . . I am Rodrigo de Vega.”

And he rose with a flourish and bowed as a thrum of hidden guitars smote the patio like a shock of steel. Along the balconies a shadow moved about with a glowing wick, lighting the candles until a world of tiny flames was flung in chains round them. A troop of students came clattering in, knocking over tables and taking possession of others. They laughed under their wide hats; they strummed guitars, and their cigarette-smoke drifted like incense across the candlelight. A

cigarette girl whisked among them, too, smiling and shaking her head so violently that her earrings flashed. Across the stones in the middle of the tables the shadow of a beam lay black like a crucifix. . . .

"See," Don Rodrigo remarked, laughing into his wine; "tonight you will find them all; the fauns and the satyrs, the grotesquerie that dances the night before el toro is slain. We are a strange people. We love our devils."

The sensuous song whirled and burst like a leap of the heart. Wine-glasses gleamed aloft as a dancer in scarlet shawl whipped to the center of the tables, and the castanets clicked time to the spin of her feet along the black shadow that was the shadow of a cross. Against the background of white costumes she made a great play of flashing heels and back-thrown head, whose hair was somehow warm and brown over a tea-rose face. . . .

"Amigo," Don Rodrigo said suddenly, "she is here. She is the only woman in Spain who would dare come, but there she sits. Up by the rail of the gallery, where the candles shine on her hair; you see her?"

Retif looked. The candles lit the white unmoving face as before the Shrine of a Madonna; there was a faint blur of smoke before it, and the lifted cigarette was just beneath the dim deep eyes.

"We will go to her," decided Retif's companion. They rose, moving through the crowded aisles until they reached a stair. At the top step they could see a table through shifting shadows, where sat the woman. There was power about her, and dominance, and cruelty. The pale face was cameo under an arch of tight black hair. She did not smile. . . .

"Carito mio, I have brought you a friend," Don Rodrigo said. "Give him welcome. He is a soldier of France, but a gentleman."

"Soldier of France!" she repeated, and her voice gave it a heroic ring. They sat down. At the end of the long gallery, beyond the woman, there was a stairway blue with starlight. . . .

"You said, did you not, that you were called *Retif*?" de Vega asked. "I have been speaking of you to him, Dolores."

Retif bent to kiss the hand that brushed his lips.

"Your Bonaparte was cruel to us, M. *Retif*," she said, and the words came out distinctly as the music below swept to a low thrumming.

. . . At the end of the gallery there was a stair blue with starlight, and a man lounged on it with wan face upturned as he sang with a mandolin to a window above. Below, on the lowest step where the candles found it, was a shrunken bundle of a man, and a red stain crawled slowly around the knife-blade in his side.

II

It was very late. In their sockets the candles had sunk to wide sheets of flame; the dangerous hours of night were upon the patio. It was the time when kisses are long over balconies. At the tables in the court the crowd had reached its maddest, cheeks flushed, voices clashing. There had been a brilliant flicker of swordplay. . . .

Retif of Picardy and the woman Dolores sat in the gallery alone, for Rodrigo de Vega had gone to join the throng below. Cigarette stubs floated sodden in their wine-glasses. His hat and gloves lay before them.

"You love this Don Garcia Esteban?" *Retif* questioned. He sat there thin and worn, and his eyes were sad as a dim strain of music.

"In Spain we have a proverb, 'Death, not inconstancy,'" she returned, "yet I am very lonely. Were you ever lonely?"

"Señorita Dolores," he answered, "the loneliest man in Europe is my emperor. Am I better than he?"

"Why do you follow him?"

"In France, señorita, in France I had a friend; his name was Du Verde. He loved wine, and life, and laughter. He died at Friedlands."

Retif paused. When he spoke again it was in the same monotone.

"And I had another very dear friend, who hated war, who trembled when he heard the cannon. He was killed at Leipzig, and when the horses trampled him down he was still in front with his drum, beating a charge until he died. . ." Suddenly his voice took fire. "Then I realized, señorita, why Du Verde, who had so much of to live for, went down in the charge; and why Malvorin, who hated death, went on beating his drum into eternity. . . That is why I follow my emperor. If I were not so determined, my new friend, then I would say, 'I love you.' . . ."

The long hush was shattered by the sickening noise that stuns like heartbreak. It was laughter. Señorita Dolores had burst into a laugh which rang and echoed in the gallery. She rose; statue-quiet no longer, but vibrant and flame-lipped, a thing that mocked and dazzled in its splendid life. She was unapproachable; ice and fire and a song from thundering hordes.

"M. Retif," she cried, "diable! but you are the most sentimental fool I have ever met. . . Caballeros!" she twirled to the railing and threw up an arm; he saw that she was small, of a pallor that her black shawl accentuated. "Caballeros, come and drink me a toast to the height of French gallantry! To the man who says, 'I live only to die for my emperor; I yearn to die, I long passionately to die, but if I were not determined to die, I should lay my heart at your feet!' Oh, this is magnificent!"

There was an answering shout from the patio, the sound of overturning tables and wild acclaim. Men came tumbling up the stairs, filling the gallery with a nightmare of faces. And in the midst of it Retif sat looking stupidly at his glass. . . .

A tall, jet-haired Spaniard lurched to the front, holding up a light that dappled Dolores' face and made blue vistas of her eyes.

"You see him?" she demanded. "Here is one of Bonaparte's sweet-voiced murderers, come to steal Spanish virtue as well as Spanish gold!"

The tall Spaniard was quite drunk. As Retif rose he thrust the light into his face.

"Eh, a Frenchman! Now, by the mercy of God, señor, you tempt much to come here! And so you insult our lady Dolores——"

"But wait!" the woman cried, and made a pretty, mocking gesture. "I am going to test this soldier's bravery. You accustom yourselves to making war on women; well, then, will you do it now? How would Don Garcia Esteban treat this person, do you think, if he were here?"

There was a laugh, in which she joined. You saw a sort of pride to her in the thought that she could do as she wished with these men. She clapped her hands.

"Come, then—swords! I will give this gallant a chance to defend himself as all gallants should!"

"Señorita——" said Retif queerly.

"Why," she interrupted, "Don Garcia will not be here for many months. This is a splendid joke; to let his lady defend herself. What, señor? Have we anything more precious than our virtue?"

"Some persons," Retif replied in his monotone, "believe that they possess a thing more precious."

"But I am not one of them!" she said proudly.

"No," said Retif. "No, you are not one of them. . . ."

She stood regarding him, and from her the anger curled like a whip-lash. She caught up his gloves from the table, and then suddenly she stung them into his face. Then she went to a door opening on the gallery.

"Bring swords, if you please. . . ."

The shout of laughter was broken when the tall Spaniard bowed elaborately to Retif. He said: "May I offer the *señor* my services? I have a stout blade, and should be able to defeat our lady, if the quarrel be transferred."

"Señorita Dolores is mad!" Retif cried, and there was panic to him. "I cannot fight her . . . for the love of God! I beg of you. . . ." He was struggling as they caught him up and bore him to the door. Beyond it, in a long, white-walled room under the light of many lamps, stood the woman. She had thrown off her shawl, so that her bare shoulders gleamed, and her head was tossed back. A supple figure, like one awaiting an embrace to which the white arms would respond and the blue eyes close, she provoked a burst of admiration.

They flung Retif against one wall, and thrust a sword into his hand.

"Dolores," he kept repeating, "I tell you I cannot! . . . I know not swordplay. . . ."

"The light hurts my eyes," she said fretfully. "Take away all the lamps but one. Now—shut the door against the keeper of the hotel. Monsieur le français, you are ready, then? Oh, this is fine French gallantry!"

It was Don Rodrigo de Vega who made a mild protest.

"Come," he said, "this grows fantastic. . . . Well, well, M. Retif, if it must be, you at least know how to hold a blade. Up—so."

"I will not. . . ." Retif began, and paused. His white face swept the circle about him; he made a tiny vague gesture. "Señorita," he went on, and quite suddenly they stopped laughing at him, "I am ready."

There was an odd hush, until someone else giggled in a rather silly way, like a school-girl. One of the mandolins began strumming a love song. . . .

Only a faint gasping lamp lit the big bodies in the room, and the yellow oblong of matting, and the white walls with the shadows of the duellists, but it made glittering fierce streaks of the blades. Retif was a shapeless thing, holding his sword awkwardly, amateur-like with full body exposed to his opponent, arm loose, palm upwards. And in an instant it was over, sickening as surgeon's work.

Abnormally long, the steel seemed, the Spanish rapier that is thin and double-edged. A tingle and shudder of it before the woman's blade came flashing round. It was no stroke of fencing, that slash which seared her antagonist's face just across the eyes. . . .

Retif gave a kind of shaking gasp that clogged his throat and set him shuddering. There were tiny drops upon the yellow matting. But Retif stood very straight, without moving.

"Señorita," he said, "you have touched me. *I cannot see you any longer, señorita.* . . ."

The woman was the only one there who laughed.

"Your gloves," she said, and threw them at his feet; "pick them up, if you can. I suppose I should keep them as a token. Eh, well, you may return them when you have proved yourself a swordsman; say, when you have met Don Garcia Esteban!" She put on her shawl. "Oh, it is abominably dark in here! Bring lamps; or let us go downstairs. Where is the music?"

The door was knocked open; over the lamplight and the sudden clash of voices a mandolin wove a wandering air, a sweet Spanish song of maidens who wept for the warriors who had laughed and died among the swords. . . .

"A doctor—" Rodrigo de Vega murmured vaguely, but he forgot it when he caught Señorita Dolores to his

lips. And the men were kissing Dolores' hands, whereat she trembled deliciously, and smiled.

"Por dios, but you are cold! And it is vilely dark in there! . . ."

They closed the door. Still Retif stood quite straight. Then he began to grope about the room, slowly, just a tiny bit unsteadily. When Conchita, the little dancer from downstairs, crept in with wide stricken eyes, she saw him lying there by a chair, and he did not notice that the lamp had gone out.

III

In all the strange bright years kings had grown accustomed to treat Messire Death as a necessary man, for he was a court fool to cut capers, and amuse them when they could not get what they wanted. But the fool was always the wisest man at court. So when he set the bugles blowing again the kings clapped their hands for a dance very merrily, but the soldiers' wives did not smile. In the March of 1815, when the snow gnaws at France, a small grim person returned. The hosts of the gay cockade marched him to Paris, singing songs of glory and crying, "Vive l'Empéreur!"

Then it was the cry of the bugles that swept the world. Men and guns, men and guns, rolling of cannon on the roads like the sound of a colossal game of ninepins for a man who bowled with God! Beneath the shine of bayonets marched the red-coats in a storm of flags, and the terrible fair Uhlans under Blücher whose name is a roar of guns came pounding out of Prussia, and the swords of Austria rang in their scabbards, and the lean plumed fighting-men from Italy grinned to meet the Gaul once more, and the earth was mad. Drum-beat and heart-beat, fleeting kiss of sweetheart, swing of

marching column past the old, old men who stand with proud smiling lips and brimming eyes! Foaming songs and foaming tankards, all drunk with wine or death when the trains of artillery smash past windows like the black beasts that bay on the last trail! Poured in one terrific plunging mass, spurted and raked with shot, over the crumpled cannon in the leap of horses—on to Waterloo! . . . And, hidden, the thresholds over which small feet pass gaily, and move on in echoes that forever remain. . .

It had been many days since the messenger had ridden into Seville with the news that Napoleon had returned. In a room of the hotel far above the street Conchita the dancer had hidden away a man whose eyes were bandaged, and who was very ill. Conchita did not tell him that the great emperor was back, for Retif of Picardy was blind. In Seville they thought that he had gone, and they made merry over the soldier who was beaten by a woman. Retif lay in the big black bedstead among the shadows. He dreamed, and wove mighty cities in whose applause rode a grim little man on a white horse; Conchita dreamed, too, when she brushed his hand. . .

That afternoon Conchita had put up the shutters fast against all the windows. There were noises in the street; fresh news had come down from France in a blast that hushed the merriment of Seville. And the high room had been darkened except for a lamp. Conchita sat near it, a wisp of girl that sometimes one sees in Spain like a leaf blown there—warm and brown-haired, with eyes that see much of the world, but only its great aching beauty. She was reading to Retif, who sat in his big chair with eyes from which he still refused to remove the bandage. Finally she put down the book.

"It is a silly story, Retif," she said . . . and then, quite suddenly, she heard stirrings in the street. There were mad fellows who boasted of braving the

journey to join Blücher, mustering in squadrons of gold lace to a beat of drums.

"Another festival?" asked Retif petulantly; "they are singing——"

"It is nothing, my friend! I tell you it is nothing." Alarm was in her eyes. She hurried to the table and took up a mandolin. "Listen, and I will sing to you, as you like."

She began to strum the mandolin so that the noise rang loudly in the room. Slim as a dryad she stood by the window, and her voice was like a bell of silver that pealed for vanished kings, and rose in the wind. . .

"Please . . ." said Retif; "more softly, if you will. . ."

But she answered eagerly: "No, my Retif; not a love-song. I will sing to you of your emperor, and it shall drown out any reality. But it shall be of romance; are you not pleased to call her your dim queen? Yes, as romance always drowns reality!" And the strains soared aloft with a power that was the great groping of the troubadour for stars. The voice throbbed with a note which suddenly made Retif unquiet; it thrilled and shook him, for there was that in it which he had never heard in her songs before.

"Conchita," he exclaimed, "down there in the street—a festival? . . . I have heard that sound—somewhere before—why is it so faint?"

"It is nothing! Listen. . ."

"Conchita, you have put up the shutters!"

He rose unsteadily, seizing the arms of his chair. He heard the mandolin jangle into silence on the floor. And he heard, as she had, the footfalls outside the door; the thump at its panels and rattle at its knob. It was the proprietor's voice. . .

Click of key, then a louder burst from the fat proprietor. But most distinctly came the voice of Don Rodrigo de Vega:

"Dios, señorita! Must we seek you out even here to dance for the soldiers of Spain?"

The room went silent. Don Rodrigo, lazy in uniform, was staring at the thin white man who stood by the chair, right hand uplifted.

"Conchita," cried Retif, and his sightless eyes were not for the figures in the doorway, "you are crying!"

Rodrigo de Vega came forward. He looked huge and awkward, a bright-clad figure in a halo of yellow light; his hands trembled. And his eyes had not left off staring at Retif.

"I think," said Rodrigo, "I think I ought to kneel; yes, assuredly I ought to kneel. . . . You see it, *Conchita*? *On the back of monsieur's hand—the figure of a dove!*"

IV

The heat of afternoon, which makes Spain hard and brittle and somehow tawdry, had not softened when Rodrigo de Vega strode into the patio of the house where Dolores lived. She was sitting among the palms where a fountain brushed its spray. She was an irritable figure now; there was too much of the painted doll about her, and the set mocking smile had grown just a bit wearisome. There could be no alluring gestures under the beat of the sun. But Dolores made a mistake, a rather hollow grotesque mistake in attempting one.

"You have come to say good-bye?" she asked softly.

"Oh, for the love of God," said deVega. He laughed as she sat there wistful. Then he lighted a cigarette.

"But you march tonight?" She was plaintive, and he laughed again.

"Are you prepared, Dolores, for an emotional scene? This should be emotional, and I am prepared to see you

draw a dagger to flourish at me. Then you will threaten me with the sword of Garcia Esteban. . . .

"Listen to me," he added, abruptly harsh. "You are a liar, señorita. A bluffer; not that I object to bluffers, when they mean no harm. But you never knew Don Garcia Esteban."

She was on her feet, horribly and rather absurdly fierce.

" . . . You never knew him. You never saw him. But, eh, did it not make you much sought-after by the lovers when they thought that the greatest swordsman in Europe was madly—oh, so madly! you said—enamored of you? It is what certain people would call good business."

"He will kill you for this!"

"He will never fight another duel," the Spaniard responded, snapping the words at her. "You put out his eyes. Be quiet, now, and hear me! You knew him as Retif; so did I, because he always wore gloves except that night. That night, when he, being a gallant fool, would not give you away before the crowd. That night, when he dared not meet you with the blades because he would have had to expose the back of his hand! Did you not notice, how he fenced? He did not anticipate, I dare say, that you would blind him with the foulest stroke known to fencers. . . . Did you never think, Dolores, *why* he came into Spain after the wars? Why does a soldier of France venture into a hostile country, except that it was once his own country before he began to follow a mad ideal?"

She was quite ghastly now, for the whole weight of it had fallen.

"You are tricking me! . . ."

"Well, I am not concerned. It does not matter if you wish to doubt me, Dolores; not one cigarette does it matter. Oh, but I am speaking the truth. Now,

does it not occur to you after these weeks that you loved him?"

Dolores was shaken, but she steadied herself for a yearning smile.

"You, too, will doubt me . . . but yes, I think I have loved him. . . ."

"Unfortunate!" cried Don Rodrigo, laughing; "he has already set out for France, señorita, with the dancer who loves him. . . . Yes, he is a soldier of Napoleon," added the Spaniard, and suddenly his voice grew soft, "but all Seville would have given him God-speed when he left. Is not that a great triumph?"

The fountain sang. . . .

"Pathetic, the man was," said de Vega oddly, after a while, "when he left, striving to reach his emperor. Well, well, the whole world is directed for a shambles, with the Englishman Wellington black as thunder. . . ."

"You do not think," she asked hopefully, "that if I went to the inn——"

Don Rodrigo flipped away his cigarette.

"I have no more time to waste here," he observed, and drew something from his pocket. "Señorita, his gloves!" They fell at her feet.

"Well," continued the Spaniard after another silence, "Why the devil don't you cry?"

. . . It was not until darkness had blurred the patio that he held her in his arms fervently, and whispered that the world did not matter, and damned himself for doubting a love that cannot fly into the window at midday.

John Dickson Carr.

Reviews

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

Anita Loos has given us an amusing book; her "illuminating diary of a professional lady" is a study of the Grand Duchess of Gold Diggers, written in a style at once girlishly simple and subtle, yet penetrating much deeper than is customary in modern humour. To be sure the "surface humour", if one may call it such, is quite delightful. The sentence structure, following its set formula of "So" "I mean" "Because" has never been allowed to become tiresome; the episodes of the début and of Louie and Robber, *per se*, are gay as gay; and the quaint observations are very amusing. Behind all this, however, the character of the heroine unfolds itself in a combination of naïveté and sophistication whose rare charm lifts the book high above so much of our current humour.

The sophistication, naturally, rather filters through the book. An instance of the heroine's simple mind, on the other hand, may easily be cited. "So Dorothy spoke up and she said 'Lady you could no more ruin my girl friend's reputation than you could sink the Jewish fleet.' I mean I was quite proud of Dorothy the way she stood up for my reputation. Because I really think that there is nothing so wonderful as two girls when they stand up for each other and help each other a lot." And again: "I mean I never think of calling Mr. Eisman by his first name, but if I want to call him anything at all, I call him 'Daddy' and I do not even call him 'Daddy' if a place seems to be public." *R. B.*

(*GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES*, by Anita Loos. Boni and Liveright.)

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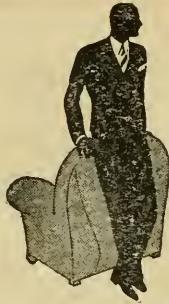


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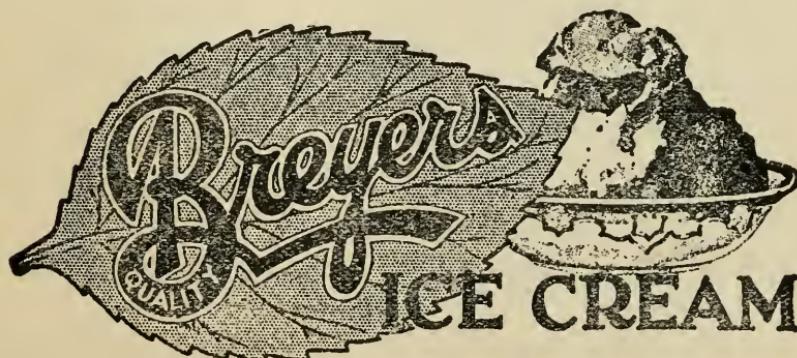
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